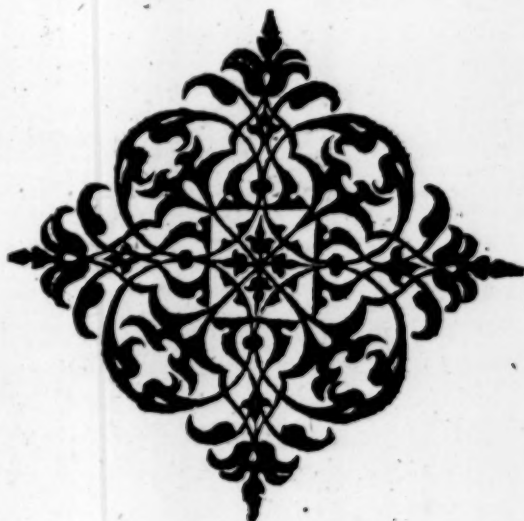


MEDITATIONS  
AND  
DISQUISITIONS  
UPON  
The Seven Psalmes of DAVID,  
commonly called the Peniten-  
tiall PSALMES.

By Sr. RICHARD BAKER, *Knight.*



LONDON,  
Printed by *John Dawson*, for *Francis Eglesfield*, and  
are to bee sold at the Marigold, in *Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1639.



MEDITATIONS

AND

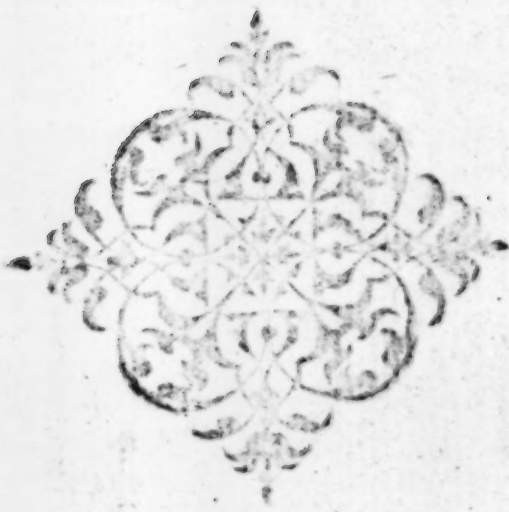
DISQUISITIONS

UPON

The Seven Pillars of David,

commonly called the Penitential  
Psalm.

By RICHARD BAKER, A.M.



LONDON,

Printed by John Dwyer, for Francis & Taylor, and  
are to be sold at the Signet, in the  
Church-yard. 1739.



TO THE  
**RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
**MARY, Countesse of DORSET;**  
the Vertuous Lady, of the  
Right Honourable, *Edward*  
Earle of DORSET,



**M**OST Honou-  
red Lady; It  
is not the least  
of your Ver-  
tues, that you  
are not proud  
of your Vertues; which, if it  
A 3 had



## *The Epistle*

had beene in the Angells that fell, they had perhaps not fallen. And because you delight so much in Humbleness; It makes mee bold to Present unto you, these Psalmes of *Dauids* Humiliation. How happie were I, if I could make a Defcant, answerable to *Dauids* plaine song: but what is wanting in mine, your owne Meditations will happily supply; which cannot but be excellent, being followed by the practice of so Vertuous a life; of which I wish I could as well make a Monument to remaine to all Posteritie, for their Example; as it will certainly remaine to your owne Posteritie, for their glory.



---

*Dedictory.*

---

glory. But least I should adde  
the offence of tediousnesse to  
boldnesse: I humbly crave par-  
don for having said so much;  
but more, for having sayd no  
more; and make it my aspiring  
suite to bee accounted as I truly  
am,

*Your Ladships devoted  
Servant,*

RICHARD BAKER.

---

---



*Recensui Meditationes has in Septem  
Psalms Davidis, & Typis  
mandari permitto.*

*SAMUEL BAKER.*

*Ex Aedibus Londinensibus  
Iunii 5. 1638.*





# THE SIXTH PSALME.

1



Lord rebuke me not in thine  
anger, neither chasten mee  
in thy heavie displeasure.  
Have mercie upon me, O  
Lord, for I am weake;

2

Heale mee, for my bones are troubled.

3 My Soule also is troubled, but thou, O Lord,  
how long?

4 Returne, O Lord, and deliver my Soule;  
save me for thy mercies sake.

5 For in Death there is no remembrance of  
thee; and who shall praise thee in the Grave?

6 I am weary with my sighing; all the night  
make I my bed to swimme; I water my couch with  
my teares.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of griefe;  
and is waxen old because of all mine enemies.



8 Depart from mee all ye workers of iniquitie; for the Lord hath heard the voyce of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord hath received my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed; Let them turne their backs and bee confounded, suddenly.

Meditations



# MEDITATIONS

## And disquisitions upon the Sixth Psalme.



My soule, what is it thou hast done? hast thou beene striving with the Angell, about the bodie of *Moses*? For why else shouldst thou bee afraid of the Angels imprecation to Sathan, when hee strove with him about it, The Lord rebuke thee? Certainly either the Angel was very milde in his imprecation, or thou art very sharp in thy deprecation. But O wretch that I am! If Sathan deserved rebuking for striving with an Angel; how much more do I deserve it, for striving with the Creator of Angels? and not about taking away the body of *Moses*, but about taking away the glory of his holy Name? For such, and so execrable are my finnes, that through them, the holinesse of Gods glorious name is blasphemed among the Gentiles. And have I not just cause then to feare that he will, and therefore just cause to pray, that he will not, Rebuke me in his anger, nor chasten mee in his heavy displeasure.

But though rebuking were an imprecation to Sathan, yet to mee it is not so, seeing I doe not more deserve it, then I need it; as I deserve it for my sin, so I need it for my amendment: for without rebuking, what amending? what amending indeed without thy rebuking? For alas, the flesh flatters mee, the world abuseth mee, Sathan deludes mee; and now O God, if thou also shouldst hold thy peace, and wink at my follies, whom should I have? Alas, whom could I have, to make mee sensible of their foulness. If thou shouldst not tell mee, and tell me roundly, I went a stray, how should I ever, alas, how could I ever be brought to returne into the right way? To thy rebuking therefore I humbly submit my selfe; I know thou intendest it for my amendment, and not for my confusion; for my conversion, and not for my subversion: It may be bitter in the tasting, but is most comfortable in the working: hard perhaps to digest, but most soveraigne, being digested: Yet I cannot endure thou shouldst rebuke mee in anger, I cannot endure it in affection, but I can lesse endure it in abilitie: It is grievous to mee, to thinke thou art angry, but it is insupportable to mee, to feele thou art angry: the hand of thine anger is heavie, and though of thy selfe thou be as it were a sweetly breathing ayre, yet anger maketh thee a consuming fire, that if thine anger be kindled, yea, but a little, Blessed are all they that put their trust in thee.

When



When I consider with my selfe the many favours, undeserved favours, thou hast vouchsafed unto mee, and consider withall, how little use, how ill use I have made of them all, though I know I have justly deserved thy rebuking, yet my hope is still, thou wilt adde this favour also, not to rebuke me in thine anger: but when I thinke, how unkinde a thing thy rebuking is, but how terrible a thing thine anger is; when I thinke, what a paine it is to have thee chasten mee, but what a death it is, to have thee chasten mee in displeasure; then I fall a trembling in all my joynts, and never think I can make haste enough to say, and to say with sighing; O Lord, rebuke mee not in thine anger, neither chasten mee in thy heaue displeasure.

But why may not God rebuke mee, as *Eli* rebuked his sonnes? for hee rebuked his sons for their finnes, and yet no anger appeared in him at all. O my soule, wilt thou make *Eli* a pattern for God? because God is a loving Father, wilt thou therefore make him like *Eli*, too indulgent a father? *Ely* indeed rebuked his sonnes with a rod, but hee made his rod of Roses and Violets: hee rebuked them for sins of presumption, as if they had been but sins of infirmity: hee rebuked them for finnes of wilfulness, as if they had beene but finnes of ignorance: and what was this, but instead of striking them, to stroake them, and instead of stopping them in their race, to adde rather a

spurre unto them? And was it not for this, that God rebuked *Eli* in his anger, because *Eli* rebuked not his sonnes in his anger? I deny not O God, but that my finnes deserve thine anger; or rather I acknowledge they justly provoke thine anger: but alas, O Lord, if thou shouldest enter into judgement with thy servants, what flesh were able to stand before thee, and not bee consumed? O vile sinne of mine, enough to put patience it selfe into choler, able to anger a saint, nay, even the King of saints. That if thou O God, shouldest rebuke mee in thine anger, if chasten mee in thy heavie displeasure, I could not say, but that thine anger were lenitie, and thy displeasure, mildnesse.

But what boldnesse of language is this in speaking to God? am I not worthy of rebuke, for praying God, not to rebuke mee in his anger, as though I thought that God could bee angry? For, is not anger a passion of humane infirmitie, and will I make God subject to passions of infirmitie? Is not anger a defect in reason? not God a perfection above reason? and can there bee defect in perfection? can there bee passion in him, that is *Purus Actus*? But is it not, that anger in God is not a passion, but an action, not a defect, but an effect: for then is God sayd to bee angry, when he puts his judgements in execution, when his rebukings tend not to conversion, but to confusion: when his mercy attempers not the rigour  
of



of his justice. Oh then, rebuke mee O God, but not in thine anger; rebuke me as thou didst the *Ninevites*, who at thy rebuking repented and were converted: but rebuke mee not as thou didst *Pharaoh*, who hardned his heart at thy rebuking, and was confounded. If thou O God, shouldst rebuke mee in thine anger, I should more have an eye to thy rod, then give an eare to thy lesson: I should bee more terrified with thine anger, then edified with thy rebuking, and should be made incapable of thy doctrine, with the terror of thy teaching: for I, alas, am as a nayle under the workmans hammer, better driven in with gentle stroakes, then with hard blowes: Oh therefore, rebuke mee not O God, if thou be angry, or if thou rebuke mee, bee not angry: Two such sharp notes, as anger and rebuking are, can never make any pleasing musicke, if they meet together. Anger in rebuking, makes the water troubled, and thick that should be drunk cleere, makes the Ayre sultry, and hot, that should be breathed in cold, extremely both of them unwholesome for the body: and seeing thou intendest my health, and seekst not to make mee sicke, Let not anger enflame thy rebuking O God, that so the ayre of it I may take in the cooler, that so the water of it I may drink the cleerer. I, alas, am as a narrow mouthed vessell in the hand of the drawer, better filled with softly pouring in, then with pouring in hastily, which commonly spills more then  
it



it fills: and seeing thy rebuking is too precious a liquor to bee spilt, O poure it in with the softly hand of patience, and not with the hasty hand of anger; that so it may the sooner fill, & the better enter without spilling, into this narrow mouthed vessell of my emptie soule. Thy rebuking O God, is to mee as thunder, but thine anger is as lightning: and is it not enough, that thou terrifie my soule with the thunder of thy rebuking, but thou wilt also set this flaxe of my flesh on fire with the lightning of thine anger? Thy rebuking of it selfe is a precious Balme, but mixt with anger, turns to a Corrosive: O keepe thy Corrosives, O God, for such hardened hearts as *Pharaohs* was; Apply to mee onely the simple Balme of thy rebuking, and let it not have any mixture at all of thy Corroding anger in it. What though I have offended thee with sinnes of anger, must thou needs take revenge, in the same kind thou art offended? and if needs thou must doe so, why maist thou not then take revenge of my sinnes in thy good pleasure, seeing I have offended thee as much with sinnes of pleasure? Thou didst walke in *Paradise* with our first Parents, in the coole of the day, when the heate of the sunne was over, and this made thy presence as cheerfull, as glorious: Vouchsafe O God, to deale so with mee, rebuke mee in the coole of thy Spirit, when the heat of thine anger is over-past; for else alas, it may be glorious, but can never be comfortable.

But

But if rebuking me in thine anger, be so bitter a Potion, what is it then, to chasten mee in thine indignation? for where the worst of thy rebuking in anger, is but threatening of punishment: the best of thy chastening in indignation, is inflicting of punishment: and though a strong heart may perhaps endure such threatnings, yet no strength of heart is able to beare such inflictions. It is terror enough to heare thee but chide, but to feele thee strike, and that with stroakes of indignation, what power of any creature is able to endure it? I aske not, thou wouldst not chasten mee: this were to aske, thou wouldst not love mee; for whom thou lovest, thou chastenest; and would I lose thy love, for any chastening? O gracious God, chasten mee in what manner, with what measure thou plearest: chasten mee as thou didst *Lazarus*, by making him lye for hunger at *Dives* gate: chasten me as thou didst *Iob*, by making him lye with sores upon the dunghill: chasten mee, as thou didst *Daniel*, by making him be cast into the Lions denne: but then chasten me in love, and not in indignation; for thy chastening in love, though it paine, yet it heales; though it bruise, yet it comforts: Thy rod & thy staff, they comfort me; but thy chastening in indignation, is paine without hope, is bruising in despaire, or rather not a paine, but a torment; not a bruising, but a breaking: that no misery can be comparable to this chastening, to be chastened in thine indignation.



*Meditations and Disquisitions*

Chastening and love may well bee matcht together, they are like to *Jacob* and *Rachel*, though there be seven yeares of service more, yet *Rachel* will bee had at last: but chastening and indignation are as badly matcht as may bee, for chastening encline to conversion, and indignation is wholly bent upon confusion; oh therefore, match thy chastening with love, and not with indignation, that so, at least, I may come at last, to enjoy my *Rachel*, that is, thy favour: Chastening and love, may lodge both together in the bowels of a father, but indignation comes not where bowels are: and how then, O God, canst thou chasten me in indignation, but thou must as it were disbowell thy selfe, and utterly abandon the name of a Father? and shall any thing make thee to leave that Name? I know, O God, it is a name so deare unto thee, that I hope I shall commit no such sinne; and suffer mee not O God, to commit any such sinne as shall ever be able to make thee abandon it. Indeed here, where wee call thee Lord, indignation may appeare, and bee bold to shew it selfe: but when wee come to name thee Father, indignation must be gone, and never presume to come in place. If thy chastening bee intended for reforming, or for polishing, what wouldst thou doe with indignation, that tends to abolishing? And if thou chasten whom thou lovest, and then destroy whom thou chastenest; what difference will there bee betweene thy indignation, and thy  
mer.



mercy? Oh let not thy chastening, which is ordained to be a rod for thy children, be made a knife to slaughter thy Children: Consider, O God, I am but a pot made of brittle Clay, that if thy hand hold not a temper in striking, I shall soone bee broken, and beaten in pieces, and then thy workmanship will bee defaced. And shall it ever bee sayd of thee, that with one hand thou makest, and with the other hand destroyest? Remember O God, whose title it is, to bee a destroyer: thy title is to bee a Creator: and shall I finde no more favour at the hands of a Creator, then I might look to finde at the hands of a destroyer?

Alas, my soule, I know full well, it were a grievous case for mee, if God should let his chastening and his indignation joyne together, and assaile mee with them both at once; but how shall I do to keepe them asunder? Have I any *Moses* to stand for mee in the gap? Blessed be thy glorious Name, O God: I have indeed a greater then *Moses*, even him, whom thou didst chasten in thy heavie displeasure; to the end thou mightst not chasten mee in thy heavie displeasure; for his agonie of crying, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken mee; gives mee boldnesse to cry, and confidence in crying, My God, My God, have mercy upon mee: This I know will helpe, when all other helps fayle. But what have I in my selfe to plead, why God should not chasten mee in his heavie displeasure? Can I say,

*Verse 2.*

I have not deserved it? Or can I say I have not even provoked him to doe it? Alas, O God, I have nothing in thee to flie to, but onely thy mercy; nothing in my selfe to plead, but onely my weaknesse; Have mercy upon mee, O God, for I am weake.

But is not this a weak Plea, to alleage weaknesse for a Plea? weak indeed with men, who commonly tread hardest upon the weakest, and are ever going over where the hedge is lowest; but no weake Plea with God, whose mercy is ever readie upon all occasions, and then most, when there is most need: and seeing there is greatest need, where there is greatest weaknesse, therefore no Plea with God so strong as this, Have mercy upon me, O God, for I am weake.

But why should *David* pray for mercy to helpe his weaknesse? for what can mercy do? Mercy can but pittie his weaknes, it is strength that must relieue it. But is it not, that mercy, I may say, is as the steward of Gods house, and hath the command of all he hath: that if wisdom be wanting for direction, mercy can procure it. If justice be wanting for defence, Mercy can obtain it: If strength be wanting for support, Mercy can command it: and therefore no Plea so perfect to be urged with God, as this, Have mercy upon mee, O God, for I am weake.

But why should *David* make his weaknesse a motive to God for mercy? for is not weaknesse



nesse an effect of sinne? and can God love the effect, when hee hates the cause? but it is not the weakenesse in *David* that God loves, but the acknowledging of his weaknesse: for what is this, but the true humility? and who knowes not in how high account such humility is with God, seeing it is indeed of this wonderfull condition, that though nothing be so low, yet nothing reacheth so high, and therefore no motive so fit to move God, as this; Have mercy upon mee, O God, for I am weake. Mercy indeed looks downe upon no object so directly, as upon weakenesse; and weakenesse lookes up to no object so directly as to mercy: and therefore they cannot chuse but meete, and meeting, not chuse but embrace each other. Mercy, weaknesse as her Clyent; weaknesse, Mercy as her Patron: that no Plea can bee with God so strong, as this, Have mercy upon mee, O God, for I am weake. Let thy indignation, O God, be layd upon *Pharaoh*, and such as trust in their strength, for upon them thou maist get thee honour: but alas, what honour can bee gotten, by pouring thy indignation upon so weake a Creature as I am? Thy honour shall bee as much to support my weaknesse by thy mercy; as to abate their pride, by thine indignation.

But what though *David* be weak? is every weaknes sufficient cause to run to God about?



might he not take Restoratives and Cordials, and such other comfortable things, and so help his weaknesse without going to God? O my soule, what comfort is in a Cordiall, if it be not of Gods making? what strength in a Restorative, if it be not of Gods giving? No, O Lord, thy mercy is the only restorative that can help my weaknesse; the true *Aqua Caelestis*, to comfort my spirits.

I know, O God, thou sweetly disposest all things both in weight and measure; Thou considerest man that he is but dust; Thou knowest mee, that I am a worme, and no man; and can it then be thou shouldst have no consideration of my weaknesse? wilt thou not proportion thy burthen to the bearer? wilt thou loade a Gnat, as thou wouldst loade a Camell? Oh have mercy upon mee, O God, and consider my weaknesse, for I am weake.

But why should *David* make his weaknesse, a cause for God to spare him? for how came hee by his weaknesse? was it not by his owne disorder? and then, if his weaknesse be one of his faults, hath not God just cause to strike him the harder for his weaknesse? It seemes, indeed, that *David* cannot deny but that he deserves it, and therefore layes not his Plea in the Court of Gods justice, but of his mercy; for his mercie, he knoweth, hath bowells of compassion, and will not alwaies bee ruled by rigour; but finding contrition, will have a regard of weaknesse. And indeed, seeing the end of Gods  
cha-

chastening is but to piece up my breaches, why should hee strike so hard, to break mee in pieces.

But are there not some men, that feign themselves to be selves poore, when yet they be rich, because they would pay but a little tribute? And may not *David* be such a one, feign himself to be weake, when perhaps hee was strong, because hee would have God to spare him in his chastening? But never have such a thought of *David*: for heare him what hee sayes farther: Heale mee, for my bones are troubled, and surely, if his bones bee troubled, hee may well bee allowed to say hee is weake. For if there be any strength in our bodies, it is in our bones: they are both ablest to withstand harme, and farthest removed out of harmes way; that before any trouble can come to them, it must passe the skinne, the flesh, the membranes, and all other parts, that if once the bones come to bee troubled, wee may justly say, *Res rediit ad Triarios*, the matter is come to the height of extremity: And therefore, *David* finding trouble in his bones, had just cause to complaine of weaknesse, and to say; Heale mee, O God, for my bones are troubled. Distempers and infirmities are ever more hard, or easie to be cured, as they are seated in parts, more hard or easie to be wrought upon: and therefore distempers in the spirits, are of all other the easiest to be cured, more hard in the humours, but in the solid parts hardest of all, for then they grow



grow to bee Heetick; and such, in all account, are scarce held curable: and seeing of all the solid parts the bones are the most solid, and therefore diseases in them the hardest to be cured; *David* had just cause to call to God for helpe, and to say; Heale mee, O God, for my bones are troubled. If the beames of a house bee unsound and shaken, how is it possible the house should stand; and as little is it possible, that this body of mine should bee saved from ruine: if my bones which are the beams of it, be out of order, and troubled.

But if the trouble of the bones be so incurable, is it not presumption in *David* to say; Heale me, O God, for my bones are troubled: being as if he should say, cure me, O God, for I am past all cure, and so tempt God, with desiring him to do a worke that is impossible? But is it not, that *David* knowes to whom hee speakes? hee knowes hee speaks not to *Galen*, or to *Hippocrates*, hee knowes hee speaks not to *Æsculapius*, or to *Apollo*, but hee speaks to him that is a transcendent to all these: One to whom, not only nothing is impossible, but to whom all impossible things are nothing. It were indeed an unreasonable request in the eye of Nature, but very unreasonable in the eye of Faith: seeing Faith indeed is then most reasonable, when most it is above all reason; which therefore made *Abraham*, the Father of the faithfull, because contrary to hope, hee believed in hope, that God would make



make him such a father. And indeed most properly then it growes to bee a cure for God, when in mans judgement it is growne incurable: as Christ would not go to heale *Lazarus* untill hee was dead, and had beene foure daies buried, thereby perhaps to prepare belief for his owne resurrection: seeing it might well bee believed hee could rise himselfe the third day, who had raised another after foure daies. Never therefore fear, my soule, to say with *David*, Heale me, for my bones are troubled: for the time will come, when hee shall heale thee, not onely when thy bones be troubled, but when they bee mouldred away into dust and powder: for even then hee will gather them together againe, and make them stand up, and serve for beams to this bodie of thine, as now they doe.

But how can the bones bee troubled, seeing they have no sense? for it is the flesh and the membranes that feelee the pain, the bones feelee none. Oh then consider how great my trouble is, which strikes a sense of paine into my very parts that are not sensible.

And now, it would bee comfort indeed to have my bones healed, if when they were healed, I might then bee at quiet; but alas, what comfort is it now to bee healed of their trouble, when Gods chastening hand pursues me still, and layes more, and greater troubles upon mee continually? for though the trouble of the bones bee the height of trouble; yet it

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is

*Verse 3.*

is but the trouble of the bodie; my soule all this while hath beene at quiet, but now my soule it selfe is troubled also, and so extremely troubled, that I feele it, and feele it sensibly, in all the parts of my soule; I feele it in my memory, when I remember the grievous sins I have committed: I feele it in my understanding, when I consider thy glorious Majesty, whom I have offended: I feele it in my will, when I thinke upon the terrour of thy displeasure which I have incurred. If the trouble were but in this or that part onely: I might yet finde comfort in the other: but now that every part of my soule, now that all my whole soule is troubled, and extremely troubled; Alas, now I may truly say, was ever sorrow, like my sorrow, was ever trouble like this of mine?

But can the soule bee troubled? is it not a spirituall substance? and are not all earthly things too grosse, to trouble that which is a spirit? They should bee so indeed, and they would be so indeed, if the soule had her right. But alas, while wee live here, the soule is but an Inmate to the bodie, and therefore the body crows over it, as being upon its own dung-hill, and makes us all of kinne to *Martha*, troubled about many things, when but one is needfull. And yet these be not the things that trouble the noble soule, not the soule of *David*. In matters indeed between the World and us, the soule is forced to looke downe upon the earth, as upon that which sustaines it, and if it  
finde



finde a want there, it findes withall a trouble indeed; but a trouble to the body onely: or if to the soule, but in the bodies behalfe, which is not much: That which properly troubles the soule, is the proper trouble of the soule, and is onely in matters betweene God and us: and in matters of this nature, it lookes up to heaven, for there indeed is the soules freehold: and if that inheritance bee once questioned, then the soule findes it selfe in trouble presently, and so extremely troubled: that where the trouble of the body, is but the bodie of trouble, this trouble of the soule is, I may say, the soule of trouble: and is not this inheritance questioned, if God fall once to rebuke mee in his anger? For seeing the inheritance is but a meere gift proceeding from his favour; how can I expect it, if I be in his displeasure? When I was in my greatest weaknesse, yet my bones afforded mee at least some strength; and when my bones were troubled, yet my soule was able to take care of their curing: but now that my soule it selfe is troubled: Alas, O God, who is there but thy selfe onely, of whom I can hope for any comfort? and therefore, O Lord, How long? How long wilt thou let me lye languishing in my weaknesse? How long wilt thou suffer me to struggle with oppression? How long wilt thou see the extremity of my misery, and not relieve mee? Thou indeed inhabitest Eternity, and no time to thee is either short, or long: but I alas, am a subject



of times, and nothing so much tyrannizeth over me, as this tyrant time; and specially when it joynes with misery: for then, as a thousand yeares are with thee but as a day, so a day with mee is as a thousand yeares: Measure me not therefore by thy standard of Eternity, but measure mee by the standard of time: And then O Lord, How long? How long shall thy chastening hand lye heavie upon mee? How long wilt thou poure upon mee the vialls of thine indignation? How long shall my soule bee kept from her true inheritance, which is, to beare a part in the consort of Angels? My soule is a free spirit, and is with nothing so much delighted, as with liberty; with nothing so much vexed, as with thraldome: and in thraldome alas, in miserable thraldome, is my soule detained: and therefore, O Lord, How long? How long shall my soule bee restrained of her liberty? How long shall I lye groaning in the dungeon of captivity? How long shall no date bee set, to give a period to my thraldome? My soule, I may say, is all heart, and therefore every trouble it feeles, must needs go to the heart, yet none so deepe as this, that I am forced to cry to thee out of the deepe, and cannot yet ascend out of this vale of misery: And therefore, O Lord, how long? How long shall I live in the death of this feare, the feare of death? How long shall I desire to bee dissolved, that being reunited againe, I may never more be dissolved? How long

long shall my immortall soule bee kept from the possession of her immortality, from the immortality of her possession? If the Saints in heaven, who now tread time under their feet, doe yet continue this question still, to ask How long? How long, O Lord, holy, and true, wilt thou not avenge our blood on them that live in the earth; Is it mervaile, that I who live under the tyrannie of time, should beginne this question, to aske how long? How long, O Lord, mercifull, and just, wilt thou not avenge me on the world, and sathan, for the wrongs they have done mee? How long shall I bee kept from saying, O Death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victorie? How long shall the Angell with the flaming sword, keepe mee from entring againe into *Paradise*? Where is the morning of joy I promised to my selfe, when I said, sorrow may bee in the evening, but joy commeth in the morning? For how many evenings, how many tedious nights of sorrow have I endured, and yet can see no morning of joy, no dawning of morning toward? Where is the truth of that Aphorisme; *Dolor si gravis, Brevis*, for what dolour so grievous as this of my soule, and yet O Lord, how long? How long shall I stand complaining, and say: my soule is troubled? Is it not, that I shall never cease to say, my soule is troubled, till he return again, who once said for me, that his soule was troubled: For alas, his soule should never have beene troubled,



Verse 4.

but to take away, amongst others, the trouble of mine: seeing hee is the sacrifice for all our finnes, and with his stripes we are healed. And now therefore, O Lord, how long? How long wilt thou turne away thy face, and not shew me again the light of thy countenance? How long wilt thou absent thy self from me, and not afford me the joy of thy presence? How long wilt thou bee going still farther from mee, and not so much as once offer to returne? Oh returne at last and deliver my soule, save mee for thy mercies sake; for alas, O Lord, all my troubles are come upon mee, because thou wentst from mee; all my grievance is long of thine absence: for as long as thou wert with mee, and that I had thy presence, my soule was at quiet, my bones were at rest; and I enjoyed then a sweete and pleasing calme over all my parts: but as soone as thou departedst from mee, and didst but turn away thy face; my calme was presently turned into a tempest, a violent tempest of thunder and lightening: Thunder of thy rebuking, and lightening of thine anger: that if thou stay not thy hand from chastening, and return the sooner, I shall never bee able to hold out living, to taste of thy mercie. Saint *Peter* was never so neere drowning, when hee cried out to Christ, Lord save mee, or else I perish: as *David* is now neere sinking in the pit of perdition, if God returne not speedily, and deliver his soule. But what speake I of *David*, as  
though

though it were not my owne case? and if my danger bee as great, shall not my prayer be as earnest? or can I finde a better way of saving, then thy returning? No, O Lord; for if thou returne, I am sure thou wilt not, I know thou canst not leavethy mercy behind: and mercie when it comes, I know it cannot, I am sure it will not ever suffer it to bee perdition: For though my soul were at the pits brink, and ready to fall in, yet even then would mercie put forth her hand and save mee.

Thou requirest mee to returne to thee; and alas, O Lord, how can I, if thou returne not to mee first? can I come to thee, unless thou draw mee? and canst thou draw mee to thee, if thou withdraw thy selfe from mee? I know thou returnest continually, to dispose and order the Oeconomie of thy creatures: but this returning is in thy providence, and is not that which I desire: I know thou returnest often to visit and judgethe finnes of the world, as thou didst at *Sodome*: but this returning is in thy justice, and therefore, neither is this returning for my turn; but thou hast a returning, in Grace and favour, when thou returnest to mee, to make mee returne to thee, a returning from thine anger to thy patience, from thine indignation to thy loving kindnesse: and this is the returning which I so earnestly desire and sue for.

But O my soule, before God returne in this manner to thee, thou must looke to heare him



expostulate with thee in this manner: Alas my Creature, what hast thou done, to bring these troubles upon thy selfe? Did I not make thee at first a sound bodie, and did I not give it a strong constitution? and how happens it now that thy bones should bee troubled? Did I not breathe into it a perfect soule, and gave it endowments, after mine owne image? and how comes it now to bee so quite out of order, and so cleane bereft of all my graces? Thou wilt perhaps answer; It is true O Lord, my bones are troubled: and how can they chuse, seeing thou tookest one of them away from mee, which thou gavest mee at first? My soule also is troubled: and how can it chuse, seeing thou didst suffer the Serpent in *Paradise* to disturb and trouble it? But may not God then justly reply, I took one of thy bones from thee indeed, but it was to make thee an helper: I let in the Serpent into *Paradise* indeed, but it was to try thee, for thy better perfecting; and when I saw thee so foolishly hurt thy selfe with thy helper, and so easily wonne from mee by a Tempter; had I not just cause to leave thee to them, for whom thou lefdest me? and now forlorne wretch, what hast thou to say, unlesse thou have leave to say; Return, O Lord, and deliver my soule, save mee for thy mercies sake.

But what more necessity is there of Gods returning to deliver his soule, then there was before to heale his bones? and in that case he spake

spake not a word of returning: and why should hee more importune it now? Is it not, that many diseases may be well enough cured, onely by relation of symptomes, though the Physician come not where the patient is: and of this sort it seemes was the healing of his bones: but to deliver his soule, is of another nature, and requires perhaps a feeling the pulse, perhaps, an inspection of the patient: and therefore no remedie, here but the Physician must himselfe bee present.

But is it enough to make suite to God in generall terms, to pray him to deliver my soule, and not tell from what it is, hee must deliver it? Can any man thinke that God will returne upon so uncertaine an occasion? Alas, O Lord, it is not unknown to thee, that my soule wants no clothes: and therefore, it is not to deliver it from nakednesse: my soule needs no meat, and therefore it is not to deliver it from hunger: my soule is never old, and therefore it is not to deliver it from the wrackes of time; but it is indeed to deliver it from trouble: and what it is that can trouble my soule, thou knowest: for my soule is thy servant, depending wholly upon thy favour, and having offended thee, desires to bee delivered from all feare of thine anger: My soule was at first a free spirit, but is now become a bondslave to sinne, and therefore desires to bee delivered from this bondage: My soule is it selfe immortall, but is troubled here with a mortall body, and there-



fore desires to bee delivered from this bodie of death: and in effect it is all but sinne, and the traine that sinne drawes after it, from which I desire my soule should bee delivered. And therefore returne, O Lord, and deliver my soule, save mee for thy mercies sake.

But O my soule, with what reason canst thou expect that God should ever returne to thee? for who would bee willing to come to one in trouble, as thou art, lest hee pay for his comming, with drawing a trouble upon himselfe? and if hee should returne and come unto thee, wouldst thou bee so satisfied? wouldst thou not presently bee importuning him for further favours? Hee must helpe thee in thy troubles; He must helpe thee out of thy troubles, or thou wouldst never bee at quiet. And is it a small matter to deliver a soule out of trouble? Do soules use to bee troubled for trifles? and were he not better then to endure thy importunity for his returning, then being returned, to bee troubled with importunitie for thy deliverance? But O my soule, be not frightened with these vaine objections: for, is God like man, that hee should bee afraid of being troubled? Is he not the God of mercie; and can it bee a trouble to his mercie, to doe the workes of mercie? Is it not his delight to bee; Is it not his title to bee called; Is not his glory to bee counted a deliverer? and is any deliverance so fit for his mercie, so worthy of his mercie, as deliverance of soules? Alas,

O Lord, it is a small worke for thee to return; but thou shalt doe an infinite worke by thy returning: for thou shalt deliver my soule out of trouble, my grieved soule out of grievous troubles; and wilt thou not afford me so much kindnesse, to doe so small a matter, for effecting of so great a matter? Oh returne, O God, and deliver my soule, that as thou art called a deliverer, so I may call thee my deliverer, and may sing with *Moses*: Thou, O God, art my strength, and my song, for thou hast been my deliverance.

But why should this be made so great a matter? For though in saying, returne, O Lord, and deliver my soule: I seeme to require of God, two severall workes: one to return, and another to deliver mee; yet they are in truth but both as one: at least, no more differing then the cause and the effect; seeing his very returning is it selfe a deliverance. The onely turning his face towards mee, makes mee to see the light of his countenance; and no sooner doth that light shine upon my soule, but all the clouds that darkened it, are presently dispelled: all the troubles that vexed my bones, are instantly healed. But though deliverance bee an effect of Gods returning, yet it must bee when hee returnes in a good moode, and not in a rebuking, or in a chastening disposition: for if his anger continue still, were it not better for mee, hee should tarry away? and why then am I so importunate with him to re-



turne, before I know in what termes I stand with him; and whether hee bee angry still, or no? but it is even for this that I importune his returning, that I may bee assured his anger is past; for as long as hee is angry, hee never comes where I am; to doe that, were a greater favour then his anger can afford; but as soone as his anger is a little over, hee is apt of himselfe to returne unto mee; for his delight is with the children of men, and specially with those that call upon him: and when he returns, his anger being over, hee useth to doe as the Dove did, that when the waters were a little abated, returned into the Arke, and brought the Olive branch with her in her mouth: so God returning, when the waters of his displeasure are a little abated, brings the Olive branch of peace, and deliverance along with him.

But say my soule that God should returne, and should deliver thee; wouldst thou then be quiet, and not trouble him with any more suits? should this bee the last request thou wouldst make? Alas no, I have one suit more to make; and Thou O God, that gavest *Abraham* leave to importune thee with one suite after another, vouchsafe mee this favour, to make this suite also, and this indeed shall bee the last I will ever make: Save mee for thy mercies sake. For as thy returning would bee to small purpose if thou didst not deliver me: so thy deliverance will bee to small purpose, if thou doe not also  
 save

save me. To deliver mee, and then leave me to be seized upon againe, would make thee but *Author imperfecti operis*; leave thy worke imperfect; which cannot agree with the perfection of thy most perfect workmanship. And now, O God, if thou take pleasure in conjunctions, be pleased to take pleasure in this conjunction, not to joyne thy rebuking and thy anger together: not to joyne thy chastening and thy indignation together, but to joyne thy deliverance and salvation together: for those conjunctions seperate us from thee, this conjunction unites us to thee: those bring us to shipracke, this brings us into the Haven: Deliverance avoids the rocks, salvation sets safe on shore. And is not this that which *David* meanes, when in another place hee saith, With thee, O God, there is plenteous redemption? It is redemption indeed, if thou but onely deliver my soule: but it is not plenteous redemption, unlesse besides delivering, thou also save mee. O then bee pleased in thy plenteous redemption, to grant mee this conjunction of deliverance and salvation, that I may returne thee the conjunction of praise and thanksgiving; and may sing and say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with mee, yet thine anger is turned away. Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust, and not bee afraid.

But how can God returne to deliver mee, and to save mee: if hee returne not a deliverer



and a saviour? and when will this bee? O my soule, in how much better state art thou, then *David* was? for hee onely expected when it should bee, but thou art assured when it was. For then was God manifested to returne a deliverer, and a Saviour, when the Angell brought this tidings to the shepherds; This day is borne to you a Saviour, of whom also a voice from heaven testified; This is my well-beloved Sonne, in whom I am well pleased. Oh then return to me, in this Saviour, in whom, thou art well pleased: that so I may bee sure, for so I shall bee sure thou wilt not chasten me in thy displeasure.

As there have beene many particular Deluges and floods, yet but one generall: so there have beene many particular deliverers and saviours, yet but one generall: and from this generall Saviour it is that I desire & expect salvation: for though his being a generall Saviour, may make him bee thought lesse carefull of mee, having so many others to care for besides: yet have no feare of that, my soule, seeing hee is as much a Saviour to mee, as if he were a Saviour to none but mee; and this generall Saviour will save mee generally, not onely from temporall, but from spirituall enemies: Not onely from trouble of bones, but from trouble of soule: Not onely from miseries here on earth, but even from miseries, when earth it selfe shall bee no more. O happy salvation, when this Saviour shall come and save mee!

mee: but how may I do to get him to come? for hee comes not but upon some motive. If I had all the gold of *Ophir*, I would willingly give it all, to get him to come and save mee: but, alas, I neither have it to give, nor doth he care to have it: if any thing winne him to doe it, it must bee for his mercies sake, and for his mercies sake hee will doe it, if ever hee will doe it.

But is not this strange? My weaknesse was the motive before to move God to mercy; and must his mercie now be it selfe the motive to move him to save mee? yet so it is: For when Gods mercie findes no motive from us; rather then fayle of moving, it becomes a motive to it selfe: and happy it is from us, that so it is: for else we might often be without it, when most wee need it: or rather alwaies bee without it, seeing wee alwaies need it. Indeed this motive, For his mercies sake, is the *Primum mobile* of all motives to God, for shewing his favour. Hee had never delivered the *Israelites* out of *Egypt*, but for his mercies sake: Hee had never saved *Noah* in the Arke, but for his mercies sake: but above all, Hee had never sent his Sonne to save the world, but for his mercies sake: And how then can I doubt, and not rather be confident, that for his mercies sake hee will also deliver my soule, and save mee. Never therefore my soule looke after any further motives: for upon this motive will I set up my rest: His mercie shall be both my  
An-



Anchor, and my harbour; it shall bee both my Armour, and my Fortresse: it shall be both my ransome and my garland: it shall bee both my deliverance and my salvation.

*Verse 5.*

And now, O God, thou seest the manifold troubles I am in, thou seest how weake I am; thou seest how my bones are troubled; thou seest how my soule is troubled; and what now can thy chastening hand have more of me, but onely to take away my life? and even my life I would willingly make a sacrifice to appease thy displeasure. But alas, O Lord, what good can it bee to thee, to have mee die? Can I praise thee in the dust? but can I praise thee when I am turned to dust? Is there remembrance of thee in death? or is there hallowing of thy Name in the grave? As long as I have breath in my bodie, I can praise thy Name: unworthily indeed, but yet I can praise it: As long as I am numbred among the living, I can shew my selfe thy servant; an unprofitable one indeed, but yet a servant: but if my soule and bodie bee dissolved once, alas, then all my service of praying thee is at an end, I cannot then doe it, though I would; but I cannot then will it, though I should: my soule will want her instruments with which thy praises should be sounded. O vile death, I hate thee for nothing so much, as for thy hindring mee in this service? O cruell grave, I abhorre thee so much for nothing, as for thy stopping my mouth for this praying? O mercifull God,  
If

If I could but remember thee in death, I would never bee loath to die. If I could but praise thee in the grave, I would willingly go to it of my selfe, and never bee carried to it by force: but alas, death is forgetfull, the grave is dumbe; and therefore deliver my soule, O God, save mee for thy mercies sake.

It is not life that is so deare unto mee: but that in life I may praise thee, that art so deare unto mee: It is not death that is so frightfull to mee, but this affrights mee in death, that being dead, I cannot remember thee: It is not the grave that is so loathsome to mee, but that in the grave I am forced to forget thee; If death will spare me but to praise thee, let death come and never spare mee: If the grave will but let mee bee sensible of thee, the grave shall come and bee welcome to me; but alas, death hath no mercie, the grave hath no sense: and therefore return, O Lord, and deliver my soule, save mee for thy mercies sake.

Who knowes not, that death is a mortall enemy to all naturall memory: and therefore makes all men at last to end in a Lethargie: and what hope then of remembering thee in death? Who knows not that the grave never opens its mouth to let out any thing, but still to take in? and what meanes then of praising thee in the grave. If I could but get death to learne the Art of memory, or if I could but heare the grave to say once it had enough; I could then like to have some dealing with death, some



traffique with the grave: but alas, deaths Lethargie is incurable, the graves mouth is insatiable; and therefore returne, O Lord, and deliver my soule, save mee for thy mercies sake.

But doth *Dauids* prayer tend to this, that hee may not see death? is this the intent of his request, that hee may not descend into the pit? doth hee pray to bee as *Enoch*, or *Elias*, taken from the earth, without returning into earth? Alas, hee knowesthis to bee either altogether impossible, or altogether unlikely: and therefore no likely request to bee made by so wise a man: This therefore is certainly the intent of his prayer, that God will not so chasten him in his indignation, as to leave him in the hands of death: but that as death receives him from life, and delivers him to the grave, so the grave receiving him from death, may deliver him againe to life, that as Christ commanded his Apostles to shake off the dust from their feet, when they came into any unworthy house, and to come away, so hee comming into this unworthy house of death, the dungeon of the grave, may bee able to shake off the dust from his feet, and by the power of of him that said, *Lazarus* come forth, have his soule and bodie reunited againe: and so united, bee admitted into the quire of Saints and Angels, eternally to sing the eternall Allelujah. For as the departing of the soule from the bodie, is the death of the bodie, so the

the dividing of the bodie from the soule, is a kinde of death to the soule: that it is not, as it would bee, nor fully enjoyes it selfe, untill it can meete with the bodie, and bee united to it againe: For though it find the bodie here but a base cottage, or rather a loathsome prison, yet it shall finde it there a glorious Palace, or rather a holy Temple consecrated to God: and therefore untill this bee had, it will not fully be accomplished that is here prayed for: Returne, O God, and deliver my soule, save mee, for thy mercies sake.

The remembrance of this, that I cannot remember thee in death, makes mee forgetfull of my selfe in life: and because I cannot praise thee, nor pray to thee in the grave, it makes me to sigh and weepe to thee in my bed: and what I want in continuance, to supply with violence. *For I am weary with my sighing: all the night make I my bed to swimme, I water my couch with my teares.* Oh let my remembering thee in life, supply the place of my forgetting thee in death: and when I lye in my grave senselesse and silent, bee pleased to remember how I have lye in my bed sighing and weeping. My finnes, as being disordinate passions, make me undergo a passive pennance: and this hath beene my weaknesse, my trouble of bones, and my trouble of soule: but being also disordinate actions, they make mee liable also to doe active pennance: and what is this, but my sighing, and my weeping? and though

Verse 6.



I cannot as sorrow, so well as sinne, yet my bed and my cough can be witnesses of my sorrow, as well as of my sinne. Mine eyes indeed chiefly have done the penance, because mine eyes first began the offence: if mine eyes had not set mee first on fire, mine eyes had not shed such showers of teares: but now, how could burning bee quenched but with water? how burning rising from mine eyes; but with water falling from mine eyes? But yet why should my bed suffer? for my bed had no hand in the fault of mine eyes? but alas, how could my bed but prove a *Deodand*; which so apparently, I may say, did *Movere ad mortem*? Though my bed were not principall in the act, yet my bed was accessory to the fact, as receiving unlawfull and stolen pleasures.

Verse 7.

But though my sinnes indeed bee my greatest enemies, yet there are personall enemies that have their malignity also, which though I cannot say they trouble mee as ill, yet I may truly say, they trouble mee as well as these: for mine eye is consumed because of griefe, and is waken old, because of all mine enemies. You may say perhaps that my sighes were feigned, and that my teares were counterfeit: but the consumption of mine eye, is a witnesse of my sorrow, without exception; that if my passive penance before, were not cause sufficient: at least, my active penance now gives mee just cause to say, Was ever sorrow like my sorrow? was ever griefe like this of mine?

And

And all this pennance I suffer and doe, because of mine enemies: for how could I chuse but sigh and weepe, to see the vile, the execrable dealing of mine enemies, that persecute me in their hearts, and yet speak peace with their mouthes: that lay snares to entrap mee, and yet beare mee in hand it shall be for my good: that prejudice my cause, as if it would never succeed; and prejudicate my prayers, as if they would never be heard.

But what meanes *David* by this? will not his weeping make his enemies rejoyce the more? will not he seeing him thus dejected, make them the more insulting over him? will they not be readie to say, Is this hee that encountered a Lion, and a Beare? Hee that encountered combat with a Giant, the terrour of a whole Armie; and now to fall a crying one cannot tell for what? But *David* is a better husband of his teares then to spend them idly, hee knowes for what hee spends them, because of his enemies indeed, but not for feare of his enemies: They are neither teares of feare; for whom should hee feare, that hath God on his side? Nor teares of vaine-glory; for why then should hee shed them in the night, when none can see them: Nor teares of joy; for how then should they make him looke old, which is an effect of griefe: but they are tears of supplication, and teares of compassion. First of supplication; that God will either convert them, or confound them: and not converting,



then teares of compassion, to thinke of their confusion. For such is the tendernesse of a godly eye, that it hath teares to shed even for enemies: And when these two waters, the teares of supplication, and the teares of compassion meet together, what mervaille if they make a floud in *Dauids* bed, seeing the concourse of like waters made the great Deluge in the whole world? for what are his teares of supplication, but as the waters that rose from the springs of the earth? and what are his teares of compassion, but as the waters that fell from the Cataracts of heaven? Or is it not perhaps that *David* makes his enemies here, a figure of his sinnes, which are indeed his greatest enemies? as also that hee makes his owne passion, a figure of Christs compassion, which was indeed one of his passions? for then hee wept over *Ierusalem* in compassion of their confusion, when with teares of supplication hee could not prevaile with them, in compassing their conversion: when they would not heare him how often hee would have gathered them together as a Hen gathereth her Chickens, with teares of supplication, Then they heare him say, There shall not a stone be left upon another, which shall not be cast down, with teares of compassion.

I grieve not so much that mine eye is waxen old, though it bee waxen old with griefe, as I grieve to see that my enemies have no eyes at all, at least, no eyes but of malice, who re-  
joyce

joyce at my afflictions, and make themselves as merry with my weeping eyes, as the *Philistims* made themselves with *Sampsons* blinded eyes. I grieve to see their destruction draw neere, and they laugh at my grieving, and at the oldnesse, and alteration which griefe hath brought upon mee. And was it not so with my Saviour Christ, which made the *Iewes* say; thou art not yet fifty yeares old, as though he looked like one neere fifty; when hee was indeed not much above thirty:

But seeing with all my sighing and grieving, I cannot reclaim them; I here disclaime them: *Depart from mee, all ye workers of iniquitie:* Away from mee, all yee that are Wolves in sheepes cloathing: I put not away poore penitent sinners, that do pennance for their sins as I have done, and may rather bee said to suffer sinne, then to doe it; as being more of infirmity, then of will: I put away them that make iniquitie their work, and thinke it a penance when they bee not committing of sinne: Them that are journeymen to the trade, or rather Masters in the mysterie, Them that vilifie my sighes, and say, they are but sutors *In forma pauperis*, and therefore that God scornes them that reproach my teares, and say, they are but dumbe solicitors, and therefore God cannot heare them: but see how much they are deceived: For now contrary to their hopes, and more to their wishes; The Lord hath heard the voice of my teares, hath heard it: and

Verse 8.



Verse 9.

and therefore does not scorn it; the voice of my teares, and therefore my teares are not dumbe: and where all other voices may bee doubted, whether God will heare them or no: the voice of teares, hath Gods care, I may say, at command; at least is never denied accessse unto his hearing. And this is but my first, and lowest degree of comfort, for a higher then this: Hee hath heard my request. But what? hath God no Masters of Request about him, but is Master of Requests himselfe? Indeed when hee would know the finnes of *Sodome*, hee tooke not information from the Angels, but came downe himselfe to see: and should he in person see finnes, and not in person heare prayers? And to shew himselfe to be his own Master of requests indeed, he hath taken my petition into his hands; that I cannot now doubt of having my request granted: seeing the Prince that must grant it, is himselfe the Master of Requests to present it: and what is it to receive a supplication into his hands, but to receive the suppliant into his favour?

If hee onely heard the voice of my teares, I might doubt lest he thought them but like the teares of *Esau*, and so should slight them: Or if hee onely heard my request, I might feare lest he thought it but like the request of the mother of *Zebedees* sonnes, and so reject it: but now that hee hath taken my supplication into his hands, now I may bee sure hee meanes to doe something in it: seeing hee never takes

any

any thing in hand, which hee brings not to a happy and successfull period, against all opposition. The voice of my tears brought God to cast his eye upon mee: My request brought him to bow his ear unto mee: but the taking my supplication into his hand, hath brought him to compassionate my estate: and seeing his compassion is active, and his pittie relieving; my teares of sorrow may now bee turned into teares of joy, my lamentations into songs of thanksgiving. The lamentable accent of my language, made God first to looke upon mee: The pittifull nature of my suite, made him next to listen to mee: but the justnesse of my cause in hand, made him lastly, to take my petition into his hand, which is in effect to grant it out of hand.

Indeed God is with no musicke so much delighted, as with that of voyces; with no voyces so much, as with those of teares; with no teares so much, as with those of the heart, and such were mine, though sent forth by the eies: And now, whose eyes would not be moved at so strange a sight, to heare eyes speak? whose eares would not be moved at so strange a hearing, to see tears bee a tutour? whose hands would refuse so strange a writing, where eies, I may say, are the Penne, teares the Inke, and sighes the paper? Pardon my curiosity O God, in imagining wonders, while I meditate of thee, in whom are nothing but wonders.

And what remaines now, but that my sor-



rowes remove their lodging, and sojourn with my enemies, as they have done with me: what remaines, but that my sighes bee turned upon mine enemies breasts, my teares upon their eyes, and that the pit they digged for me, they may fall into themselves; and that, with the violence of falling suddenly. As for me, I shall live to see mine enemies turne their backs and be ashamed: I shall live to see them hide their faces, and be confounded: but before all, and above all, I shall live to magnifie thy glorious Name, O God, who art blessed for ever.

But is *Dauids* charity come to this, to bee turned into cursings and imprecations? Indeed no otherwise then God to the Serpent, when hee sayd, Cursed art thou above all Cattell: for when men are growne into that reprobate sense, that they are more like to limbes of Sathan, then to creatures after the Image of God; then it is lawfull in Gods cause, to take Gods course, and to turne them over to shame and confusion.

\* \*  
\*

The



THE  
TWO AND  
THIRTIETH  
PSALME.

1  Lessed is hee whose ini-  
quitie is forgiven, and  
whose sinne is covered.  
2 Blessed is the man to  
whom the Lord impu-

teth not iniquitie, and in whose spirit there is no  
guile.

3 When I kept silence my bones waxed old,  
through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heaue  
upon mee; my moysture is turned into the drowth  
of Summer.

5 I acknowledged my sinne unto thee, and  
mine iniquitie have I not hid: I said I will con-



ceffe my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquitie of my sinne.

6 For this, shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou maist bee found: surely the floods of great waters shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve mee from trouble; Thou shalt compasse mee about with songs of deliverance.

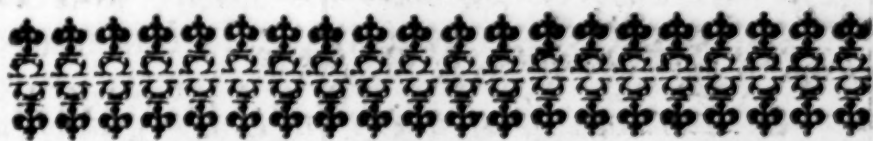
8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will fixe mine eye upon thee.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule which have not understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come neere unto thee.

10 Many sorowes shall bee to the wicked; but hee that trusteth in the Lord, Mercy shall compasse him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and reioyce ye righteous: and shout for ioy, all yee that are upright in heart.

Medita-



# MEDITATIONS

and Disquisitions upon  
the 32. Psalm.

**B**lessednesse was cried in the first Psalm, but was there held so deare, that few or none have ever been able to go to the price. Now in this Psalm it is cried againe, and at a low rate; and if it bee not taken now, it is not like hereafter to bee ever had so cheape again. For, where before it must have cost an absolute declining from sin, and a perfect delighting in the Law of God, with a continuall exercising in it day and night; Now if wee can but get our iniquities to bee remitted, and our finnes to bee covered, it will serve the turne, and bee accepted.

But is this so much an easier rate? For though the purchasing of Blessednesse, were before a great worke to bee done, yet it was a worke that might bee done by our selves: where the purchasing it this way, must be the worke of another: and were it not better to have it by a way in our owne power, then by



a way in anothers will? But O my soule, Is it in man to direct his own way? Is it in mans power, to performe the worke that is required? hath hee not long since put out the light that should have guided him in it? hath hee not long ago cut off the lock, that should have beene his strength to performe it? Oh therefore, blessed bee hee that affords us blessednes at this rate: For though it bee in anothers will to grant it, yet consider whose will it is; even his that is more readie to forgive, then we are readie to aske forgivenesse, and is rather a suitour to us to take a pardon, then stayes for us to bee suitours to have a pardon.

But may it not bee thought, because blessednesse is set here at a lower rate, that it is not so good a blessednesse as the other? and then what is gotten by the bargaine? a lower price indeed, but meaner ware. But this cannot bee, for blessednesse admits no degrees of comparifon; as blessed they, that have their sinnes forgiven, as they (if any such were) that have no sins to forgive. For though blessednes be a positive thing, yet it is a superlative thing: and if there want any thing of being a superlative, there must needs want something of being a blessednesse. Blessed then are they that have their sins forgiven: for to bee forgiven, is as much as never to have beene guilty: and to say, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven; is all one as to say, Blessed are they that never sinned. When our sinnes are once for-

forgiven, wee are then at peace with God with whom, untill they were forgiven, wee were at enmity: and if no misery bee comparable to this, to have Gods displeasure, then no blessednesse can be comparable to this, to have his favour: and his favour we shall be sure to have, if he forgive us our sinns; and therefore, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven.

But is all the way as smooth as this? Is there not a rubbe in the way here? for to say, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, is very plausible; but to say, Blessed are they whose sinnes are covered, seemes to marre all. For what if my sinnes bee so great that they cannot bee covered? must I therefore be forced to lose my blessednesse? It is true indeed, though my sinnes bee in number as the sands of the Sea, yet the Sea is great enough to cover them all: But alas, the sea covers not sinns, though it cover the sinners; and what blessednesse can there bee in such a covering? If I goe to the world to cover them, and indeed the world is wide, and no doubt a great coverer of sinnes: but alas, the worlds covering is but Hypocrisie; and what were this, but to cover one sinne with another, a lesser with a greater, and so I should bee covering them still, and never cover them, but lay them more open in the sight of God, then they were before. If I goe to the Heavens to cover them; and indeed the heavens are large, *Et tegit omnia Caelum*: but alas, the Heavens are full of lights,



lights, and will sooner discover that which is hidden, then cover any thing that lies open to view. Yet I may hope to get the Cherubims to cover them, for they have broad wings, and of a wonderfull extent: but alas, the Cherubims have use enough of their wings to cover their owne faces: they cannot with all their wings so much as cover the least of all my finnes. And what hope then to have my finnes covered, when neither the Sea, nor the World, neither the Heavens, nor the Cherubims that are above the Heavens, be able to cover them. Yet they must bee covered, or there can bee no blessednesse. And how am I then in any better case for attaining of blessednesse, then I was before? Two waies propounded for attaining it, and both impossible: There, the price not possible to bee payd: Here, the bargaine not possible to bee performed. But O Thou that sittest in the Heavens, O Thou that ridest betwene the Cherubims, Blessed bee thy glorious Name: For thou camest thy selfe from Heaven of purpose to cover them; Thou broughtest that with thee from Heaven, which onely is able to cover them: for what can cover finnes but righteousness? what cover infinite finnes, but infinite righteousness? and where is any infinite righteousness to bee found, but in him onely that is infinitenesse it selfe? Be comforted therefore my soule; for now it is not a hope, it is an assurance that my finnes at last shall

shall come to be covered; It is not a hope, it is an assurance, that I shall come at last to this blessednesse in covert.

There are some perhaps will grant, that blessednesse may consist in covering indeed, but not in covering of sinnes: They thinke rather in covering their Tables with rich plate, and dainty dishes: or in covering their houses with flates of Gold; like *Aurea domus Neronis*; or in covering their backs with filke and soft raiment, such as Christ saith are in Kings houses: but *Nabuchodonozor* will come in for one, *Dives* for another, and *Haman* for a third, and give cleer evidence that all these are deceived, and that *David* onely tells us the truth; They, they onely are the blessed men whose sinnes are covered.

But what needs all this scanning and discussing? For, what more myserie is there in saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sinnes are covered; then if it were said, Blessed are they, from whose iniquities thou turnest away thy face, and whose offences thou blottest out? Or, (because the Scripture hath plenty of expressings in this kinde) then if it were sayd; Blessed are they whose iniquities thou castest behind thy back, and whose sinnes thou removest from thee as farre as the East is from the West: for to what tends this variety of expressing, but either for illustration: or at most, for vehemencie of asseveration, that our sinnes are pardoned?



But if it be cōceived to be not so much a divers expressing of the same way, as an expressing of a divers way to blessednesse; then indeed, as being more mysticall, it will bee more misty for discerning cleerly what the meaning of *David* is. Is it then, that forgiving our sinnes is the worke of Gods mercie; for it is mercies worke onely to forgive; covering our sinnes, the worke of his love; for love covers the multitude of sinnes: not imputing our sinnes, the worke of his will; as hee saith, I will have mercie, on whom I will have mercie: that so wee may have here a three fold cord of Gods goodnesse to relye upon for our blessednesse? Or is it, that remission is necessary for sins of commission; Covering, necessary for sins of omission; but not imputing may serve for sins of transgression; that is, for sin originall, transmitted to us from our first Parents? Or is it that forgiving is mentioned as the worke of God the Father, whose worke properly it is to forgive: as hee saith, I am he that blot out transgressions: Covering is mentioned as the proper work of God the Son; as with whose righteousness our sins are covered: and therefore Saint *Paul* saith, Put yee on the Lord Christ Iesus: Not imputing is mentioned as the work of the holy Ghost; who being all love, compassionates our infirmities, and so all the persons in the Deitie have a hand, (as it is fit they should) in this great worke of procuring to us our blessednesse: that as at the making of  
man

man at first; so at the making of man blessed at last, they may all joyne together, and say, *Faciamus hominem ad imaginem nostram.*

As long as iniquities are unforgiven, the conscience lies as it were on a Racke tortured and tormented, day and night; but as soone as there comes a pardon, it is presently taken off the Racke, and layd at ease: and is not this a blessednesse? As long as our sinnes remaine uncovered, God turnes away his face, and frownes upon us; but as soone as our sinnes bee covered, hee shewes us againe the light of his countenance: and is not this a blessednesse? As long as our sinnes are imputed to us, wee are in the state of *Adam* when hee was cast out of Paradise: but as soone as wee are freed from this imputation, we presently heare Christ say; This day thou shalt bee with mee in Paradise: and is not this again a blessednesse? And is it not now, that *David* expresseth it three waies, to shew, that by it a godly man is not onely blessed, but thrice blessed?

But seeing forgiving, and covering, and not imputing of sinnes, are all but privative things; how can they make a blessednesse, which is a positive thing? They may take away misery, but can never make a blessednesse. But is not the very taking away of misery, in this case, a blessednesse? for seeing we were ordained by God at first, to a blessed estate, and nothing barres us from that estate, but sinne; are wee not by the removing this barre, either left in



this estate, or at least restored to it againe? O gracious God, grant mee the forgivenesse of mine iniquities, and the covering of my sins, and let mee never come at Heaven, if I make not of these privatives, a *Jacobs* Ladder to climbe up to Heaven. Neither yet is remission of sinnes a meere privative, but it hath in it an influence of Grace also; which brings with it a showre of blessings, turnes *Ebal* into *Geri-zim*: and of the Theefe upon the Crosse, makes a saint in Paradise.

*Verse 2.*

Hitherto, *Dauids* doctrine wee may well subscribe to, but what meanes hee by this; *And in whose spirit there is no guile?* For, if there bee no guile in his spirit, what needs either covering, or forgiving? But is it not, as *Christ* sayd of *Nathaniel*: Behold a true *Israelite*, in whom there is no guile: and yet who doubts, but in *Nathaniel* there was sinne? It seemes therefore meant, that though covering and forgiving bee all Gods worke, yet there is a condition required in him whose sins are to bee forgiven: and this is the condition, that there bee no guile in his spirit: but that his repentance bee sincere and unfeigned, and without hypocrisie. And it is, as if hee had sayd; Blessed is he whom God justifies, and justifying sanctifies: for having sayd, Blessed is hee to whom the Lord imputeth no sinne; which is our justification: it presently follows, and in whose spirit there is no guile, which is our sanctification. Or is it here annexed with

a conjunction, perhaps to shew that sanctification doth not so much follow, as it is annexed; and from the same breath of Gods spirit, riseth together with justification? Or is it therefore added, lest wee should thinke blessednesse to be in such sort Gods gift, as that there should bee nothing required in us towards the attaining it: which yet is so in us, that it is not of us, but must come from God to us? for alas else, what spirit of ours could be without guile, if it were not influenced by that spirit, which is the truth it selfe?

It seemes this is a doctrine, in favour plainly of plaine dealing: but is this a world for plain dealing to thrive in? and if no thriving, what blessednesse? But is it not sayd of *Iacob*, that hee was a plaine man, and yet would any man desire to thrive better then he did? who went over *Iordan* with nothing but his staffe, and returned backe with multitudes of Cattell. Never therefore feare thriving by plaine dealing; for God that requires plainesse in thy dealing with him, wil no doubt blesse it in thy dealing with others; and they that make themselves rich by guile, will but finde themselves beguiled in the end, when God blowes upon them, and that they finde that guile in their fortunes, which they so greedily entertained in their spirits.

But why am I so earnest against guile in the spirit? do I not herein speak against my selfe? For was there not guile in my spirit, when I

Verse 3.



held my peace, for confessing my finnes, and yet cried out for sense of my paine; as though I would have made God believe, it was for sense of my sinne? but God knowes I was silent in that, and that silence is now cause of my roaring: for if I had spoken and confessed my sinne at first, I might have beene heard in a lower voice: but having deferred my repentance so long, what mervaile if God bee gone so farre out of hearing, that a lower voice then roaring will never bee heard? Every sinne we commit, makes God to turne away his face and depart from us: and the longertime the sinne is unrepented, the longer time hee hath to goe from us the farther; and the slower we are in repenting, the more he hastens his pace: and have wee not need then to cry the lowder, to make him to heare us, that by long deferring our repentance is gone so far from us? Oh the foolishnesse of men that deferre repentance! for to deferre the repenting of finnes, is a greater sinne, then the finnes to bee repented: and have wee not need then of the lowder voice to obtaine forgivenesse, when to our former finnes to bee repented, is added this great sinne of deferring our repentance? O foolish tongue, how often hast thou spoken when it nothing concerned thee! and wouldst thou not speak now when it concerned thee so much? how often hast thou spoken at the urging of impatience, and wouldst thou not speak now at the entreaty of repentance? But why then

then is it sayd, *Non ulli tacuisse nocet*, as if to hold ones peace did never hurt any? silence inded never hurts any by sins of commission, but by sinnes of omission often: silence is never guilty of idle words, yet guilty often of idlenesse, in letting slippe opportunity. And therefore *Solomons* counsell seemes much the founde: There is a time to speake, and a time to hold ones peace: and if there bee a time for each of them, then each of them in their due time is good; out of time is bad: it is as great a fault to bee silent when it is fit to speake, as it is to speake when it is fit to bee silent: and if any time be fit for speaking, unfit for silence, this is the time, when sinnes are to bee confessed, and when our iniquities are to be acknowledged and made known to God. Now therefore am I justly punished for my silence: for seeing I held my peace when it was fit to speak, now my speaking will not serve, but I am faine to roare: seeing I would not spend a few hours in prayer at first, now I am faine to lie crying and praying all the day long. Alas, to what a miserable state had I brought my selfe, that could neither make use of my silence, nor of my crying out: for if I held my peace, I concealed my sin, and the sore still festered more and more: and if I cried out, it spent my spirits, and the very paine did Ages worke for it in my bones, and made them old, while my body was young. The truth is, I felt my selfe in paine, but knew not what I ayed: I knew  
all



*Verse 4.*

all was not well with mee, but knew not well why it was so: Now after much searching and examining the cause, I finde what it was: It was even sinne, that lay all this while in my bosome, as a fire raked up in the embers of security, and burnt mee to the very bone: but finding it to be sin, I was ashamed to confesse it: and so between shame of revealing, and danger of not revealing, I lived a long time as a man distracted, holding my peace for very shame, and crying out for very paine: And alas, O Lord, how could I chuse, when *it was thy hand that lay heavie upon mee*; thy hand of which it is sayd, that with it thou dost terrible things: and that which is in terrour the most terrible, when thou once beginnest, thou never givest over: thine anger is not as an Ague, but as a Feaver; comes not by fits, but is a continuall fit without either remission, or intermission: and what mervaille then, if in this torrid Zone of affliction, my Almond tree flourish before the time, and my strong men bow themselves under the burden? As a flower that is parched with the sunne, and is ready to fall from the stalke that upheld it: and as earth that is overdried with the heat, and is ready to crumble into dust and powder: such, O Lord, was I, while neither wind, nor so much as a breath of thy favour blew upon mee; while neither showre, nor so much as the dew of thy Grace instilled into me: and in this maze of distresse whither could I thinke to turne my selfe for helpe?

helpe? I thought sometimes that time might  
 helpe mee: but alas, time was no friend of  
 mine; for the longer time I stayed, the more  
 my sore festered and rankled within mee: then  
 I thought that place might helpe mee; but  
 alas, I turned mee from side to side, and could  
 neither finde rest in resting, nor ease in motion.  
 Then I thought of friends, but alas, my friends  
 were my fortunes, and not mine; they bore  
 mee fayre in hand, while the weather was fayre;  
 but as soone as a storme came, they thrunk in  
 the wetting. So I bethought mee at last of a  
 way, which the world would rather thinke a  
 Precipice, then away, and yet perplexed as I  
 was, I thought best to venture it. *I said I will  
 confesse my sinnes to God:* A dangerous way I  
 vow, to goe for helpe to him whom I had of-  
 fended: to looke, his hand should raise me up,  
 that had cast mee downe: yet see the event,  
 or rather wonder at the wonderfulnesse of  
 Gods goodnesse; *I confessed my sinne to God:  
 and hee forgave me the iniquitie of my sinne.* Oh  
 let every sinfull soule take this from mee: There  
 is no such way in the torment of sin, as to con-  
 fesse it to God. For it is not with God as it is  
 with men, Gods waies are not as mens waies:  
 if wee confesse a debt to men, no way but we  
 must pay it: but in a debt to God, the very  
 confessing it is a payment, and it is instead of  
 ability, that we acknowledge our selves to bee  
 unable;

Verse 5.

And indeed, O my soule, what danger can  
 I there



there bee in confessing thy finnes to God, who knowes them alreadie better then thy selfe? Thou informest him of nothing hee knew not before: thou dost but discharge thy conscience, and prostrate thy selfe at the foot of his mercy: and hee is the Lion of the tribe of *Judah*: and who knowes not that it is the noble nature of the Lion to spare any thing that prostrates it selfe before him. If *Adam* had confessed his sinne to God, would God have cast him out of Paradise? If *Eve* had confessed her sinne to God, should shee have had such throwes in her child-bearing? Oh then let every *Adam* that would recover Paradise, let every *Eve*, that would have ease in her labour, confesse their finnes to God: for they may be confident a true confession shall never returne, either unregarded, or unrewarded: that where it was said before, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose finnes are covered: wee may now alter the stile and say, Blessed are they whose iniquities are confessed, and whose finnes are discovered. For if we confesse them, God is just, and will forgive them; if wee discover them, God is mercifull and will cover them: that as it was sayd of *Abraham*, he believed, and it was counted to him for righteousness: so it shall bee sayd of us, wee confesse our iniquities, and it is imputed to us for innocencie.

But is there nothing required to forgiveness of sins but onely the confessing of them? A-  
las,

las, confession is but a part of repentance: Gods pardons are alwaies entire, and is it likely that he will grant a whole pardon, for onely a piece of repentance? Indeed so great is Gods forwardnesse in shewing of mercy, so great his favour towards penitent sinners; that as he useth the figure, I may say of Anticipation in his grace to them, so he accepts of the figure synchdoche in their performance to him: though confession be but a part of repentance, yet if it bee a true part hee accepts it for the whole, and puts a penitent in possession of a full pardon upon his first payment. But then it must not bee a bare confession, such as the earth was in the beginning, *Vacua et informis*: of which, it was not sayd, *Et vidit Deus quod erat bonum*: as the confessiō of Pharaoh & Judas was: but it must bee *Confessio informata*, a confession of one in whose spirit is no guile: a confession not onely *Gravida*, but *Parturiens*, In labour, which is contrition: such as the Publicans was, who in confessing stroke his brest. And yet this is not all, but it must bee a confession made to God: Pharaoh indeed confessed, but it was but to *Moses*: and Judas cōfessed, but it was but to the Rulers, neither of them to God, as *David* doth here: and yet, neither is this all, but it must bee a confession, with professing to confesse; as it is here: *I sayd I will confesse my sinne to God*: and this kinde of confession is so acceptable to God, that next to a Martyr, hee loves a Confessor.



Verse 6.

*For this, shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou maist bee found: for what favour can a prayer looke to finde, that is made to one that is not to bee found? But are there then criticall times for finding of God, as there are for taking of Physick, or for setting of figures in Astrologie? Is not God every where, and therefore to bee found in any place? Eternall, and may be found at any time? O my soule, it is neither time nor place that is any considerable circumstance for finding of God: but if thou wouldst know the true place to finde him indeed, thou must look him in thy heart: if the truest time, thou must observe thy repentance: for in a penitent heart are all the considerable circumstances for finding of God, either for time or place: look him there, and then thou shalt finde him: look him then, and there thou shalt finde him. O then my soule, if my heart bee the true place for finding of God, had I not need to looke him there betimes? for how long am I sure I shall keep my heart? I may be sure, not long; seeing it is alwaies upon going, and makes all the haste it can to be gone: and if it should be gone before I finde God in it, alas my soule, there would bee no finding him there, for thee forever. And as the heart is the true place; so what may wee say is the true time when God may bee found? What, no doubt, but the present time? for seeing in God, there is neither time past, nor time to come, how should wee looke*

looke to finde him where hee is not? For this therefore shall every one that is godly pray to God while hee may bee found, that is, presently, and at this very instant, and not defer repentance to the time to come, in which God is not found, no more then it is found in God.

God no doubt may bee found at all times; but wee are not at all times in case to finde him: for how should wee finde him, when we have no eyes to looke him? and am I sure I shall have eyes alwaies? God knowes, I am sure I shall not, for I finde them to grow dimmer every day then other; and this dimnesse ere long, must needs end in darknesse. Oh then my soule, make haste to finde God, before the crysall of thine eyes bee broken: for if thou tarry till then, there will bee no finding him; and if not finde him, no asking him forgiveness: and if not aske it, not have it; and not having forgiveness, there will bee no blessednesse. For this shall every one that is godly pray to God while hee may bee found, that is, before his lights bee put out, and before hee goe to dwell at the City of Wormes, in the dungeon of darknes. There is indeed no finding of God, without repentance, and no repentance without faith: which because it shall cease in the life to come, we must therefore find him now, or shall not at all, either here or not hereafter.

But if no more but repentance bee required for finding of God: what hinders, but he may bee found at any time: seeing what hinders,



but I may repent at any time? O my soule, who tells thee so? For hast thou the heart to breake thy heart at any time? and if thou hast not, then canst thou not repent at any time: for true repentance is a breaking of the heart. Thou maist perhaps quench the spirit when thou plearest: but canst thou set it a burning when thou plearest? If thou canst not, then canst thou not repent when thou plearest; for a true repentance, is never without a burning ardour of Gods Spirit.

But is there indeed any time when God may not be found? Is he like to some Princes, who shut themselves up in state at times, and are not then to bee spoken withall, or seene? O great God, thou art not like man, and therefore not found after their manner: found, when onely their persons are found: but to finde thee, is to finde thee gracious, without which, as good lost thou wert, as found: and gracious can none finde thee, but onely the penitent: and therefore for this, shall every one that is godly pray unto thee, so that through the grace of a true repentance, hee may finde thee gracious.

When a sinne is committed, a shower of Gods anger raines presently downe upon the sinner; and continues raining, till there be repentance: and if the repentance bee deferred long, it may raine downe anger so long, till it make a floud, and then there will bee no going neere to God for water: but rather the water will goe neere to bee a cause of drowning:  
for

for it is not every ones ease .to have an Arke to save himselfe in from the flood of Gods anger; hee onely may bee confident to bee saved, that like *Noah*, begins to make his Arke betimes, and returns to God with a speedy repentance.

But why is it sayd, every one that is godly, and not rather, every one that is wise? seeing it is wisdom, and not godlinesse, that can discern the fitnessse of times and seasons? Is it not, that wisdom, and godlinesse in spiritual matters, are terms convertible: No true wisdom without godlinesse, no godlinesse without true wisdom: but therefore rather said godly then wise, because indeed there is no other godlinesse, though there bee other wisdom.

And now, O my soule, consider the blessednesse of a true repentance, and what a conversion it makes in a penitent heart: I could never thinke before, but that the world was the safest sanctuary; the flesh, the best Paradise: but now I can say; *Then, O God, art my refuge from tribulation*; thou my Iubilee against all persecutions: the place from which I hid my selfe before, is now become the place to hide mee in: and that which I fled from before, as my onely terrour, I now flye to as my onely succour. Before I repented, I thought that to go to God, was to runne upon a rocke: but now I finde it is to go into the Haven: Before, I thought still upon that saying, A man shall leave Father, and mother, and cleave to his

Verse 7.



his wife: but now I finde, that *Adharere Deo bonum est*, there is no blessednesse but in cleaving to God. Before I repented, I aspired to nothing, but to sit at *Dives* his table, and to fare deliciously every day: I tooke pleasure in nothing, but in wearing soft rayment, in mirth and jollity: but now I finde that all the dishes I fed on there were poyson: I finde there is no wearing like to sack-cloth, no sweet powder like to ashes, and say to laughter thou art mad. Thou, O Christ, art the true food that nourisheth to eternall life: Thou, the true garment, that gives mee entrance to the marriage of the Lambe, and makest mee to heare the melody of Heaven, in the quire of Angels. Before I repented, I said to the world *Agypt*, thou art my staffe, and to the flesh *Dalilah*, thou art my joy: but now I can say, Thou, O God, art my refuge in all tribulations; Thou, the joy of my heart, against all my persecutors.

But O the vanity of the world, have I lived to heare that glorious acclamation, *Saul* hath killed his thousand, and *David* his ten thousand: and is my glory come now to this, that I am glad of a place to hide me in? Indeed, *Sic transit gloria Mundi*. But O my bodie, never doe thou trouble thy selfe for the matter, for thou art sure enough of a place to hide thee, seeing a spanne or two of earth will serve thy turne: It is thou my soule, that makest mee glad of a place to hide me, for thou indeed art not easily hidden, thou lyest open to all assaults

faults of Sathan, to all temptations of the world, and that which is more then these, to the angry hand of God: and from this it is chiefly, I am glad of a place to hide me: though the world may thinke it strange I should goe to God, to hide mee from God: But O foolish world, it is not strange, for I goe to Gods Mercy, to hide me from his Iustice; for God forbid, I should bee of those, that call to the Mountaines to cover them, and to the Hills to hide them. No, deare Iesus, Thou art the Mountaine that must cover mee; Thou, the Sanctuary, that I flye unto: to which if *Ioab* had fled, it had not been *Abner* that could have drawne him forth.

But had not *David* Towers, and Fortresses to defend him, and could hee not bee safe unlesse he were hidden? and say he were brought to a necessity of hiding himselfe; yet is hee well advised to make choyce of God, for his place to hide him? The darkest places are fittest for hiding; and what hiding then could he look for of God, who is nothing but light? O my soule, there is no hiding so excellent, as to be hidden with light; for thither my enemies, who are children of darknesse can never come. When I am hidden with light, I can see my enemies, and they not see mee: not much unlike the advantage that God himselfe hath over us. When I am hidden with light, there is more glory in the light, then desparagement in the hiding: and have I not reason then, to



make choyce of God who dwells in light inaccessible, for my place to hide me? Others hiding can but keep me from the eyes of my enemies, it cannot keepe me from the hands of my enemies: Gods hiding can doe both: For, *Thou, O God, shalt preserve mee from trouble:* though in others hiding, enemies perhaps cannot, yet troubles at least may finde mee out; but when thou hidest mee; as enemies cannot, so troubles dare not: I shall bee as free from the feare, as from the sense of troubles. And yet, O God, if thou shouldst onely preserve mee from trouble, this were no more, then I might enjoy, if I were a senselesse creature; for what trouble, where there is no sense? but thy hiding will do more then this: it will compasse me about with songs of deliverance: and this wil give me a sense, and in that sense a delight of the happines I enjoy by the benefit of thy hiding.

If thou shouldst deliver mee but in part, I should in part bee in bondage still: and what would my state bee the better for this? seeing in this case, all figures are synechdoches; a part here as much as the whole: to bee a Prisoner in part, isto bee a Prisoner altogether: but when thou compassedst mee about with deliverance; this leaves no place for synechdoches, but gives mee a totall and absolute freedom; and makes mee ~~obnoxious~~ obnoxious to no molestation, And yet if thou shouldst also compass me with deliverance, and so leave mee; I might be still both insensible of it in my selfe, and

and unthankfull for it to thee, and so my state but little the better for this neither: but when thou compassedst mee about with songs of deliverance; this makes mee a Quirister in the Quire (I might say of Angells,) but that their songs are all songs of Iubilee, and mine onely of deliverance. O my soule, God is not a deliverer like a halfe Moone, bright in one part, and darke in another; but he is a deliverer like the Sunne, his deliverance shines alwaies the whole compasse: and with his deliverance, hee delivers also songs of thankfulness to him, and in my selfe of joyfulness.

But what need is there of Plurality of songs? may not one song serve? and if one may, what need many? One song perhaps, may serve for one deliverance: but if there bee many deliverances, must there not bee many songs? and must there not be many deliverances, when there are many bondages? and are there not many bondages when I incur a new bondage, as often as I commit a new sinne? and yet another reason as great as this: For say that Gods deliverance bee but one, will that one deliverance require but one song? O my soule, it deserves, and therefore requires, I say not a Plurality, but an infinitie of songs: for there must be some songs to expresse it, and others to extoll it, some songs of *miserere*, and others of *Magnificat*: some *de profundis*, and others *in excelsis*, some songs of praise, and others of thanksgiving: and though there



will bee a time when all these songs shall bee collected into one, and so collected make the great *Canticum Canticorum*: yet till that time come, there will bee need of many songs: and seeing I shall need many; I hope, O God, thou wilt not see mee want, and tye me to one song: but wilt compasse mee about with songs of deliverance.

But alas, O Lord, I am farre as yet from being compassed with songs of deliverance; I have not so much as one song of deliverance to sing: for how should I sing of deliverance, that am still in bondage? how sing at all, that am still a weeping? But I know thy goodnes O God, I know how much thou delightest in the Musicke of Thanksgiving; and therefore, am assured, the time will come, and (considering the haste thou makest) will come speedily, that thou wilt compasse mee about with songs of deliverance.

But have I beene all this while right, in the understanding of *Dauids* meaning, where hee saith, Thou shalt compasse mee about with songs of deliverance? for are they songs that are sung for mee, or songs that are sung by mee? if sung for mee, then they are men and Angells that sing them, as rejoycing for my deliverance; if sung by mee, then it is I, O God, that sing them to thee, as giving thanks for my deliverance. Songs of deliverance, of my deliverance, that I am delivered: or songs of deliverance, of thy deliverance, that thou hast deli-

delivered me. Take them in either sense, & *Da. vid* is pleas'd, tak. them either way, and God is glorified. So there need be no question of this, yet of this, there will be question: how I can be sure of repenting, if I am not sure to repent whē I list? and this question *David* seemes to answer, putting the matter upon God; and therefore brings God in, as speaking thus: *I will give thee understanding, and will instruct thee in the way that thou shalt walke, I will fixe mine eye upon thee:* and Gods instructions are never invaine: for with the lessons hee gives, hee gives also an aptnesse to understand them; and with the aptnesse, a capacity to performe them: and then having God, for an instructour, by teaching thee the way, and for an overseer, by fixing his eye upon thee: how canst thou doubt of profiting in a learning, where all the learning is but one lesson of repentance. Repentance indeed is but one lesson: but it is the hardest lesson in all the booke: and wee may see how hard it is, by the great adoe that is about it: for first, God must give us understanding for it; and this will not bee enough; then hee must give us instructions in it; and neither will this bee enough; then hee must have a continuall eye upon us, to hold us to it, and all these together will be but little enough; Alas, all these together will bee too little, and not enough, if wee bee wanting to our selves. Bee not therefore, O my soule, like the Vineyard of which God sayd, what could I doe

Verse 8



Verse 9

more to my Vineyard, then I did, and yet it hath brought forth nothing but wilde grapes? No my soule, *Bee not like to Horse and Mule, that have no understanding*: when thou art shewed the right way, doe not wilfully runne another way: when one comes to dresse and keembe thee, doe not offer to byte and strike; do not cast thy Riders, nor kicke at thy Rulers: Bee not headstrong like the Horse, nor lazy like the Mule: for if thou use thy selfe like a Horse and a Mule, thou must looke to bee used like a Horse and a Mule; have a bridle put in thy mouth, and a snaffle in thy jawes: and if these will not serve, a spurre and a rod too, to quicken and beate understanding into thee. For consider, O my soule, in what state thou standest: though thou have understanding, as being made *Ad similitudinem Dei*, yet if thou use not understanding, thou makest thy selfe *Ad similitudinem Bruti*: or rather so much worse then a Beast, as corruption makes worse than privation: for if a man shall doe that by abusing Reason, which a Horse doth by wanting Reason; shall hee not doe it, not onely with more shame, but with more violence, as making that an instrument of stubbornnes, which was given for a furtherance of obedience? Is it not a shamefull thing that a man should bee bridled and spurred as a Horse? yet if he use not understanding, but will bee like a Horse, hee must bee so: for as understanding is the sterne, I may say, of a man, to direct him in his course,

course, so a bridle is the sterne of a Horse to guide him in his way; and he that will not take into his heart, his owne sterne of understanding, must be forced to take into his mouth, the Horses sterne of a bridle; for a sterne hee must have, no remedy, either his owne sterne or a Horses, either understanding or a bridle: that wee may truely say, there is not a more necessary trade in the world then a bridle-maker is; seeing without such a one, there would bee no living in the world, for the multitude of unrulie Horses.

And thus when men grow so wicked and so voyd of understanding, to bee like Horse and Mule: It may justly then bee sayd, *Many are the troubles of the wicked*: for there will bee troubles of bridle, and troubles of snaffle, troubles of spurre, and troubles of rod; from all which the godly are free: No bridle in their monthes, because they doe that willingly, which the foolish Horse will not doe but by constraint. No spurre in their sides, because with the assistace of Gods grace, they use understanding, and run readily of themselves, to the market that is before them.

Verse 10

But why then should *David* in another place say; *Many are the troubles of the Righteous*? for by this it should seeme, there is nothing lost by being wicked, nothing gotten by being righteous; for whither wicked or righteous, there will bee troubles still. It is true, there will bee troubles, but is there not a difference?

The



The troubles of the godly are but onely outward, but the troubles of the wicked are inward rather: The troubles of the godly are but to exercise them, but the troubles of the wicked tend to ruine. The troubles of the wicked have a Corrosive, I may say, a worme within them, but the troubles of the godly have a Cordiall, I may say a kernell within them, a sweet kernell indeed, that makes ample amends for all the hardnesse and fracture of their shell. The troubles of the wicked, have no deliverer: but of the troubles of the godly, it is sayd, *The Lord shall deliver them out of all.* And all this long of Gods mercy that compasseth them about. It is no doubt, a strong fortresse to the godly, that the Angells pitch their tents about them: but it is a far stronger, that Gods mercy compasseth them about: for that which is but Ministeriall in the Angells, is Primitive in Cod: and though the Ministry of Angells may bee: yet Gods mercy can never bee frustrate, and especially when it compasseth about; for then, neither troubles on the right hand, nor troubles on the left, neither tumours of Prosperity, nor grypings of Adversity: then neither troubles before them, nor troubles behind them; neither agonies of terrour, nor racks of persecution, shall ever come soneere them, as to touch them; at least, not so prevaile against them, as to hurt them. That notwithstanding all their troubles: It shall bee justly sayd still; *Bee glad yee that are righte-*

righteous, and rejoyce in the Lord: shewte for joy, all yee that are upright of heart.

And may it not bee as well sayd to the wicked: Bee glad, and shewte for joy? or rather have they not more cause of rejoycing, then the godly? The wicked indeed may rejoyce to see their full barnes and their full bags: but alas, what becomes of their joy, when they heare it sayd; *Stulte hac nocte repetent animam suam?* They may rejoyce to sit with *Belshazzar* at their full cups, in revelling and feasting: but alas, what becomes of their rejoycing, when they see it written upon the wall before them, *Mene, Tekel, Peres?* All gladnesse of the world is often converted, alwaies convertible into sorrow: onely the gladnesse that is in God, never suffers Ecclypse. A single kinde of joy the wicked may have, but because their rejoycing is in the world, and not in God; they are farre, God knowes from showting for joy. None but the righteous rejoyce in the Lord: and therefore none but the righteous can shewte for joy. This *David* did, when hee danced before the Arke: and this *Abraham* did; when *Exultavit ut videret diem Domini*: Hee leaped for joy, to see the day of Christ. Is there showting for joy at Olympick games, where but a Garland is gotten perhaps of Bay, at most but of some fading matter: and shall their not bee showting for joy, at the game of the great Olympus, where there wil be a crown gotten of glory, that shall never wither



nor fade away? O my soule, there will be the victory, that is onely worthy of showing for joy: which as it is common to all the godly, so it is proper to onely the godly: who being upright in heart, and having their conversation in Heaven already, they see with cleerer eyes than *Abraham* saw Christs day, the saints expecting them, the Angels ready to receive them; and that which is more than the most that can be said or thought, God himselfe preparing for them their severall Mansions of Beatitude: that we may justly conclude as we began, *Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered; Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth no sinne, and in whose Spirit there is no guile.*

**The**



THE  
THIRTY  
EIGHTH  
PSALME.



Lord rebuke mee not in thine anger,  
neither chasten mee in thy heauie  
displeasure.

2 For thine arrowes sticke fast  
in mee; and thy hand presseth mee sore.

3 There is no soundnesse in my flesh, because  
of thine anger: neither is there any rest in my  
bones, by reason of my sinne.

4 For mine iniquities are gone ouer my head,  
as an heauie burthen, they are too heauie for mee.

5 My wounds stincke and are corrupt, because  
of my foolishnesse.

6 I am troubled, I am bowed downe great-  
ly: I goe mourning all the day long.

7 For



7 For my bones are filled with a loathsome disease: and there is no soundnesse in my flesh.

8 I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared through the disquietnesse of my heart.

9 Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

10 My heart panteth, my strength faileth me; and as for the light of mine eyes, that also is gone from mee.

11 My lovers and friends stand aloofe from my sore, and my kinsmen stand a farre off.

12 They also that seeke after my life lay snares for mee; and they that seeke my hurt, speake mischiefous things, and imagine deceit all the day long.

13 But I as a deafe man heard not; and I was as a dumbe man that openeth not his mouth.

14 Thus I was as a man that beareth not; and in whose mouth are no reprooves.

15 For in thee, O Lord, doe I hope: Thou wilt heare mee, O Lord, my God.

16 For I said, Heare mee, lest otherwise they should reioyce over mee: when my foot slippeth, they magnifie themselves against mee.

17 For I am readie to halt, and my sorrow is continually before mee.

18 For I will declare mine iniquitie; I will be  
sorry

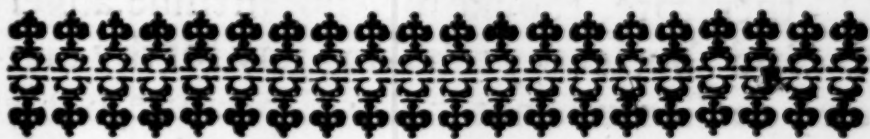
*sorry for my sinne.*

19 But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong; and they that hate mee without cause, are multiplied.

20 They also that render evill for good, are mine adversaries; because I follow the thing that good is.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord, O my God, be not farre from mee.

22 Make haste to helpe mee, O Lord my salvation.



## MEDITATIONS upon the 38. Psalme.

**U**t is it not an absurd request, to require God, not to rebuke mee in his anger; as though I thought hee would rebuke mee if hee were not angry? Is it not a senselesse suite, to pray to God, not to chasten mee in his displeasure; as though hee would chasten mee if hee were not displeased? The frowardest natures that  
L are

*Verse 1.*



are, will yet be quiet as long as they be pleas'd; and shall I have such a thought, of the great, yet gracious God, that hee should be pleas'd, and yet not bee quiet? But O my soule, Is it all one, to rebuke in his anger, and to rebuke when hee is angry? He may rebuke when hee is angry, and yet restraine and bridle in his anger: but to rebuke in his anger, is to let loose the reines to his anger: and what is it to give the reines to his anger, but to make it out-run his mercy? and then what a miserable case should I bee in, to have his anger to assault me, and not his mercie readie to relieve mee? to have his indignation fall upon mee, when his loving kindnesse were not by to take it off? Oh therefore, rebuke mee not in thine anger, O God: but let thy rebuking stay for thy mercie; chasten mee not in thy displeasure, but let thy loving kindnesse have the keeping of thy rod.

But though the request be never so just; yet must it not needs be a wearisome thing to God, to have us alwaies come to him with the same petition, as though wee would persecute him with importunity, and make him doe that, which he is not willing to doe? for if he were willing to grant it, hee would no doubt have done it before now; when in the sixth *Psalme*, we asked him as earnestly for it, as we can doe in this. But O my soule, is importunity a fault? if it bee, it is a fault I shall hardly bee perswaded ever to leave. Did Christ  
count

count it a fault in the woman of *Canaan*, who would take no answer; but still cried after him, till hee granted her suite? Did not *Abraham* importune God five times, about the sparing of *Sodom*? and did not God grant as long as hee importun'd? And may wee not thinke that if hee had continued his importunity still, hee might as well have gotten *Sodom* to be spared for one mans sake, as hee had done for ten? Is God like man, that the importunitie of suitours should be a trouble to him? Can wee thinke, that God should be displeased with our importunity to him, when he is pleased to use importunity himselfe to us? Did not God call to *Samuel*, three times one after another; when hee bid him go to *Eli*, with a message? Was it not importunity which Christ used to *Peter*, when thrice together hee asked him, *Simon sonne of Ionas*, lovest thou mee? Indeed *Peter* seemed not well pleas'd with this importunity: but God never was, never will be found to be displeased with it. Never therefore feare to be importunate with God; but feare rather, thou canst never be importunate enough; for so highly is God pleased, or rather indeed delighted with our importunity in praying, that hee oftentimes denies the first suit of his servants, because he would be importun'd by a second; oftentimes the second, because hee would have a third. Indeed, that which in suits to men is importunitie, in suits to God is fervencie and perseve-



rance, and seemes to resemble the nature of the *Seraphims*; where single prayer but of ordinary Angels, of whom as some fell, so this may faile, and often doth, the other never.

But though importunity bee to God most pleasing alwaies: yet to us, it is then most necessary, when the cheerfull face of God is turned into frownes: and when there is a justly conceived feare of the continuance of his anger: and have not I just cause to feare it, having the arrowes of his anger sticking so fast in mee? if hee had meant to make me but a Butt, at which to shoot his arrows; he would quickly, I suppose, have taken them up againe; but now that hee leaves them sticking in mee, what can I think, but that he meanes to make mee his quiver; and then I may looke long enough, before hee come to plucke them out. They are arrows indeed that are fethered with swiftnesse, and headed with sharpnesse; and to give them a force in flying, they are shot, I may say, out of his Crosse-bow, I am sure his bow of crosses: for no arrowes can flie so fast, none pierce so deep, as the crosses & afflictions with which he hath surprized me: I may truly say surprized me; seeing when I thought my self most safe, and said, I shall never be moved; even then these arrows of his anger lighted upō me, and stick so fast in my flesh, that no arm but his that shot them, is ever able to draw them forth. Oh then, as thou hast stretched forth thine arme of anger, O God, to shoot these arrowes  
at

at mee; So stretch forth thine arme of mercy, to draw them forth; that I may rather sing Hymns, then Dyrge unto thee: and that thou maist shew thy power, as well in pardoning, as thou hast done in condemning. I, alas, am as an Anvile under two hammers: one, of thine anger, another of my sinne; both of them beating incessantly upon mee; the hammer of thine anger, beating upon my flesh, and making that unsound: the hammer of my sin, beating upon my bones, and making them unquiet; although indeed both beat upon both: but thine anger more upon my flesh, as being more sensible: my sin more upon my bones, as being more obdurate. Gods anger and sin, are the two efficient causes of all misery; but the Procatarticke cause indeed, is sin: Gods anger, like the house that *Sampson* pulled upon his own head, falls not upon us, but when we pull it upon our selves, by sinne.

I know by the unsoundnesse of my flesh, that God is angry with me: for if it were not for his anger, my flesh would bee sound: but what soundnesse can be in it now, when Gods angry hand lies beating upon it continually, and never ceaseth? I know by the unquietnes of my bones, that I have sinne in my bosome; for if it were not for sinne, my bones would bee quiet: But what quietnesse can bee in them now, when sin lies gnawing upon them incessantly, with the worme of remorse? one would thinke my bones were farre enough re-



moved, and closely enough hidden from sins doing them any hurt: yet see the searching nature, the venomous poyson of sinne, which pierceth through my flesh, and makes unquietnesse in my very bones.

I know my flesh is guilty of many faults, by which it justly deserves unsoundnesse: but what have my bones done? for they minister no fuell to the flames of my fleshs sensuality; and why then should they bee troubled? But are not my bones supporters of my flesh, and are they not by this, at least accessary to my fleshs faults? as accessaries then, they are subject to the same punishment the flesh it selfe is, which is the principall.

I cannot but wonder at this condition in my selfe: there is nothing I more loath then sinne, yet nothing I more willingly embrace: nothing that I more abhorre, yet nothing I more readily entertaine: what mervail then, if there bee unsoundnesse in my flesh, and unquietnesse in my bones, when I will needes bee taking so turbulent a guest, so deadly a poyson as sinne is into my bosome? and make an idoll of that, which I know so well to bee a monster?

As a man that stands in the water, as long as it comes but to his middle, or but up to his shoulders, endures and beares it safely enough; but when it comes once to goe over his head, it then overwhelmes and presently strangles him: such alas am I, my sinne a long time, came

came I may say, but up to my shoulders, and then I thought my selfe safe enough; now God knowes, I am over head and eares in sinne, and so overwhelmed with it, that my breath is taken from mee, and I have not so much as any breath of Grace remaining in me. No strength is so great, but it may be overburdened, though *Sampson* went light away with the gates of *Azzah*; yet when a whole house fell upon him, it crushed him to death. And such, alas, am I, I have had sin as a burden upon mee, ever since I was borne: but bore them a long time as light, as *Sampson* did the gates of *Azzah*; but now that I have pulled a whole house of sinne upon mee, how can I chuse but be crushed to death with so great a weight? And crushed, O my Soule, thou shouldst be indeed; if God for all his anger, did not take some pittie on thee: and for all his displeasure, did not stay his hand from further chastening thee.

I know, O Lord, I have done most foolishly, to let my sores runne so long, without seeking for helpe: For now, *My wounds stinke and are corrupt*; in as ill a case as *Lazarus* body was, when it had beene foure daies buried; enough to make any man despaire, that did not know thee as I doe: For, doe not I know, that *Nullum tempus occurrit tibi*? doe not I know, thou hast as well wisdom to remedy my foolishnesse, as power to cure my wounds? Could the grave hold *Lazarus*, when thou didst but open thy mouth to call him forth? No more

-M

can

Verse 5



can the corruption of my sores, bee any hindrance to their healing, when thy pleasure is to have them be cured. Although therefore I have done my owne discretion wrong to deferre my care; yet I will not do thy power wrong, to despaire of thy cure: for, how should I despair, who know thee to be as powerfull, as thou art mercifull; if I may not rather say, to bee as mercifull, as thou art powerfull: Each of them indeed an *Abyssus*: and when *Abyssus Abyssum vocat*, what marvell, if their follow marvells?

Verse 6

And as I do not despaire, so neither do I presume: *For I am troubled, I am bowed downe, and go mourning all the day long.* I am troubled no lesse with the griete of thy displeasure, then with the paine of my wounds: each of them alone, just cause of mourning, but both of them together, of mourning all the day long.

I have told hertofore, how I spend my night: all the night I water my bed with teares. Now I tell how I spend my day; all the day long in mourning. And can it be, O God, thou shouldst neither regard my weeping, nor my mourning? neither my weeping all night, nor my mourning all day?

If my flesh had continued as God made it, there had been in it, both soundnes, and beautie; but alas, my sinne, and his arrowes, his arrowes by reason of my sin, have so wounded it, that it is nothing now, but a very Cistern of corruption: for all sinne hath poyson in it, and breeds diseases, infinite diseases in the Soule, loath-

loathsome diseases in the bodie. And what will not diseases doe in these bodies of ours? whose spirits can be so erect, but will bee dejected? whose limbes so strong, but will bee bowed downe? whose heart so cheerefull, but will bee made to mourne with the violence of diseases? And now therefore, *am I dejected, I am bowed down, I go mourning all the daylong*: and may I not say, with the worst kinde of mourning, the mourning perhaps of the chyne: like Horse and Mule that have no understanding? *For my loynes are filled with a loathsome disease*: the very disease, that made *Elias*, and *John Baptist* to weare girdles of beasts skins about their loynes; and they with wearing such girdles, prevented in themselves, the loathsomnesse of this disease: but I, alas, never thought of any girdle, much lesse of Beasts skins: and therefore the disease is now grown so loathsome upon mee, that it hath filled my loynes; so filled them, that it hath not so much as a spare room left to make a perfume in; so loathsome, that it makes me fit for no company but Lazars, for no place but an Hospitall: for how should others endure the stinch of my sores, when I am not able to endure it my selfe? how much lesse, O God, canst thou endure it, whose pure sense is sensible, even of that impurity, which is to us insensible, in the starres themselves? Thou, O God, didst vouchsafe this favour to our first Parents, to make them garments of Beasts skins to cover their nakednesse, and may wee  
not

Verse 7



not be bold to think, that the Girdles of Beasts skins, which *Elias* and *Iohn Baptist* wore about their loynes, were also of thy making? Oh then vouchsafe, O God, to give me such a girdle to weare about my loynes; a girdle of continence & true mortification; which though it cannot now, as in *Elias* and *Iohn Baptist* it did, prevent the growth and loathsomnesse of concupiscence in mee: It may at least, as in *Mary Magdalen* restraine it, and make mee capable of being cured.

Verse 8

And as I have not despaired, nor Presumed: so neither have I murmured nor repined at thy chastisements: I acknowledge my selfe most worthy to suffer them, but most unable to bear them. I am dejected no lesse in body, then in spirit; and yet though I could not speake for weaknesse, I have roared for griefe; and the unquietnes of my heart, hath supplied the feeblenes of my tongue. Indeed if I could have been a Boanerges, and have gotten a voice like thunder, I should have used it now in speaking to thee: that if my importunity before could not, at least my loudnesse now might prevaile with thee, to procure thee to hear me. *For I am feeble and sore broken, I have roared through the unquietnes of my heart.* All long of the unquietnes of my heart, and the unquietnes of my heart, all long of my sin: for where sin is, there will never be but unquietnes of heart; & an unquiet heart will alwaies produce these miserable effects: Feeblenes of body, dejectednesse of mind, and

roaring of voice.

But how can roaring stand with feebleness, which seems to require a strength of spirits? Is it not therefore a roaring, perhaps not so much in lowdness, as in an inarticulate expressing? that having done actions more like a beast than a man; I am forced to use a voice, not so much of a man, as of a beast? Or is it perhaps a roaring in spirit, which the heart may send forth, though the bodie bee feeble: or rather then most, when it is most feeble: not unlike the blaze of a Candle, then greatest, when going out. Howsoever it be, this is certaine; the heart is that unhappy plot of ground which receiving into it the accursed seed of sinne, brings forth in the bodie and soule of man, these miserable fruits: and how then can I be free from these weedes of the fruits, that have received into me so great a measure of the seed? O vile sinne, that I could as well avoid thee, as I can see thee; or could as easily resist thee, as I deadly hate thee; I should not then complaine of either feebleness of bodie, or dejectedness of mind, or roaring of voice: but I should perfectly injoy that happie quietness in all my parts, which thou, O God, didst graciously bestow as a blessed dowrie on our first Parents, at their creation. And now, O my soule, let mee aske thee a question: Why art thou cast downe, and why art thou disquieted within mee? Hope thou in God; for I will yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance,



tenance, and my God. But what neede was there of roaring? for what matter is it whether I speake to God in a soft voice, or in a lowd? seeing thou knowest, O God, the very thoughts of my heart, *and my groaning is not hid from thee.* Though I speake not, but onely thinke to speake, yet thou knowest it: though I think not, but onely groane to think, yet thou knowest it; and knowing these things, thou knowest O God, that my griefe is more for thy displeasure, then for my wounds: lesse for the paine I feele of thine arrowes sticking in mee, then for the unkindnesse I take at thy shooting them at mee. As the love with which thou givest, is more deare to mee then thy gifts; so the anger with which thou striketh, is more grievous to mee then thy rod: and alas, O Lord, how can I then chuse but roare through the unquietnes of my heart, when I want both thy gifts, and thy love too, and yet feele thy rod, and thine anger too? *All my desire, O Lord, is ever before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee:* but what availes it mee, that my desire bee all before thee, if it be not all for thee? what availes it mee, that my groaning be not hid from thee, if it be not made to thee? If I desire any thing besides thee, that desire is from weaknesse, and then thou regardest it not; if I groane to any but thee, that groaning is from vainnesse, and then thou seest it not: but now that my desire is onely for thee, and my groaning onely to thee; now I know, thou both seest and regardest.

Verse 9.

dest them; and I doubt not, O God, but mee for them.

But, alas, O Lord, this is not yet the whole chapter of my misery; for besides this, *My heart panteth, my strength faileth mee; and as for the light of mine eyes, that also is gone from me.* And what is my heart, but the foundation; what my strength, but the pillars? what mine eyes, but the windows of my building? If these then bee ruined, how can my whole building chuse but bee demolished? My heart is not wont to pant, but in some great agonie; nor my strength to faile, but in some great conflict; nor my sight to goe from mee, but in some great disaster: how great then, alas, must my agonie bee, how hard my conflict, how grievous my disaster; when my heart, my strength, my sight, all faile mee at once? Though my heart panted, yet if my strength continued, I should have a support: or though my strength fayled, yet if my sight continued, I should have a guide: but when they all faile, and faile at once; alas, O Lord, how can I chuse but fall, that have neither strength to support mee, nor eyes to guide mee: Thou, O God, must say to my heart, bee of good cheere: Thou must say to my strength, I will be thy fortresse: Thou must say to mine eyes, I will be thy light: and then, and not till then, shall I ever have ease, or confidence, or consolation.

It is some comfort to men in misery, when



they have their friends about them; if not to relieve them, yet at least to pittie them: for even pittie, is a comfort to men in misery: but so miserable am I, that I am left alone, as one utterly forsaken. *For even my lovers and friends stand aloofe from mee, and my kinsmen stand a farre off.* They are all peeces that recoyle, and flie backe at the first voice of the powder. Yet it is not so much mee they stand aloofe from, as my sore; for if it were not for my sore, I should have enough of their company, easily enough: but they cannot abide sores, their eies are too tender to endure to see them, and yet hard enough, not to relieve them. Or is it they stand aloofe, that is so neere, as to shew, they are willing enough to see them; but yet so farre off, as to shew, they have no meaning to come and helpe them. But call you these lovers and friends? Men that flutter about us like flies, in the Summer of prosperity, but vanish and are gone in the winter of adversity? Are friends but painted flowers, onely for shew, and nothing at all for use? Or if true flowers, yet onely to make nosegayes of, and never to make medicine of? Is there use of Physicians but when there are sores; and when sores come, will not they bee gotten to come? Is there use of friends, but in time of need; and when need comes, will they then bee gone? But alas, O Lord, was it not so with Christ himselfe? company enough, friends enow, when there was no need; but as soone as Iudas comes

comes with a band of men, scarce a man found that will bee gottento tarry: and if they used the Master so, can I that am a servant, looke to bee better used?

But say, you call them friends, yet how can you call them lovers? for it is the nature of love, to bee readiest at hand, when there bee troubles at hand. Doth not the Elme, a lover of the Vine, support the Vine, when it else would sinke downe and fall to the ground? doth not the Vine stick close to the Elme, and if the Elm chance to fall, chuseth rather to fall with it, then to forsake it? And shall nature doe this in trees, and shall not reason, shall not vertue, do it much more in men? or shall trees bee reckoned the reasonable Creatures, and men bee cashiered out of the number? But this is the world; they are called lovers and friends, of their faces, no otherwise then Baboones may bee called men: for when a day of triall comes, they are often found as farre from friendship and true love, as Baboones from reason, and true understanding. And such were my lovers and friends (alwaies excepting *Jonathan*:) but I looked for better at my kinsmens hands: for there is in them a propinquity of nature, and nature will hardly be kept from working: yet such is my unfortunatnesse, that in my behalfe, even nature her selfe growes idle, and I finde as little comfort from my kinsmen, as from my other lovers and friends: and to say truely, rather little:

for



Verse II.

for where my lovers and friends stand but aloofe, my kinsmen stand afarre off: neither of them neere indeed, but yet my kinsmen the farthest off: My lovers and friends stand but aloofe from my sore, as taking it perhaps for a *Noli me tangere*: but my kinsmen stand afarre off, as taking it for no lesse then the very plague. My lovers and friends stand aloofe from my sore, as expecting perhaps a time of recovery when they may come on againe; but my kinsmen stand afarre off, as never intending to hearken more after mee. My lovers and friends stand aloofe from my sore, as fearing more my sore then me; but my kinsmen stand a farre off, as fearing mee no lesse then my sore: and where my lovers and friends by standing aloofe, doe but violate the law of a contracted friendship: My kinsmen by standing afarre off, violate even the law of naturall affection: And is not this a grievous thing, that the law of reason, the law of friendship, the law of nature shall all bee broken, rather then I shall be relieved, or finde assistance? And now, O my soule, seeing thy lovers and friends, and kinsmen prove all unloyall, unfaithfull, and unnaturall, in whom alas canst thou hope for helpe? In whom, O Lord, but onely in thee? for thou art a lover incomparably more loyall, then either the Vine to the Elme, or the Elme to the Vine: Thou art a friend infinitely more faithfull, then either *Jonathan* to *David*, or *David* to *Jonathan*; Thou art a kinsman, but rather

rather a father unspeakably more tender of thy children, then either *Boaz* of *Ruth*; or *Abraham* of his one and onely sonne *Isaac*.

But though to bee thus forsaken, rejected, and even abhorred, by lovers, and friends, and kinsmen, bee misery enough, and more then enough for one man to beare; yet this is not all the misery I beare, but *they also that seek after my life lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt, speake mischievous things, and imagine deceit all the day long.* Is it not enough that my friends and kinsmen will doe mee no good; but there are others that will doe mee hurt: and it is not enough, that they wish my hurt, but they seeke to do it; they hunt after mee, as after a prey: and it is no small hurt they seeke to doe mee; but they lay snares for my life: nothing but my life will serve them; and they doe it not so much by open violence, which might perhaps bee withstood; but they doe it by fraud and deceit, which is not easie to bee avoided: for first, they speake mischievous things, they raise scandalls, and worke the world to an ill opinion of mee; and then they lye devising of waies how to entrap mee; and they spend not an houre or two about it, but they imagine deceit all the day long. And alas, O Lord, is this a world to have safety in scandalls? where if some bee ready to devise them, others are as ready to believe them? If there bee a *Iezabel* to plot a false accusation, are there not elders to put it in execution? and

Verse 12.

N

do



Verse 13.

do I not in this still runne in the same line with my Lord Christ Iesus? For did not the scribes and Pharisees, first devise mischievous things against him; and then the High-priests and Rulers believe what they devised, and execute what they believed? And what, O Lord, do I all this while? doe I stand upon my guard, and have an eye to their practises? doe I seeke to repell their violence by force, or to frustrate their fraud with circumspection? Do I cleere their scandalls with apologies, or do I answer their clamours with vociferations? God knowes, none of all these: I neither use armes offensive, nor defensive; all my doing is suffering, and all the apology I make for my selfe, is silence; *For as a deafe man, I heard not, and as a dumbe man, I opened not my mouth:* For why should I hear, when I meant not to speak? and why should I speake, when I knew before hand I should not bee heard? I knew by contesting, I should but provoke them, and make them more guilty, that were guilty too much before. I therefore thought it better my selfe to bee silent, then to set them a roaring, and make them grow outragious. No doubt, a great wisdom in *David*, to know that, to be deaf and dumb was in this case his best course, but yet a farre greater vertue, that knowing it, hee was able to do it. O how happy should we bee, if wee could alwaies doe that, which wee know is best to bee done: and if our wills were as readie to act, as our reason is able to enact, wee

wee should then decline many rocks wee now runne upon; wee should then avoid many errors we now runne into. To bee deafe, and dumb, are indeed great inabilities and defects, when they bee naturall; but when they be voluntary, and I may say artificiall, they are then great abilities, or rather perfections. They are two stemmes, upon which do grow the excellent vertues of patience and charity; which though *David* shewed in himselfe in a great measure, at the rayling of *Shimei*: yet he could never so properly speake them of himselfe, as in the person of Christ: for of him indeed the sacred story relates, that being rayled upon, and reviled, buffeted and beaten by the base multitude, yet as a sheepe led to the slaughter, hee opened not his mouth, but was deafe and dumbe even to death.

O grievous alteration! transcendent indignity! Hee that restored Creeples to health, and raised the dead to life; now to bee deprived himselfe of the chiefe faculties of life, both active and passive? He that made the deafe to heare, and the dumbe to speake: now himself neither to speake, nor heare? A grievous case no doubt to bee so: and yet no doubt, a just cause it should bee so: for if he had heard, he should have heard but blasphemies: and if he had spoken, he must have spoken but reproofs: and seeing blasphemies were too prophane for his sacred ears to hear, and reproofs too harsh for his milde tongue to utter: what marvell,



if he that made the eare, did himselfe not hear, what marvell, if hee that was the Word it self, did not speake a word?

Verse 15.

And as my deafenesse and dumbenesse, have not proceeded from imbecillity, but from patience; so neither have they proceeded from feare, but from reverence: for why should I speake, when my hope is in thee, O God, that thou wilt speake: why should I hear, when thou wilt heare for mee? For alas, O Lord, when I hear, they speak what they list, as either thinking I cannot controll them or not caring whether I can or no: but whē thou hearest, they are glad to take heed what they say; for thou hast scales to weigh their words, and if find them light, power to censure them. Why then should I offer to hear or speak, when I know ere long I shall have a hearing before thee, where thou shalt bee their judge, and wilt be my advocate. And have I not reason, till then, to consecrate my eares and tongue to thee? It is true, injurious language is a provocation able to make a dumbe man to speake, and I may say, able to loosen the tongue of *Craesus* his dumbe sonne: but he that so provoked, should fall a speaking, were very like to fall in speaking: for it is a slippery argument to be spoken in: and if in speaking I should slip never so little, Oh what a joy it would bee to my enemies, they would never desire better sport, they would magnifie themselves against mee: I should be their blind *Sampson* to make them merry, I should serve them

them for a stocke of derision. Oh therefore, suffer mee not, O God, to suffer these indignities; but do thou heare for me, do thou speak for mee: *for I alas, am readie to halt, and my sorrow is continually before mee*, that if my slipping and falling, bee a cause to make mine enemies rejoyce, they may bee sure of joy enough: for how can I chuse but often fall, that am of my selfe so readie to halt? and specially when my sorrow is alwaies before mee; that makes me I cannot see my way before me; for what doth more blind the eyes, and take away the sight, then sorrow? Was it not sorrow that hindred *Mary Magdalen* from discerning Christ, when shee saw him at the Sepulchre? And besides, my halting is the worst kinde of halting that is; for I come not to it, as *Iacob* came to his, by wrastring with an Angell, which brought a blessing with it: but I come to it as *Mephibosheth* did, by the imbecillity or incqualitie of my parts: For having two feete to goe upon, my reason, and my will; how can I chuse but halt, when my will is so much longer then my reason? and then, if to the aptnesse of my falling, by reason of my halting, there bee added the inadvertency of the way, by reason of my sorrow: how can I chuse but even trip at every step I take? that if mine enemies rejoyce at my fallings, they are very like to have their fill of rejoycing; for if a just man fall seven times a day, how often, alas, am I like to fall, that halt, I may rightly say, down

Verse 17.



Verse 18.

right in sinne? but let mine enemies rejoyce to see mee fall as much as they please; this shall not hinder mee from seeking to rise: and seeing there is no rising from sin, but by cōfessing it; *I will therefore declare mine iniquitie, I will bee sorry for my sinne*: I will declare mine iniquity, that my enemies may see, I can speak to God, though I was dumbe to them; and I will bee sorry for my sinne, to make them see how little I envie their rejoycing, that can take pleasure in my own sorrowing: for to declare mine iniquities without sorrowing for my sin, might rather bee thought an ostentation then a penitence, and rather shew mee proud of my sinne, then ashamed of it. I will therefore bee sorry for my sinne, that my sorrow may testifie for me, that my declaration now is out of contrition, as my declaration shall testifie, that my dumbnesse before, was out of compassion. But though I scorn mine enemies deriding, yet I am not insensible of mine owne disgrace: and therefore hope that my speaking now, shall supply my dumbnesse before; and make thee, O God, to take my cause into thine owne hearing; and either convert mine enemies, or else confound them. This indeed is my hope, though I see as yet but small fruit of my hope;

Verse 19.

*For mine enemies are lively and strong, and they that hate mee without a cause are multiplied.* I looked for abatement of their rejoycing, and they continue lively still: for abatement of their power, and they continue as strong as e-

ver:

ver: for abatement of their number, and they are rather multiplied, and increase. But though it bee an easie matter for them to be lively, being so strong as they are; and to bee strong, being so many as they are: yet how easie is it for thee, O God, by thy Spirit of life, to strike a dump into their liveliness; by thy Almightinesse, to suppress their strength; by thy Infinitenesse, to confound their number: and why then should I bee afraid what mine enemies can doe unto mee? why should I bee frightened with an arm of flesh? But that which is most strange of all, they hate mee without a cause: as if one should say; Their hatred to mee is miraculous: an effect, without a cause: for what cause of hatred, where such motives of love? I seek to doe them good, I follow the thing that is good, and yet they hate mee. And yet this is no wonder, for is it not sayd, *Qui male agit, odit lucem*? They that doe evill hate the light? and if hate the light, how can they chuse but hate the children of light? That it appeares to bee cause enough to the wicked, to hate the godly, if they discern in them but any sparkes of godlinesse: and then if this bee the case, that I must either be wicked my selfe, or else bee hated of the wicked: I shall never stand long in making my choice, seeing I shall never certainly buy their love so deere. But since they are generations of vipers, and render mee evill for good: at least, O Lord, doe not thou forsake mee; be not thou farre from me;

Verse 20.



mee: for as long as thou art on my side, and stayest by mee, what though the waters roare, and the mountaines shake with the swelling therof? What though the bulls of *Babylon* compass me, and the strong bulls be set me round: seeing thou art able to deliver mee from their fury, and from the hands of all that hate me.

But O my soule, thou maist call long enough to God, not to bee farre from thee, and all in vaine, if thou bee farre from him. Take heed therefore, it bee not found true in thee, which hee sometimes sayd: *This people draweth neere mee with their lips, but their hearts are far from mee*: for if thou bee neere him onely with thy lips, such neerenesse will do thee small good: it is not the neighbourhood of lips that hee cares for: but if thou wilt have him not to be farre from thee, thou must bee carefull that thy heart be not farre from him. And yet neither is this enough, O God, that thou bee not farre from me, if thou stand but onely looking on, and makest not haste to helpe me: Thy slownesse may bee as prejudiciall to mee, as thy being farre off: for alas, mine enemies are ready to devoure mee, and they that seeke after my soule, make haste. Doethou therefore, O God, make haste also, & be not slower then mine enemies: neither let thy love, be out-run by their hatred. But O my soul, why shouldst thou require God to make such haste, as though thou wouldst as it were surprize him on a suddaine? Alas, is God like man, that hee should

Verse 22.

should stand in need of time to consider? Are there *Secunda cogitationes* with him, as there are with men? Is there any thing that can be suddaine, or unlookt for to him? Although therefore hee bee slow to anger, yet hee is never slow to mercy; but for shewing of mercy, hee hath the wings of a Dove, and rides upon the winde. And seeing, O God, thou art able and canst doe it; O shew thy selfe willing also, and be forward to doe it: Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation: Make haste to helpe me, that thou maist be Lord of my salvation; lest I fall into mine enemies hands, that would be lords of my destruction: or rather, make haste to helpe me, O Lord, Thou that art my salvation: for untill thou come, I am, alas, a servant of sin, and a bondslave to Sathan, that would bee my destruction.

\* \*  
\* \*

FINIS.



Should stand in need to have to consider. Are  
there some who are not with him? And  
and with many? And yet he is not  
indignant or angry for to him? And yet  
therefore he does not flow to anger, yet he is  
not slow to mercy; but for the sake of many  
he pardons the iniquity of them, and he  
does not think, O God, thou wilt  
and canst do it; O how thy love  
also, and he is forward to do it: Make haste  
help me, O Lord my deliverer. Make haste  
help me, that I may not be  
down; lest I fall into mine enemies hands, for  
would be lords of my destruction: or might  
make haste to help me, O Lord. Thy  
charity is as high as heaven, for as high as  
come, I am, and a tower of strength  
and a bulwark to me.  
that would be my  
O Lord.

MEDITATIONS  
AND  
DISQUISITIONS  
UPON  
The one and fiftieth Psalm of  
DAVID.

*Miserere mei Deus.*

By S<sup>r</sup>. RICHARD BAKER, Knight.



LONDON,

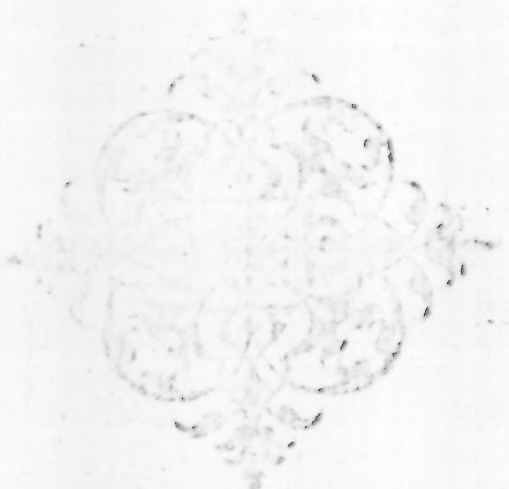
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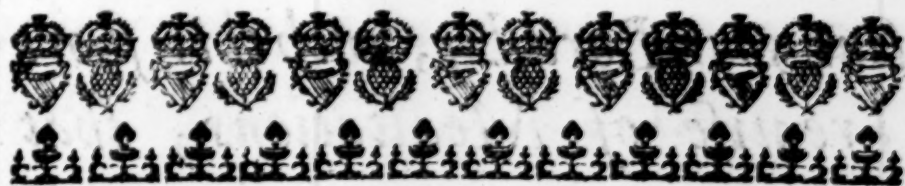
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TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
EDVVARD, Earle of DORSET,  
of His Majesties most Hono-  
rable Privie Counsell, Lord  
Chamberlaine to the Qucene; and  
Knight of the most Noble  
Order of the GARTER.



**M**OST Honoured  
Lord, I know,  
you neither like,  
nor have lei-  
sure, to look up-  
on trifles; but I  
know also, you account not discour-  
ses of Piety, in the number of tri-  
fles: This makes mee bold to pre-

O 3

sent



## The Epistle

sent your Lordship, with this short  
Treatise of Meditations; that  
being short, it may not divert you  
long; being Pious, not divert you  
at all. I so much honour your  
Lordship, for your publicke ver-  
tues; so much am bound to you, for  
your private; that I cannot forbear  
to present you with something, as a  
testimonie of my service in both:  
and a richer present I could not  
thinke of, than Meditations upon  
this Psalm of David; which is  
indeed, the Master-piece of his  
Repentance, as his ~~Repentance~~ the  
Master-piece of all his Vertues.  
The jewell it selfe is from David,  
onely the case from me; and though  
the jewell deserve a more Illustri-  
ous case; and your Person a more  
illustri-

## Dedicatory.

*illustrious present; yet there is colour to hope I may bee pardoned in both; seeing, the jewels splendour, gives a lustre to any case; and your Noblenesse, to any present. And though it might bee presented with a better hand; yet it cannot with a better heart; seeing he presents it, that is*

Your Lordships humble

and devored servant,

**RICHARD BAKER.**



illustrious present; yet the face  
lent to hope I must have  
both; feeling the jewels blend  
given a hint to my heart  
The life to my heart  
though it might be perfect with  
a better heart. yet it cannot be  
a better heart; feeling the heart  
is that is

Your feelings humble

and devoted servant

RICHARD BAXTER



THE  
FIFTIE ONE  
PSALME.



*Have mercy upon mee, O God, according to thy loving kindnesse; and according to the multitude of thy great mercies, doe away mine offences.*

*2 Wash mee thoroughly from mine iniquitie; and cleanse me from my sinne.*

*3 For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinne is ever before mee.*

*4 Against thee, against thee onely have I sinned, and done this evill in thy sight; that thou mightst bee iustified in thy saying, and bee cleere when thou iudget.*

*5 Behold, I was borne in iniquitie, and in sinne my mother conceived mee.*

P

6 Be.



6 Behold, thou lovest truth in the inward affections; and therefore in the secret part, thou hast made mee to understand.

7 Purge mee with Hyssope, and I shall bee cleane; wash mee, and I shall bee whiter then snow.

8 Make mee to beare ioy and gladnesse; that the bones which thou hast broken, may reioyce.

9 Turne away thy face from my sinnes, and blot out all my transgressions.

10 Create in mee a cleane heart, O God, and renue a right spirit within mee.

11 Cast me not off from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from mee.

12 Restore to mee the ioy of thy salvation; and stablish mee with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach thy waies to the wicked; and sinners shall bee converted unto thee.

14 Deliver mee from bloud-guiltinesse, O God, Thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

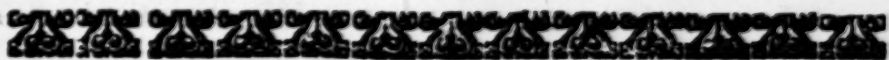
16 For thou desirest not sacrifice, else I would give it; Thou delightest not in burnt-offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;

rit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good, in thy good pleasure, unto Sion: build thou the walls of Hierusalem.

19 Then shalt thou bee pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness; with burnt-offering, and whole burnt-offering; Then shall they offer Bullocks upon thine Altar:



Q<sup>2</sup>

Medita-





with a broken and a contrite heart O God, thou  
 wilt not despise.  
 8. Do good, in thy good pleasure, unto Zion:  
 build thou the walls of Jerusalem.  
 9. Then shall thou be pleased with the sacrifice  
 of righteousness: with burnt-offering, and  
 whole burnt-offering: then shall they offer thank-  
 offerings upon thine altar.

Medias

92

**MEDITATIONS**  
 and Disquisitions upon  
 the 51. Psalm of  
**DAVID.**



**LORD** our GOD, how Excellent is thy Name, in all the World! Thy glorious Majesty is Excellent; but that brings nothing to mee; Thy Justice is Excellent, but that brings mee to nothing; It is thy Mercy, that must doe mee good: and therefore, thy other Excellencies I Adore; but this I invoke. To invoke thy Justice, I dare not; Thy Glory, I cannot: but thy Mercy, I both dare, and can. For why should I not dare, when feare gives me boldnesse? How should I not be able, when weaknesse gives me strength? Why should I not dare, when thou invitest mee to it? How should I not be able, when thou drawest mee to it? Dost thou invite mee, and shall I not come? Dost thou draw mee, and shall I



draw backe? Can there be a Patron so powerfull as thou? Can there be a suppliant, so dejected as my selfe? Of whom then, is it fitter to aske for mercy, than of thee, O God, who art the God of mercy? and for whom, is it fitter to aske for mercy, than for mee, who am a creature of misery? If I were not so miserable, thou couldst not be to mee so mercifull: and have I not reason then to aske that of thee, which thou couldst not have so much occasiō, to manifest to mee, as by mee? If it were not for sinne, there should be no misery; and if no misery, no exercise for thy Mercy: and wilt thou let it stand idle, where it hath so foule sinnes, for so faire fields to walke in? Hast thou mercy, and wilt thou not shew it? Or wilt thou shew it to others, and not to me? To say, I have not deserved it, were to make it no mercy; for, if I deserved it; it were justice, and not mercy. Is not thy mercy over all thy works, and am not I the worke of thy hands? The more mercy thou shewest, the more is thine Honour; and wilt thou not doe that which is most for thine Honour? Thou didst shew mercy to *Adam*, who was the first sinner: and thou didst shew mercy to the *Thiefe* on the Crosse, who was the longest sinner: and wilt thou not shew mercie to mee, who am not the first; and hope not to be the longest? Hast thou shewed mercy to so many, that thou hast not mercy left for me also? If thy mercy were finite, and could bee exhausted, it were no chari-

charity to aske it, lest others might want it: but seeing it is infinite, and can never bee spent; why should I be sparing to aske it, or thou to bestow it? Thy mercy is infinite, or none at all; for all thou art is infinite, and wilt thou by shewing thy mercy, lesse; shew thy selfe to be mercilesse? If thy mercy be infinite, it must extend to all; and how extends it to all, if not to me? Thou hast as much mercy for me, as if thou hadst none to have mercy on but me: and can it be, thou shouldst have so much for mee, and let me have none of it? Can my daily infirmities alien thy love? This were to thinke, thou didst not love me, but for my goodnesse: and alas, what goodnesse is there? What goodnesse ever was there in mee, that thou shouldst love mee? Can thy love aliened, turne away thy mercy? This were to thinke, thy mercy did reach no further than thy love; and so, because I know thou lovest not sinne, I might justly feare, thou wouldst never have mercy upon sinners. But, O gracious God, thou lovest for thy loves sake, and thou hast mercy for thy mercies sake: and seeing thy love, which is thy selfe, can never leave thee: it makes mee assured, thy mercy, which is thy Nature, will never leave mee. If I refused thy mercy, thou mightst justly with-hold it: But now, behold, I hold my brest open to receive it: or if I did not aske thy mercy, thou mightst forbear to shew it: but now, behold, I begge it upon my knees. I am none of *Zebedees* sonnes,  
that



that aske to sit at thy right hand, and at thy left: I desire not Exaltation, but Absolution; It is not thy bounty I aske, but onely thy Mercy: *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindnesse, and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, do away mine offences.*

20.

It may be thought severity in God, to cast *Adam* out of *Paradise*, for only one sin: But was *Adams* sin, but onely one? but one perhaps in action, but a million in affection. For say it was pride? hath not pride more branches than a tree hath? Say it was gluttony? hath not gluttony more dishes than *Dives* had? Say it was curiosity: hath not curiosity, more eyes than *Argus* had? Say it was disobedience? hath not disobedience, more faults than *Ab-solon* had? For how else could *Manasses* sins come to be more than the sands of the Sea: if it be not, that a sinne, though but in thought, may justly be thought a million of sins? And as it is said in the Gospel, that a man was possessed with an unclean spirit: but that unclean spirit, was a Legion: So wee may say of every sinne, it is but one sinne, but that one sinne is a Legion. Here therefore, O my soule, take heed thou mistake not thy selfe, in casting up the Audit of thy sinnes: and think, thou hast perhaps but one or two sinnes, to answer for to God, when in Gods sight, every sin thou comittest is a Legion: and for a Legion of sinnes thou must make thy account, thou shalt make account. And now, seeing my sins are in number

ber so many, and so great in measure: have I not reason to aske for mercies, of equall proportion? although therefore I aske not thy bounty, but thy mercy, yet the bounty of thy mercy I aske: to aske lesse than would serve, would prejudice my wants, and not relieve them: and how then can I ask lesse than a multitude of great mercies, to do away my offences, who have a multitude of great offences to be done away.

But hath God then a multitude of mercies, whereof some be greater, and some be lesser? Is not his mercy, as himselfe is, onely one and *simplicissimus*? No doubt, it is so in it selfe: one and single as himselfe, but yet in relation to us, and to our understanding, it is said to be as it is applied: to every sinne a mercy, to great finnes great mercies, to a multitude of finnes a multitude of mercies.

But is not this a disorder in praying, to pray for that, for which wee should rather give thanks? to pray for a multitude of great mercies, as though wee had them not already; When wee should rather give thanks for them, which wee have so continually? for is it not Gods great mercy to us all, that wee bee not all consumed? and this great mercy multiplied unto us, when thousands fall on our right hand, and ten thousands on our left: yet wee in the midst of these dangers, are kept safe from danger? Is it not his great mercy, that he gives riches, and plenty: and this mer-



cie multiplied unto us, when so many are pi-  
 ned away with penury, yet our Land floweth  
 with milk and honey? Is it not his great mer-  
 cie, that the light of the Gospel shines upon  
 us: and this mercy multiplied unto us, when  
 so many live in darknesse, and in the shadow  
 of death? These indeed are great mercies:  
 yet they are but the mercies of his patience, or  
 of his generall goodnesse and bounty: and of  
 these mercies, wee may justly be afraid, as it is  
 said, *There is mercy with thee, that thou maiest be*  
*feared*: but it is the mercies of his speciall love,  
 that I desire: and of these mercies, there can be  
 no feare: for, *Love casteth out feare*. The mer-  
 cies of his patience, and of his bounty, are not  
 his tender mercies: wee may have them, per-  
 haps, and to our hurt, as long life: but to heape  
 up wrath against the day of wrath: Riches and  
 Honours, but to make our Camell the greater,  
 and the unfitter to passe through a needles eye.  
 The light of the Gospel, but to make us the  
 more guilty, and subject to be beatē with more  
 stripes: but his tender mercies, are the mercies  
 of his love, and can never be had, but for our  
 good: for, *Love covers the multitude of sinnes*:  
 and this covering of our sinnes, is the recove-  
 ring againe of Paradise, and suffers not the An-  
 gel with the flaming sword, to find any thing  
 in us, to keepe us out. O therefore, how ever  
 it pleaseth thee, O God, to deale with mee, in  
 the mercies of thy patience, by length of daies:  
 or in the mercies of thy bounty, by riches and  
 ho-

honours; be pleased at least, to grant mee the mercies of thy love, to cover my finnes; and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, doe away mine offences. It was a great mercy, even of thy love; that with great miracles, thou diddest bring the Israelites out of *Egypt*, but that thou didst endure to be grieved with that generation, forty yeeres together; and yet bring them at last, into the land of *Canaan*; This was a multitude of great mercies. And yet more than this: It was a great mercy, that thou diddest suffer our first Parents, after their great sinne, to live, and to propagate their sinfull race; but, that thou didst send, thine onely Sonne, to expiate their sinne, and to make satisfaction for it, with infinite indignities, in life and death; this was a multitude of great and tender mercies. And now, that I have the multitude of Gods tender mercies at the heighth; what would I have it to doe? even to doe away mine offences: For this is a worke, for a multitude of mercies, and of mercy only. Thy power, O God, is Almighty, and yet cannot; thy Iustice most perfect, and yet will not; thy wisdom infinite, and yet knowes not how to do away offences, without thy mercy; but thy mercy alone, and of it selfe, both can, and may, and will; and therefore, thy mercy is the sanctuary that I flie unto: and seeing thou delightest in shewing of mercy, Behold, I shew thee a large field here, wherein thou maist shew it: a multitude of my



Verse 2

great finnes, for a multitude of thy great mercies. And because finnes are pollutions, and no way to doe away pollutions so well as by washing: *Therefore wash mee thorowly from mine iniquitie, and cleanse me from my finnes.*

I must confesse, I was at first afraid of thy washing, for thou didst once wash the whole world, and then thou didst wash away the sinners, but not the sins: and if thou shouldst wash me so, it were as good for me, to be unwasht: but I consider, that washing was in thy justice; the washing I desire, is in thy mercy: and I should not have dared to pray thee to wash me, if I had not prayed thee first, to have mercie upon mee; for it is thy washing in mercy onely that washes cleane, thy washing in justice, washeth cleane away.

But why is *David* so preposterous in making his suite? To pray God, to wash away his finnes, before hee make his confession, and tell what his finnes bee? As a man that should require his Phisitian to cure his disease, without telling what hee ailes, and what his disease is. But is it not, that the ardour and burning heat, which *David* felt of his finnes, made him, as it were, to leape into the water, at the very first, crying out to bee washed; quite forgetting all order, through the violence of his ardour? much like to *St. Peter*; who through heat of desire, to be instantly with Christ, who he saw upon the water: never stayed, but girt his coate about him, and leapt into the water, clothes

clothes and all. Or is it, that *David* might well require to be cured of his disease, without telling it; being come to a Physitian, who knew his disease better than himselfe? Or is it indeed, that to tell our disease, is part of our curing; to confesse our sins, is an act of our washing, and therefore no preposterous course in *David*, to pray for washing, before confessing; seeing no confessing is truly sound, which hath not its beginning, and is not proceeding from Gods washing?

But how can wee answer this to God? He saith unto us by *Esay*, *Wash you, make you clean*; meaning, it seemes, we should wash our selves, and now we come to him to wash us; as though we should say, If you will have us be washed, you must come and doe it your selfe? Indeed, both must be done: God must wash us, and we must wash our selves: but Gods washing, is not like our washing: Gods washing is by the fire of his Spirit, our washing is by the water of contrition: Gods washing is by pardoning, our washing by repenting. *Peter* washed himselfe, when having denied his Master, he went out, and wept bitterly. *Christ* washed him, when he prayed for him, that his faith might not faile. *David* washed himselfe, when for grieve of his sinnes, hee watered his bed with teares: God washed him, when hee sent him word by the Prophet *Nathan*, that his sin was forgiven. And indeed, if God wash us not with his water of pardon, the water of our



owne teares, will doe no great good: it may wet, but not wash, or wash, but not cleanse: if God put not our teares into his bottle, which onely can give them the power of cleansing. For *Esau* had a flood of teares to wash himselfe withal, but God never put them into his bottle: they were tears for his punishment, but not for his sins: and therefore, they might wet perhaps, but they never cleansed. Oh then, put my teares into thy bottle, O God, for they are tears for my sins, and not for my punishment: and then *wash me with them, and I shall be clean.* My teares, God knowes, are of themselves too cold, unlesse they bee warmed by the fire of Gods Spirit: but if wee bring the water, and God bring the fire, then indeed a fit Lexative will be made to make us cleane. O then, warm the cold teares of my repentance, with the fire of thy Spirit, O God: and then wash me with them, that my repentance it selfe being first cleansed, may be made effectuell to cleanse me from my sinne. Our own washing, is of it selfe imperfect, and makes us ner'e a whit the clearer: because we mistake the water, as *Pilate* did, who washed his hands from Christs blood where he should have washed them in Christs blood: but thy washing, O God, is never without cleansing: for thou canst not mistake the water, who art the water thy selfe, and not in a Cestene, but the fountaine it selfe. Wee wash ourselves commonly, but as the *Pharisees* wash their cups, onely the out-side: and this makes us

us but hypocrites: but thy washing, O God, is alwaies inward: for, *Thou searchest the hearts and reines*: and this is the washing that makes the true Israelite, in whom there is no guile. When *Naaman* was cured of his leprosie, by washing in *Jordan*: did God then wash him, or did *Naaman* wash himselfe? Indeed both: *Naaman* washed himselfe by obedience and confidence in Gods power: God washed him, by giving power to the water, and confidence to *Naaman*. But this power, was but a personall estate to *Jordan*: it hath no such power in cleansing of mee: the water that must cleanse me, is the water that flowed out of my Saviours side: and in confidence of the power of that water, I humbly prostrate my selfe before thee, O God, and say, *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities, and cleanse mee from my sinnes.*

But why should *David* speake so superfluously? use two words, when one would serve? for if we be cleansed, what matter is it, whether it be by washing or no? Yet *David* had great reason for using both words: for hee requires not, that God would cleanse him by miracle, but by the ordinary way of cleansing: and this was washing: he names therefore, washing as the meanes, and cleansing as the end: hee names washing, as the worke a doing: and cleansing as the work done: he names washing, as considering the agent: and cleansing, as applying it to the patient: and indeed, as in the figure



gure of the law there was not, so in the verity of the Gospell there is not any ordinary means of cleansing, but only by washing: and therefore out of Christ our Saviours side, there flowed water and blood; water to wash us, and blood to cleanse us: water, to make the Laver of our regeneration in Baptisme; and blood, to make the Laver of our expiation in Christs sacrifice: but though the words seeme here, to bee thus distinguished; yet other-where, they are oftentimes promiscuously used; and as well cleansing, as washing referred to this water: as well washing as cleansing, referred to this blood.

But what means *David*, to say, *Wash me from mine iniquitie, and cleanse me from my sinne*: as though hee would be washed from one thing, and cleansed from another? and not be cleansed from that for which he is washed? But is it not, that iniquity and sinne, though called by divers names, are both the same thing, but called iniquity, as being a transgression of the law, called sinne, as being an offence against God? Or is it, that in sinne there is both a staine, and a guilt, and hee prayes to be washed from the staine, and cleansed from the guilt? Or is it indeed, that he useth divers words, to shew that he askes forgiveness for all his sins, by what name or title soever they be called?

But is not this an indignity, to the great Majesty of God? we put our meanest servants to wash our clothes, and will we put God to so  
meane

meane an office, to bee a launderer of sinnes? Yet see the humility of Majesty, an humility even to extasie: hee descends yet lower; not onely to wash our sinnes, but to take our sinnes upon him. It seemes Saint *Peter*, indeed, was in this errour, to thinke it an indignity: and therefore would not by any meanes suffer, that Christ should wash him, untill he heard Christ say; unlesse I wash thee, thou canst have no part in mee: and then hee cried, Not my feet onely, but my hands and my head: and is not this my case also; that unlesse God wash me, I can have no part in him? And will I lose my part in God, for want of washing? Oh therefore my soule, prepare thy selfe for this washing, put off thy clothes, and strip thy selfe stark naked; keepe not so much as fig-leaves about thee, either to hide thy sinnes by contumacy, or to cover them by hypocrisie, or to slight them by indulgency; but lay them all open and bare before the face of God, that whil'st nothing is interposed betweene Gods water and thy sinnes, it may without impediment have full liberty to worke upon thee.

But what though God doe wash us? are we sure his washing will alwaies cleanse us? Why is it then, that he saith; *I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged*: for may he not as well say; *I have washed thee, and thou wast not cleansed*? and if not cleansed, as good not washed. Oh therefore, not wash me onely, but cleanse mee from my sins; that as in washing, thou shewest

R

thy



thy Love: so by cleansing, thou mayest shew thy Power; seeing it is an office, which as none will be willing to undertake, but he whose love is unspeakable: so none can be able to discharge, but he whose power is uneffable. For can washing be without touching? And would any man foule his fingers, to touch so foule a thing as my sinne; if he did not love exceedingly? Can cleansing me, be without doing a miracle? for seeing it cannot more truely be said, that I have sinne, than that I am sinne; what is it now to cleanse me, but even *laterem lavare*? which was never counted lesse, than either a labour lost, or a miracle wrought: and can any doe miracles, but hee, whose power is unlimited? Oh then, *Wash mee from mine iniquitie*, that I may praise thee for thy love, and *cleanse me from my sinne*, that I may magnifie thee for thy power: which, as I shall doe both, if once I be cleansed: so I am able to do neither, untill I be washed. For alas! O Lord, what am I, but as a filthy ragge before thee? Who am I, but the man by the high-way side, lying bound and wounded? no meanes at all left mee, to wash, much lesse to cleanse my self: They must be both thine own, thine onely work, O God, both to wash me, by thy preventing grace: and by thy assisting grace to cleanse mee: Oh then cleanse mee from my sinnes, O God: let not the foulness of my sinnes, make thee unwilling to wash mee: let not the reluctancy of my flesh, make thee unable to cleanse me: but make thy

thy worke of washing mee, to prosper in thy hand. Oh wash mee, but not as *Simon Magus* was washed: who came fouler out of the water, than he went in: but as the *Eunuch* was washed, who came so cleane out of the water, that hee was ready to runne thorow fire and water, for thy names sake: and by his washing, was made a fit minister, for the washing of others. And now, O great, God, since it hath pleased thee, to descend to so low a worke as washing mee; O wash mee thorowly: not rince mee onely, as though I were but lightly stained, and had but some small spots upon mee: but wash me thorowly, as having a leprosie that over-spreads mee: a foulness that is deeply engrained in mee; so deeply, O God, that nothing but a washing by thine owne hand can fetch it out.

And yet stay, why should I put God to this trouble of washing me at all? seeing I have an easier way of cleansing, taught me by the *Centurion* in the Gospell; *Speak the word onely, and I shall be cleane*: or, if this be still too much: an easier way yet taught me by another: *Si vis, potes me mundare*; If thou wilt, thou canst make me cleane. O gracious God, whether it be by washing, or by speaking the word; or by thy will onely to have it so: whatsoever bee the meanes, let this at least bee the effect: that though I bee not made bright, which is more than I can be, yet I may be made cleane, which is no more than I must bee: for I am not of the Pharisees minde, to thinke my selfe cleane



Verse 3

enough already; But,

*I know mine iniquitie, and my sinne is ever before me;* although, perhaps, it be a knowledge I were better be without: For, Christ knew no sinne: which we may be sure, hee should have done, if it had been worth the knowing. Christ indeed knew no sinne in himselfe, but he knew sinne in it selfe: he knew no sinne by committing it, but he knew sinne by understanding it. My misery is not that I know sinne; but that I know my sinne: that I have sinne of mine own to know. Christ knew no sin, because he could not say, I know my sinne: but I know my sin, because I cannot say, I knew not sinne. And yet who will believe, that a man knowes sinne, that will be meddling with it? Wee say, there are no miracles now a daies in the world: and can there be a greater wonder than this, that a man should know sinne, and yet commit it? should know the foulness of sinne, and yet lie wallowing in it? should know the horreur of sinne, and yet run head-long into it? But is it not, that we are all, in this, the children of Adam? Our eyes are not opened, till we have eaten of the forbidden fruit: we know not sin truly, till we have committed it: we see not the foulness, till we feeble the guiltiness: and this makes mee say now, which I could not so well say till now: *I know mine iniquities, and my sinne is ever before me:* for, they were strangers to me before, and I knew not their conditions: but now I finde what they are, and am sicke of their

their company : They were indeed pleasing to me in the doing, but are now most loathsome, being done. They stood behind me at first, as servants waiting upon mee: but are now ever before me, as tormenters seazing upon me: that if ever I loved them before, I hate them now a thousand times more.

But why should *David* make it so great a matter, to say, I know my sinne; as though a man could commit a sinne, and not know it? as though *Adam* could eate of the forbidden fruit, and not know he had eaten it? *Adam* indeed knew his eating, yet hee knew not his sinning; he knew his nakednesse, but he knew not his guiltinesse: if when he answered God, *I know my nakednesse*, he had said, *I know my sin*: hee might, perhaps, have tarried in Paradise still: that we may see, how hard a thing it is to say, I know my sin, which cost *Adam* no lesse than Paradise before he could say it. And how much easier came *David* to bee able to say, *I know my sinne*? For, doe we thinke hee could say it, as soone as hee had committed it? No, nor almost a whole yeare after, that as we may say of *Adam*, it cost him a great place: so we may say of *David*; it cost him a long time, to learne to say, *I know my sinne*.

But how can *David* say, *I know my sins*; and yet in another place, said, *Forgive me my secret sins*? For if he knew them, how be they secret? and if they be secret, how doth he know them? Indeed, both *David*, and every one of us, hath



finne enough to serve both turnes; not onely because sinne is of a greater size in Gods sight, than it is in ours: and therefore leaves much for him to see, which to us is secret: but because also, there are many actions in our life, which we so lightly passe over, as if we thought them no sinnes, perhaps thought them virtues; when yet in Gods sight, they are grievous sins. *David* had committed a great sin, which hee could not choose, but know to be a sinne; and therefore might justly say, *I know my sin*: but that his sin had caused Gods Name to bee blasphemed: this was a sinne he knew not, till God himselfe did tell him: and from hence he might justly suspect hee had cause enough in other sins, to say; *Forgive me my secret sinnes*. *Saint Iames* saith, *In many things we offend all*; this we all know, and gives us all just cause, to say, *I know my sinne*: but what those many things are, in which wee offend; and what those offences bee, which in many things wee commit, this many times we know not: and gives us as just cause to say, *Forgive me my secret sinnes*.

But alas! my soule, I must not stay here, onely to know my sinne, and keepe it to my selfe, as though I thought it a jewell, which none might know of, for feare of losing it: but in this, I acknowledge the great favour of God, that as I know my sinne, so I acknowledge my sinne: For, farre be it from mee, I should be found of *Sauls* disposition; to thinke to make  
God

God believe, that I saved the fat of the sheep for sacrifice, when I saved them for mine owne profit: this hiding a sinne, is a greater sin than the sinne it hides: For, it is an affront to Gods omniscieny: *Adams* fig-leaves proved a shurtful to him as the forbidden fruit: for nothing laies our finnes so open to God, as our seeking to hide them: and although it be oftentimes dangerous to acknowledge a fault to a civill Magistrate, who without our acknowledging could not know it: yet there can be no danger, to acknowledge our sins to God, who knowes them already, whether wee acknowledge them or no: Our acknowledging them to him, is not a discovery, but the first degree of recovery: and seeing I am now travelling to repentance, how is it possible, I should ever come at it, if I acknowledge not my finnes: which is the first step to it? and therefore, howsoever I am guilty of many great and hainous finnes: yet of this sin, of hiding my sin, thou canst cleare me, O God: for, *I acknowledge mine iniquity, and my sinne is ever before me.*

But yet, what good will the knowing, or the acknowledging my sinne do me, if I let it slip from my heart, as soone as it is off my tongue? If having once acknowledged it, I cast it be-  
 ninde me, and thinke no more of it? Behold, therefore, O God, I set it before mee, and am alwaies beholding it: It is ever before mee in meditation: for I cannot but be thinking still, how foolish I have beene, to procure thy displeasure,



pleasure, though it had been *Regni causa*, for the gaining of a kingdome; how much more to provoke thine anger, for the pleasing onely of some idle fancie? It is ever before mee in remorse: for it is ever running, as a fore in my mind, that *against thee only have I sinned*, against whom onely I should not have sinned: much like the fault of our first Parent, who seeme to have eaten of that fruit onely, of which fruit onely they should not have eaten. It is ever before mee in prospect: for, looking earnestly upon sinne, I can see nothing in it, that should make any man to love it: It is deformed and crooked, it is foule and ill-favoured, it is unsound and diseased, it is old and wrisled; that I wonder at my self, how I was ever gotten but once to embrace it: yet I see withall, it paints and makes a faire shew; it perfumes, and makes a sweet smell: it is in profession an Angell of light, and carries Apples in its hand, of the tree of Good and Evill, that would entice any man. It is ever before mee in terror; waking, mee thinks I heare the Iudge pronouncing sentence of condemnation against mee; sleeping, I am frighted with dreames no lesse fearefull. If a leafe doe but wag, mee thinks it threatens me; If a bird do but chirp, it seemes to accuse mee, I am frighted with light, and jealous of darknesse: For, how can I choose but feare, lest al thy creatures have set themselves against me: who have so unnaturally, so unloyally, so ungratefully set my self against thee? For, *Against thee,*

*thee, against thee onely have I sinned;* not against Heaven, not against Earth, not against Angels, not against men: for to these I never vowed alleagance, nor stand engaged: but against thee onely, against thee my Father, and so have sinned in disobedience: Against thee my soveraigne Lord: and so have sinned in rebellion, against thee my benefactor. and so have sinned in ungratefulnesse: that whil'st no grace hath beene found wanting in thee, that might have kept mee from sinning: no grace hath beene found in mee, to keepe mee from sinne.

But is there not matter here to make us at a stand? For, to say, *against thee I have sinned;* is most just and fit: but to say, *Against thee only I have sinned,* seemes something hard. It had perhaps, been a fit speech, in the mouth of our first Parent *Adam*, he might justly have said to God, *Against thee only have I sinned;* who never sinned against any other: but for us to say it, who commit sins daily against our neighbours: and specially for *David* to say it, who committed two notorious sins against his neighbour, and faithfull friend *Uriah*, what unfitter speech could possibly bee devised? But is it not that these actions of *David*, were great wrongs indeed, and enormous iniquities against *Uriah*: but can wee properly say, they were sinnes against *Uriah*? For, what is sinne, but a transgression of Gods Law? And how then can sin be committed against any, but against him only,

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whose law we transgresse? Or is it, that it may justly be said; *Against thee onely have I sinned*: because, against others, perhaps, in a base tenure, yet onely against God in *Capite*? Or, is it, that *David* might justly say to God, *Against thee onely have I sinned*: because, from others he might appeale, as being a King, and having no superiour: but no appealing from God, who is King of kings, and supreme Lord over all? Or is it, that wee may justly say? *Against thee onely I have sinned*; seeing Christ hath taken, and still takes all our sins upon him: and every sin we commit, is as a new burthen laid upon his back, and upon his back only? Or is it lastly, that I justly say, *Against thee onely have I sinned*, because in thy sight onely I have done it? For, from others I could hide it, and did conceale it. But what can be hidden from thy All-seeing eye? And yet, if this had been the worst, that I had sinned onely against thee; though this had been bad enough, and infinitely too much: yet it might perhaps, have admitted reconciliation: but to do this evill in thy sight, as if I should say, I would doe it, though thou stand thy selfe and looke on, and as it were in defiance; what sinne so formidable? what sinne can be thought of, so unpardonable? A sin of infirmity may admit Apologie; a sinne of ignorance may find out excuse, but a sinne of defiance, can have no defence. But hath not *David* a defence for it here, and that a very just one? For, in saying, *Against thee*

*thee onely I have sinned*, that thou mightst bee justified in thy saying; doth he not speake, as though hee had sinned, to doe God a pleasure? therefore sinned, that God might be justified? And what can be more said for justifying of a sinne, then to say it was done for justifying of God? But far is it frō *David*, to have any such meaning; his words import not a lessening, but an aggravating of his sinne, as spoken rather thus; because a Iudge may justly bee taxed of injustice, if he lay a greater punishment upon an offender, than the offence deserves; therefore to cleare thee, O God, from all possibility of erring in this kind; I acknowledge my sins to be so hainous, my offences so grievous, that thou canst never bee unmercifull in punishing, though thy punishing should bee never so unmercifull: For, how can a Iudge passe the bounds of equity, where the delinquent hath passed all bounds of iniquity? and what error can there bee, in thy being severe, when the greatnesse of my fault is a justification of severity? That thou canst not lay so heavy a doom upon me, which I have not deserved? Thou canst not pronounce so hard a sentence against me, which I am not worthy of: If thou judge me to torture, it is but mildnesse: If to die the death, it is but my due: if to die everlastingly, I cannot say, it were unjust. Yet in judgement, O Lord, remember mercy: consider not how foule I am become: but how I am become foule; for though my sinne be great, yet I was



Verse 5.

not the beginner of it; for, *Behold, I was borne in iniquitie: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.* And seeing my birth did not amend my conception, how should my growth amend my birth? Did not sin, at least the Author of sin, heare thy voice, when thou saidst, *Encrease & multiply?* Which, though not spoken to him; yet, as an intruder, hee claimes to have a part: and seeing all parts of my soule and bodie have increased and growne greater since my birth; will not hee looke, that sinne also shall have a share in growing, as well as they? Doth any thing grow so fast as a weed? and is there any so very a weede as sinne? hath it not been growing ever since I was borne; and can so fast growing, in so long growing, make lesse than a monster? And am I a fit Champion to encounter monsters? Indeed I encountred a Beare, and slue him; a Lyon, and killed him; a Giant, and overcame him: but these were no monsters, at least no monsters to be compared with sin. Oh the monstrosnesse of sin! farre harder to be vanquished than all the Monsters that ever Nature made; for, I could vanquish a Beare, a Lyon, a Giant, the greatest of Natures Monsters; but with all my forces have not beene able to vanquish this monster sinne.

But why am I partiall towards my Parents; and charge my poore Mother with conceiving mee in sinne: but let my Father passe without blame? Or is it, that to say I was borne in sin, is as much as to say, I was begotten in sinne: and

and so my Father hath a share of sinne in begetting mee, as well as my Mother in conceiving mee? Indeed, if *Eve* had onely sinned, and not *Adam*; it might have been said, we were conceived in sinne; but not, perhaps, that we were begotten in sin; or if *Adam* had only sinned, and not *Eve*: it might have been said, we were begotten in sinne: but not, perhaps, that we were conceived in sinne: but now that *Adam* and *Eve*, have both of them sinned, it is justly said: *I was begotten in iniquity, and in sin hath my Mother conceived mee*: and so, we are all of us, sinners now of the whole bloud, both by Father and Mother: and no inheritance so sure to us from them, as this of sin: and in this inheritance we are all great husbands: whatsoever becomes of *Naboths* Vineyard, we commonly make sure work to improve this: and we seldome leave, till we can leave more of it to our children, than we received from our Parents: and seeing no diseases are so incurable as those which come *Ex traduce*, from either of our Parents: how incurable must sin needs be, which is *Ex traduce*, from them both? If I were onely borne in sinne: then all the time I lived in the little world of my Mothers wombe, I must have been without sinne: and so might hope, thou wouldst at least have some respect, to that time of innocency I lived there: But now, that not only I was born in sinne, but my Mother also conceived me in sin: now I was a sinner as soon as a creature, and not one minutes



time of innocency to plead for my selfe. And now, alas ! O Lord, What couldst thou ever looke for at my hands, but onely sinne ? The Leopard cannot change her spots, no more can I that am conceived in sin, conceive any thing but onely sin : It is naturall to me, and Nature will have her course. But though it be naturall to me to sinne : yet it is not naturall to me, to sinne so grievously as I have done : for then every one should be as great a sinner as my self : but now, that I must say with Saint Paul, *Of all great sinners, I am the greatest* : this is an estate of sin, which I have not by inheritance, but by purchase : and I cannot blame Nature, but my self for this : all the help is, that though I might be ashamed to do it, yet I am not ashamed to confesse it : and is not a sincere confessing, in the ballance of thy mercy, O God, of even weight with the not doing ? and therefore, although the sinne I confesse be great, and being great, must needs be greatly displeasing to thee : yet this confessing my sinne to be great, cannot be displeasing : For, *Thou lovest truth in the inward affections* : and this my confession comes from thence : For, there is a truth in words, when it is without lying ; as Saint Paul saith, *I speake the truth, I lie not* : but this truth reacheth not home to confessing of finnes : and there is a truth in deeds, when it is without deceit : as Christ said of Nathaniel, *Behold a true Israelite, in whom there is no guile* : but neither doth this truth reach home to confessing of finnes : but there

Verse 6.

there is a truth in heart, when it is in sincerity: as it is said here, *Thou lovest truth in the inward affections*, and this is the truth that carries home the confessing of finnes, to its full period. For though thou lovest all truth, and every where; yet the truth of the inward affections, thou affectest most inwardly; for this is properly within thine owne survey, seeing thou onely art *καρδιογνώστης*, the trier and searcher of the heart and reines. Truth of words may have for its motive, vain-glory and praise of men: truth of deeds, awe of the Law: but truth in the inward affections, can have no motive, but onely the love of truth; which therefore must needs bee pleasing to thee, who art thy selfe both Love and Truth.

Where thou lovest truth, thou teachest wisdom; and because thou lovest truth in the inward affections, thou teachest wisdom in the secret of the heart; and who can come to teach it there, but onely thou? Superficiall and externall wisdom, is the gift oft-times of Nature, sometimes of Art: but this wisdom in the secret of the heart, is only Gods Advowson: none can give it, none bestow it, but God himselfe, and he alone. Wherefore, O God, though I have not hated that which thou hatest, the committing of sin: yet seeing I have loved that which thou lovest, the truth of heart, thou hast taught mee wisdom in the secret of my heart: though thou didst not give me the grace to prevent sinne, yet thou hast taught



taught me the wisdom to repent sin: a wisdom which none can have, unless hee bee taught, and none can teach but only thy selfe: a wisdom which cannot bee had, but in the heart: and no where in the heart, but in the secret of the heart. A man may have the wisdom to see his sin, by the outward eye of the heart: and hee may have the wisdom to understand his sinne, by the common sense of the heart: but hee cannot have the wisdom to repent his sinne, but onely in the secret, and innermost of his heart. And wee need not wonder, that God onely is the Schoolemaster of this wisdom: seeing the wisdom of the world is not capable of it: it is a secret, hidden from carnall eyes: It is as hard a matter to feele the power of repentance, in the soule: as to believe the resurrection from the dead, in the body, both great secrets: but this perhaps, the greater, as being indeed, the resurrection of the soule. There are wisdoms of divers sorts in the heart of man: the voluptuous man hath a wisdom, to accomplish his desires: the worldly man hath a wisdom to gather riches: the Politician hath a wisdom, to compass his ends: but all these wisdoms are but floating in the heart, or rather but hovering about the heart, as the Crow about the Arke, they enter not into the secret of it: nor bring into the heart, as the Dove into the Arke, the Olive branch of peace. For when the minde be-  
thinks it selfe, and dives into its owne bot-  
tome:

to me, it findes no place for these distended and swelling wisdomes: which indeed, the secret of the heart hath not roome enough to receive: onely the contracted wisdomes of humility and repentance, can finde harbour and entertainment there.

But though a little roome will serve humility: yet as little as it is, it must be cleane: and what one cleane corner have I, in my whole heart, to give Humility or Repentance entertainment? O therefore, *Purge mee with Hyssop, and I shall be cleane, Wash me, and I shall be whiter then snow.* But did not the washing I had before make me cleane: and what need then, of any more cleansing? It seemes, that washing was but only for a preparative to purging, to make it work the better: at least it went not so farre, as the secret of the heart: And seeing the foulness of my sinne, hath pierced my heart to the very bottome: no remedy now, but I must be purged, if I will be cleansed.

Verse 7.

But doe I well, to prescribe to God, with what he shall purge me: as though I knew all Gods medicines as well as himselfe? and which is worse, I to prescribe, and hee to minister? But excuse mee, O my soule; it is not I that prescribe it to God; it is God, that prescribes it to mee: for Hyssop is his own receipt, and one of the ingredients prescribed by himselfe, to make the water of separation for curing the leprosie. But why then with Hyssop, and not with Ellebor, or Scammony rather? For how

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else



else happens it, that Gods purging should not worke, as hee saith himselfe: *I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged*; but that hee gives purges of too weak operation? for Hyfop, God knowes, is but a weake purger; it scarce reacheth to amend the errors of the first digestion; and how then is it possible, it should ever be able to purge away my sins, which have tainted my bloud, and are growne, as it were, a part of my very substance? But is it not, that Gods arme is of a strange strength, and can put force into the weakest instruments; and therefore, can doe more with Hyfop, than all the world besides can doe with Ellebore? But it is indeed the great love, or rather indulgence of God; that he will never use Ellebore where Hyfop will serve, never use roughnesse and severity, where lenity and mildnesse may be effectually. Reserve then, O God, thy Ellebour and thy Scammony for more stubborne and reluctant humours; *Purge me with Hyfop onely, and I shall bee cleane*. I must confesse, I was glad at heart, when I first heard Hyfop spoken of; to thinke, I should bee purged so gently, and with a thing that may so easily bee had; for Hyfop growes in every garden: and then I thought I might go fetch it thence; and purge my selfe; but now I perceive, this is not the Hyfop, of which *Solomon* writ, when hee writ from the Cedar, to the Hyfop: but this Hyfop, is rather the hearbe Grace, which never grew in garden, but in that of Paradise; and

and which none can fetch thence, unlesse God himselfe deliver it. The truth is, this Hyfop was sometimes a Cedar; the highest of all Trees, became the lowest of all shrubs, onely to bee made this Hyfop for us: For, Christ indeed is the true Hyfop, and his bloud, the juyce of Hyfop that onely can purge away my sins, that I need not now feare the weaknesse of Gods purge: seeing this Hyfop far exceeds, not onely Ellebore and Scammony, but all the strongest drugs, that ever the earth brought forth. *Purge me then, O God, with this true Hyfop, and I shall be truly cleane: Wash mee, and I shall bee whiter than snow.* But how is this possible? All the Diers upon earth, cannot die a red into a white: and how then is it possible, that my sins which are as red as scarlet, should ever be made as white as snow? Indeed, such retrogradation is no worke of humane Art: it must be onely his doing, who brought the Sun ten degrees back, in the Diall of *Ahaz*: for God hath a Nitre of grace, that can bring, not onely the rednesse of scarlet sins, but even the blacknesse of deadly finnes, into its native purity and whitenesse againe.

But say it be possible, yet what need is there of so great a whitenesse, as to bee whiter than snow? seeing snow, is not as *paries dealbatus*, a painted wall; white without, and foule within: but it is white, *intus & in cute*, within and without, throw out and all over: and what eye so curious, but such a whitenesse may content? yet



such a whitenesse will not serve: for, I may be as white as snow, and yet continue a Leper stil; as it is said of *Gebezi*, that he went out from *Elisha*, a Leper as white as snow: it must be therefore whiter than snow; and such a whitenes it is, that Gods washing, works upon us, makes within us: for no snow is so white in the eies of men, as a soule cleansed from sin, is in the sight of God. And yet, a whiter whitenes than this, too: for being purged from sin, we shall *indueret stolam albam*, put on the white robe: and this is a whitenesse, as much whiter than snow: as Angelicall whitenesse is more than Elementar.

But may we not conceive rather, that in saying, *Purge me with Hyssop*: it is not meant *purgando*, but *aspergendo*: that so there may be two degrees exprest, of using the juyce of this Hyssop: one when it is but a sprinkling only, yet enough to take away the foulness of sinne: another, when it is a full & thorow washing: which besides the cleanness, ad also a beauty: and that to admiration. Indeed, the least drop of Christs blood, the true juyce of this Hyssop; makes fit to stand in the Congregation of the righteous: but a full bathe of it gives a high degree, in the Hierarchie of Saints and Angels. Howsoever, we may plainly see a great difference, between the washing that was spoken of before, and the washing that is spoken of here: as great a difference, as betweene cleanness and whitenesse: for that washing was to cleanse us, but this washing is to whiten us: of that it was sayd,

*Wash*

*Wash me, and I shall be cleane:* but of this, it is said, *Wash mee, and I shall be whiter than snow:* and therefore upon this, it presently followes, and very justly: *Make me to hear of ioy and gladnesse:* that the bones which thou hast broken may reioyce. For, white is the Embleme of joy: and where the Embleme of whitenesse is once had, the Motto of joy and gladnes will not long be behind. But we must be whited first, for while the blacknesse of sinne remaines in the soule, there can be no Embleme of whitenesse engraven upon it: but if once we be whited by Gods washing, and have the Embleme upon us: this Motto, we may be sure, will be added to the Embleme: Hee will make us heare of joy and gladnesse. And the like may bee seene, in the kindly order of Gods Phyfick: First, a Purge, and then a Cordiall: having purged us with hyfop, he will make us to heare of joy and gladnesse, but we must be purged first: for while the peccant humours remaine in the soule, there is no place fit for the Cordiall of joy: but if the humours bee purged by the Hyfop of repentance: then the heart will be lightened, and the spirits refreshed: and the Cordiall of joy and gladnesse will have its full operation.

But had *David* ever any return of this Petition? Did God ever heare it, or grant it? Oh, the wonderfull graciousnes of God! he heard it, and granted it; made a return, and that presently, and by a sure mouth, the mouth of the Prophet *Nathan*: *Behold, God hath forgiven thy*

Verse 8.



*sin*: for this, no doubt, was the joy, which *David* here makes suite to heare of; for what joy of what Iubile, can make the broken bones rejoyce; but this onely, that we be at peace with God, through the remission of our sins? *David* was happy, that had a *Nathan* by whom to hear it: but by whom may we have hope to hear it? Indeed, as happy in this, as *David*: for though we have not the same *Nathan*, in *individuo*, yet we may truely say, we have him in *specie*; and the same message of joy, which that *Nathan* told to *David*; our *Nathans* tell us, when they say, *He pardoneth and absolveth all them, which truly repent, and unfainedly believe his holy Gospel*: which though we heare, perhaps, as words of course; yet it is the very same joy, which *David* here makes such earnest suite to heare of.

But why should *David* pray to God, to make him heare of joy and gladnesse; and not rather do as his sonne *Salomon* did afterward; gather gold and silver, get him men-fingers, and women-fingers; and so make joy and gladnesse to himselfe? Alas, my soule! these are joyes to be repented of; and not joyes to repentance; for, but for such delights as these, I had never fallen into these sorrowes; they have beene my snares, and cannot now be comforts: it is not all the delights and pleasures of the world, that can ease one pang of a penitent heart. The sorrowes are spirituall, and must have spirituall joyes; thou, O God, hast caused the sorrowes,  
and

and thou onely canst minister the comforts;

*Qui Vulnera fecit,*

*Solus Achilleo tollere more potest.*

But say, O my soule; how camethy bones to be broken? hath this been the work of Gods Hyfop? Is the breaking of bones, the gentle purging that wastalk'd of? What could Ellebore or Scammony have done more? and yet thou canst not wonder so much, at the force of Gods purging, to breakethy bones: as thou mayst wonder at the force of his Cordiall, to makethy broken bones rejoyce: and that which thou mayest wonder at more; the same Hyfop is both the Cordiall and the Purge: wonderful indeed, that the same thing, should both break the bones, and make the broken bones rejoyce: yet so it is; for this Hyfop, is not only a cleanser, but a knitter and binder together: and as by the force of cleansing, it breaks the bones; so by the vertue of knitting together, it makes the broken bones rejoyce: for, what greater joy, to broken bones, than to be knitt together, and made whole againe? It was not I, God knowes, that broke my bones, I could never have had the heart to do it: It is thou, O God, didst breake them, and that in mercy: for thou knewest, that unlesse my bones were broken, my sin, that is bred in the bone, could never be thorowly purged away. And now, O God, if I be not purged enough already, purge mee yet more, and purge mee still, untill I bee made more white than snow: but then, make me



me to heare of joy and gladnesse: for, without this Cordiall, I shall faint in my purging, and shall never bee able to goe thorow with thy course of Physick: for my bones are already broken, and I have scarce any bloud left mee in my veines; but if thou give me this Cordiall of joy & gladnes, my strength will return; and my broken bones will be made whole againe.

But why is it said, *Make me to heare of ioy and gladnesse*; and not said rather, *Make me to feelee ioy and gladnes*? For, were it not better to feelee joy, than onely to heare of joy? but indeed, we cannot feelee this joy, unlesse wee heare it first: and if once wee heare it, it is then our owne fault, if we do not feelee it. For, what is this joy, but that, of which the Angels brought tidings to the Shepherds; *Behold, I bring you tidings of great ioy, This day is borne to you a Saviour*, one that shall make whole againe all broken bones; seeing he is one, of whom there shall not a bone be broken. But what is this to us, that his bones bee not broken, if ours bee? Great good to us, if we bee purged with this Hyfop, for then we shall be united, and knitt unto him; made flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone: that if his bones be sound, and not broken; our bones shall quickly withall, recover soundnesse. And yet a greater joy, to be heard of, than this; for then indeed, wee shall heare of our greatest joy, when wee shall heare this voice: *Arise, thou that sleepest, and stand up, and God shall give thee light*; for at the hearing

hearing of this voice, all bones, though broken into a thousand pieces; though burnt, or beaten to dust and ashes; shall all come together, and bee knit together, and shall bee covered againe with this very flesh; and in this flesh, I shall see my Redeemer. And now, O my soule, thou mayst comfort thy selfe in hope, that though thy bones be broken now, yet a time will come, when they shall rejoyce; and should never indeed rejoyce, if they were not now broken: for this is a world for breaking of bones: but we looke for a new Heaven, and a new earth, when for their breaking now, they shall have beautie for ashes, and a garment of gladnesse, for the spirit of heavinesse.

But, O mercifull God, put me not off so long for my joy; my broken bones, will be in a worse case than *Lazarus* body was after foure daies burying: if thou let me lie so long in the grave of thy displeasure; my case requires a present remedie, and a remedy may be applied in the turning of a hand, at least with the turning of a face: onely *Turne away thy face from my sinnes*, and my broken bones will quickly rejoyce: For, to turne away thy face from my sins, is to turne away thine anger for my sins: and to turne away thine anger, is to receive me into grace: and if of this I might be once assured, it would make my broken bones more nimble to leap for joy, than *Abraham* was to see thy day: for, as it was the apprehension of thine anger, that broke my bones: so no-

Verse 9.



thing can set them together, and put them in joynt againe, untill I be secured of thy grace and favour.

But am I well advised, in praying God to turne away his face from my finnes? For, am I not so wholly over-spread with sin, that if he turne away his face from my sinne, he must needs turn it away from me too? and then, in what horreur of darknes should I be left? But is it not, that thy Wisedome, O God, is so transcendent, that thou canst easily abstract the sinner from the sinne? and then the more thou turnest thy face from my sinne, the more thou wilt turne thy face upon me; and the more I shall enjoy the light of thy countenance. If thou shouldst not turn away thy face from my sin, but stand looking upon it: alas, O God! it would be a worse sight, than that which *Cham* saw in his fathers nakednes; and a good sonne turned away his face from that; and canst thou be a good Father, and not turne away thy face from this? God forbid, thou shouldst ever say to me, as thou didst once to our first Parent, *Adam, Where art thou?* a question that was never asked, but when it was followed with a curse. For why shouldst thou ask, where I am, but that thou canst not see, where I am? and how can it bee, thou shouldst not see, where I am, but that thou canst not see mee, for sinne? Use then, O God the transcendency of thy Wisedome, abstract me from my sin, and make my sin and me, two severall objects, that turning

ning thy face from my sin, thou mayest turn it upon me, and not need to aske me where I am, but maist see me where I am; and by seeing me, make me enjoy the light of thy countenance.

But is my sin so pleasing a prospect, that I should need to fear, lest God should stand looking upon it? Indeed, after his first creation, he looked upon all his creatures, and saw them all exceeding good, and this was a prospect, worth his looking on: but my sins, O God, are none of thy creatures: there is no goodnes at all, to bee seene in them: therefore looke not upon my sinnes, but upon my repentance, and in this thou shalt find, *veteris vestigia forme*, that thou needst not to alter thy stile: but say still, *It is exceeding good*. But seeing, if thou turn away thy face from my sinne: thou must needs turne it upon something else: upon what is it indeed, I would have thee to turne it? Upon me? No. Upon my repentance? Neither: but though not upon my sinnes, yet upon him that hath taken my sinnes upon him: that as in him thou art wel pleased: so through him, thou mayest bee well pleased with mee, and with my repentance.

But what safety is it to me, that God turne away his face, if his eares stand open? for my sins are crying sinnes: and it may be, as hurtfull to me, that God hear their cry, as see their foulness: For, what brought *Cain* to all his misery, but that God heard the cry of his sinne? but know, O my soule, that God con-



sists not of parts; though our weake capacities expresse him so: and if we expresse him by parts: know also there is an absolute and sweet harmony betweenethem, in God; that if his face be turned away from seeing the foulness of our finnes, his eares shall never stand open to let in their crying.

But what am I the better, that thou turne away thy face from my sin, if my sin continue, and remain upon mee still? For is it not the bold nature of sin, to be alwaies pressing into thy sight, and as it were forcing thee to see it, whether thou wilt or no? Oh therefore, not onely, turne away thy face from my sins, but blot my sins out; that as by turning away thy face, thou mayst not see my sins: so by blotting them out, I may have no sins to be seen. But if God turne away his face from my sins; how shall he see, to blot them out? Not therefore, *faciem cognitionis*, but *faciem indignationis*, not his face with which he sees all things: but his face, with which he frowns upon evill things.

But are not my sins themselves blots? and how can blots be blotted out? they are blots indeed upon my soule, but they are faire Characters in Gods booke; and there is a relation, betweene Gods booke and my soule; that if they be blotted out in his booke, they shall never be legible in my soule.

But, O gracious God, I dare not trust to this neither: for though by blotting them out, they may be made not legible, yet the very blotting them

them out, wil be a marke of remembrance, that they were once there: and is it not a feareful thing, to think, thou shouldst but once remember them? Oh therefore, not onely blot my finnes out: but *Create in me a cleane heart*; that as by blotting them out, they may be made not legible: so by creating in mee a cleane heart, there may be no marke of remembrance, that ever they were written. Indeed, this blotting out of finnes, is but an Ablative case in the worke of sanctification: the Dative is of much more use: for this Dative is the giving mee a new heart: and seeing the heart is the beginning of life, by having a new heart, I shall begin a new life: and the finnes of my old heart, shall be no more remembered.

Verse 10

O great God, into how many severall forms of assistance, doe wee miserable sinners, diversifieth thy glorious Majesty? We made thee first our Landerer to wash us; then our Physitian, to purge us: and now our Creatour, to new make us, and indeed there was no staying, till we came hither: Our Dove can find no rest, for the sole of her foot, till she return into this Ark again: for if my sin were onely a foulness, it might be help'd with washing: or if only a steining, it might be help'd with purging: but seeing it is a totall & absolute corruption; now nothing can help it but a new Creation.

But how should *David* come to be so fouler: was it by conversing with *Bathsheba*? but what foulness could hee take from her, who came



but then newly out of her Bathe? O my soule, it is not a Bath of Milke and Roses, that can make a cleanness in Gods sight; God hath strange eyes, he can see foulness in *Bathsheba*, though comming out of a neat Bath; and can see cleanness in *Jeremy*, though comming out of a dirty dungeon: he can see foulness upon *Dives*, for all his deliciouse and daintines: and can see cleanness upon *Lazarus*, for all his lying amongst the Dogges. This *David* knew well, and therefore all his suit is still for cleanness: *Wash me, and cleanse me from my sinnes: Purge me with Hyssop, and I shall be clean: Create in me a clean heart, O God:* All for cleanness still: for hee knew, if hee could get cleanness, he should have a beauty which the Starres want: for the Starres are not cleane in Gods sight: he knew, that by having a cleane heart, he should not onely bee fit for God to see, but fit to see God, as Christ said: *Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God:* and then, if to bee seene of God, be the greatest glory, and to see God the greatest happines: O how glorious and happy, must a clean heart needs be, that is made capable to enjoy them both!

O therefore, *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me:* for thou hast not so finished thy work of creation: but that thou reteinest thy power of creating still: and wherein canst thou better imploy that power, than in creating of clean hearts? It was a work of infinite glory, to be the Creatour of Heaven  
and

and Earth: yet to bee the Creatour of cleane hearts, is of all thy workes of glory, the most glorious worke. And indeed, were it not better for me, and more ease for God, to create in me a cleane heart, once for all, than to bee so troubled, with continuall purgings & washings, as now he is? as now I am? for alas, O Lord! thou maist sooner purge my heart out of my body, than purge sinne out of my heart, but that it will alwaies be returning to its vomit, and I shall break thy rest continually with importuning thee to wash me.

But why doe I pray to God, for a cleane heart, and not as well for cleane eyes, and cleane hands: seeing these also have their share in foulness, as well as that? But is it not, that these are but the Emissaries of the heart: and do all they do, by the hearts direction: that if the heart be cleane, these also will be cleane of course: mine eyes will bee cleane, and never looke more, after any more *Bathshebas*: my hands will be cleane, and never be more imbrued in the blood of any *Vrias*.

But, did not God, create in me a clean heart once already? and yet how foule is it growne now? and what hope is there, if he create in me a new clean heart: but that it will grow as foule, as this I now have? But can it properly be said, that God did ever create in me, a cleane heart before? He made me one indeed, but he created me none: hee onely created Heaven and Earth: as it is said, *In the beginning, God created*  
Heaven



*Heaven and Earth*: and of that Earth, he made me a bodie, and in that body, a heart: so I had a made heart before, but not a created heart till now: for made, is of matter præexistent, but created is of nothing: although therefore my made heart, being made of dust, hath alwaies beene apt to gather dust: yet my created heart as made of nothing, will have nothing in it, from whence to gather foulness. But O my soule, trust not to this: for, though there should bee no foulness in the heart it selfe: yet the stinch of the prison, in which it lies, will be alwaies cause enough to breed infection, unlesse thou canst get some such soveraigne perfume, that may keepe our ill aires, and keepe the place sweet: Oh therefore, not only *Create in me a clean heart*, but *renew a right spirit within mee*: for this right spirit, makes a better perfume, than that of *Tobies* fish, to keep all uncleane spirits, from comming neere the heart. As therefore *Moses* described, the Genesis of man: by saying, that God first made him a body, and then breathed a soule into him: so *David* describes here, the Palingenesis of man, by saying, *Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me*: that if *Nicodemus* had well understood this Psalme of *David*: he needed not to have made such a wonder at *Christs* speech, when he said: *Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdome of Heaven*: for what is it, to be regenerate and borne again: but to have a clean heart created, and

and a right spirit renewed in us? If onely a clean heart be created, and not withall a right spirit renewed within me, this will be but *Vehiculum sine Auriga*; and I shall presently fall into the mire of sin again, and grow as foule, as ever I was before: but if thou vouchsafe to adde a right spirit to my cleane heart; this will keepe me right in the paths of righteousness; and then, as I now praise thee for making mee cleane; so shall I praise thee as much, or rather much more, for keeping me cleane.

Thou, O God, that art the Maker, art also the renewer of all things; yet I ask thee for renewing of nothing in me, but only a right spirit: *my yeeres are waxed old, and vanished away as a smoke*; yet I require thee not to renew them: *my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my moisture is turned into the drowth of Summer*; yet I require thee not to renew them: All my worldly friends, are either taken from mee, or gone from me; yet I require thee not to renew them: all that I require thee to renew to me; is, onely *a right spirit*: for, so long as this right spirit remained with me, and was my guide; I walked before thee in all uprightnes; I durst then say, *Search me, O God, and try me; Examine my heart and my reins*; but as soon as this spirit grew to decay, and waxed faint within me; I presently begun to falter in my steps; my iniquities multiplied so fast, that they quickly grew to be more than the haire of my head; every thing was a temptation unto me, and every tempta-



tion prevailed against me; but now, O God, *Renue a right spirit within me*; and this right spirit will set all right that is amisse in me, because it is a right spirit; will renew and quicken all that is dead and dull within mee, because it is all spirit.

But what more good will a right spirit doe, when it is renewed, than it did before, when it was first given? If it prospered not at the first planting; what assurance of prospering at the second? but is it not, that a right spirit, in a created heart, may stand firme, though in a made heart, it gave ground and failed? and specially when it is a right spirit renewed; seeing renovatio is alwaies with addition of strength, and no part of a house, is commonly so strong, as that part is, which is newly repaired. *Secunda cogitationes* are *sapientiores*; and *secundi conatus* are *fortiores*. Though once going about *Iericho*, did the walls no hurt, yet the going about them, againe and againe, made them fall to the ground: though one Cocke crowing wrought nothing upon *Peter*; yet the second times crowing, made him weepe bitterly; Oh then, *Renue in me a right spirit, O God*, and the walls of my sinfull *Iericho*, will fall to the ground; the stupour of my dull braines, will resolve into teares.

When sin seeks to enter, and to get entertainment with us; it makes us believe, we shall be like Gods; but when it is once entred, and hath gotten possession, it leaves us to finde, we are

not so much as fit for Gods company. And it seemes, as though we were put to our choice, here; whether we will have sins company, or Gods? for both we cannot have: if entertaine sin, then we must take our leave of God: if enjoy Gods presence, then we must give no entertainment to sinne: a hard choice to flesh and bloud, but a right spirit resolves it presently: *Cast me not off from thy presence, O God;* let me enjoy that; and as for sin, I utterly renounce it, though it should present it selfe to me, in greater pompe, than *Solomon* clothed, in all his royalty. I had rather live one day in thy courts, to enjoy thy presence, than to live accounted the sonne of *Pharaohs* daughter: and *Methuselahs* age, in all the pleasures of the world. Do wee see, how the presence of the Sunne, cheers up the aire, makes glad the earth: and enlightens the whole world: and can we not see, the wonderful effects of comfort, which are wrought in the soule, by the presence of God; in comparison of whom, the sun is not so much as a moate in the Sun? If it be thy pleasure, O God, to withdraw thy presence from me, to make me sensible of my weaknesse; yet cast me not off from thy presence, in displeasure, to make me despair of thy Love. If thou wilt needs put a veile upon thy face, to keepe mine eyes from seeing thee: yet let it be, but as the veile upon *Moses* face, to keepe mine eyes from dazeling. It is Portion bitter enough, to be deprived of thy presence, though done in never so faire a

Verse II



manner; but to be cast out of thy presence, as done in anger: what is this, but to give me gall and wormewood to drink? If I needs must die, let it bee on the top of *Nebo*, where I may see the land of *Canaan* before me: for there, thy presence is to comfort mee: but let it not be in the valley, where there is no representation of thy glorious presence, to give me comfort. My sinne, O God, I know is such, that may justly make me to flie from thy presence, as it once made *Adam*, when he hid himselfe from thee: yet in this case, I may hope thou wilt looke after me, as thou didst then vouchsafe to looke after him: but if thou cast me out of thy presence: and that it be done, by thine owne hand; Alas, O Lord! what hope is there left mee, of ever comming into thy presence againe? As long as I am in thy presence, there is hope: I may intreat, and thou art apt to be intreated: I may fall downe and humble my selfe, and thou givest grace to the humble: but if it should once come to this, that I were cast out of thy presence: alas, O God! thou wouldst then be quite out of sight, clean out of hearing that no intreaty could be heard: no humbling, bee seene, either to give mee the comfort of hope, or to put me in hope of any comfort. If thou, O God, shouldst cast mee off from thy presence: whom could I hope to have present with mee? The Angels would be my guardians no longer, for they would soone take notice of thy displeasure, and would never regard, whom

whom thou rejectest. The Saints would be my Associates no longer: for if they found me not in thy presence, they would presently know, I were none of their society, and their communion extends no further. And what company then could I hope to have? *Cain*, perhaps, and *Cham*, the damned crew: miserable comforters, or rather no comforters, but augmenters of my misery. But yet, O God, if my sins unexpressable, have made thee unexorable: and that thou wilt needs cast me off from thy presence: at least, *Take not thy holy Spirit from me*: for, what were this, but to put mee out of thy service, and then to take away thy Livery too? Yet as long as I have thy Livery on: it keepes me in credit, it gives me countenance, it leaves me hope, I may be entertained againe; as long as thy holy Spirit staies with me, I have one to comfort me, one to put me in hope I may be received into favour againe: in no worse case, than *Pharaohs* Butler was, who in disgrace for a time, was afterward restored to his former place: but if thou take thy Livery from mee, if thou take thy holy Spirit from me; Alas, O Lord! I am then utterly undone, none left to comfort mee; none, to speake for mee: in as ill a case as *Pharaohs* Baker, nothing left me to hope in, but a dreame; and that dream, nothing but of white Baskets, out of which the Birds shall eat, but nothing that is good for me to taste. If thy holy Spirit, should of himselfe depart from me, it would

2°



be a parting exceeding grievous unto me; but for thee, O God, to take him from me, where the manner of losing, is as much as the losse: what griefe can bee spoken of, so unspeakable?

But having said, *Cast mee not off from thy presence*; it may seeme superfluous to say, *Take not thy holy Spirit from me*; seeing, this of necessity followes upon that: for how can Gods holy Spirit be, but where he is himselfe? and how can it tarry with mee, if I tarry not with him? They both indeed, grow upon one tree, yet are severall fruits: Gods presence brings with it, a passive influence, his holy Spirit an active: although therefore, O God, thou barre me of thy presence, and leave me inglorious, yet take not away thy holy Spirit from me, to leave me prophane. Thy holy Spirit, is the sanctifier; and wilt thou leave me to impiety and prophaness? Thy holy Spirit is the Directour; and wilt thou leave me, without a guide, in the dangerous passages of this wicked world? Thy holy Spirit is the Comforter, and wilt thou leave mee disconsolate, in my manifold miseries? If thou take thy holy Spirit from mee, what spirit will bee left mee, but a spirit of error, a spirit of uncleanness, a spirit of despair: and canst thou for pittie leave me a prey, to such outrageous spirits? O Lord, though my sinnes be as great as *Cains*, yet suffer me not to despair like *Cain*, though my sins bee greater than *Sauls*, yet suffer me not to distrust thee like *Saul*: but, as it is a benefit, so let it bee

a pledge of thy presence, and of thy holy Spirit; that I can pray unto thee for thy presence, and for the continuance of thy holy Spirit. When I remember the sweet comforts, I have sometimes found in the motions of thy holy Spirit; and when I thinke of the joy I have conceived of thy salvation; Oh, how my heart seemes to leape within mee, and how am I ravished, with extasies of delight? and now to thinke this comfort should be taken from mee: this joy should be bereft mee. Oh, what torment, what death, what hell can be so grievous!

But how can God cast mee off from his presence, though hee would? Is not God, every where? and am not I some where? and must I not then, be needs where he is, and in his presence? God indeed hath a presence of Being: and this is every where, and he hath a presence of Power, and this is every where: but he hath a presence of Grace and favour, and this is not every where. His presence of Power, is as well in the Ant, as in the Elephant: yet it maketh not the Ant an Elephant: and therefore, this is not the presence that I desire: his presence of Being is as well in hel, as in heaven: yet it makes not the hell a heaven: and therefore, neither is this the presence that I desire, but his presence of grace and favour, is not as well in the wicked, as in the penitent: for if it were, it would make the wicked penitent: and therefore, this is the presence, which I so much long to keep,  
which



which I so much feare to lose.

But why should I fear, least God should cast me off from his presence? Is not his delight amongst the children of men? and am not I one of that generation? And why should I feare, lest hee should take his holy Spirit from mee? was it not hee, that gave it mee at first? and is he one, that will give a thing, and then take it away againe? Yet my finnes make me, that I cannot but feare; for why should hee not cast me out of his sight, who have wrought so much wickednesse in his sight? why should he let his holy Spirit stay there, where it is so much grieved? for, what doe my grievous finnes but grieve it? Oh vile sinne, of what cause thou art the effect, I know not: but this I know, thou art the cause of most vile effects, for thou onely art the cause, that God is like to cast me off from his presence; thou onely the cause, that God is like to take his holy Spirit from me: and seeing in Gods presence, there is fulnesse of joy for evermore; alas, in being cast out of his presence, what is left mee, but the fulnesse of misery for evermore *his addition*

But seeing thou hast not cast me off from thy presence; but only removed thy presence from me, because thy pure nature could not endure to stay in a polluted heart: yet now that I am new made, and that thou hast created a cleane heart within mee: Now thou maiest returne, and restore to me the comfort of thy presence, the joy of thy salvation; and by this, thou shalt  
shew

shew thou didst not take it away, to keepe it away, but to make it more precious in restoring; thou shalt shew, thou didst not leave mee, to forsake mee, but to make thy selfe more welcome in returning. But though somethings are of such condition, that we find their goodnesse, more by wanting, than by enjoying; as sicknesse makes us more sensible of health: yet this needed not, in the comfort of thy presence, seeing of this there can bee no satiety, and wee can never so well learne to desire thee by wanting thee, as we are taught to embrace thee by enjoying thee.

Although the suites I make to thee, O God, be many, yet they are all so subordinate to one another; that if thou deny'st me one, it were as good for me, thou should'st deny them all: For what good will it doe mee, to have a cleane heart created in mee; and thy blessed presence removed from me? What good, to have a right spirit renewed, and thy holy Spirit to be taken away? as if thou should'st supply mee with props, and take away foundations? The feare of this, lest thou should'st cast mee out of thy presence, and take thy holy Spirit from mee; hath so deeply wrought upon me, and brought me so low, that I find no Phisicke now so necessary for me, as a Restorative: Oh therefore, *Restore to mee the joy of thy salvation*: for this Restorative exceeds not only all the simples of Nature, but all the compounds of art: for what Alchermes, what Gellics, what *Aurum potabile*

Verse 12.



can be comparable, to this Restorative, *The ioy of thy salvation*? But had not this been a fitter suit for *Nabuchodonosor*, from whom God took away at once, his Sense, his Reason, and his kingdome: than for *David*, from whom God never took any thing that we know of, but only his childe begotten in adultery? yet *David* will hardly be drawn to think so: for heare the moane he makes: Alas, O Lord! I live now, as it were, cast out of thy presence; which is more to me, than for *Nabuchodonosor*, to be cast out of his kingdome: I feed now upon the bread of sorrow: which is more to mee, than for *Nabuchodonosor*, to feed upon the grasse of the earth: I sit now, as a Sparrow upon the house top, desolate and disconsolate: which is more to me, than for *Nabuchodonosor*, to have no companions but the beasts of the field: and yet, O Lord, onely *Restore to me the ioy of thy salvation*: and it shall be more to me, than for *Nabuchodonosor* to be restored to his sense, his Reason, his Kingdome againe. This joy is to me, as *Isaak* was to *Abraham*, the whole comfort of my life: and thou restoredst him to his Father in great compassion: and wilt thou have no compassion on me, and not restore my *Isaak* to me againe? O mercifull God, take away my goods, take away my health, take away my life: but take not away this joy from mee, unlesse thou meane to restore it againe: for without this joy, my goods will doe mee no good, I shall be sicke of my health, I shall be weary

weary of my life ; all joy without this joy , is but a shadow of joy, no solidnesse, no substance in it: other joyes I can want, and yet want no joy: but how can I want the joy of thy salvation, but I must needs fall into the hell of my owne perdition ?

Indeed, all these graces, and specially these foure, A right Spirit, and Gods presence, his holy Spirit, and the joy of his salvation: are all, I may say, of a covey, like Partridges that alwaies keepe together: or if at any time, parted by violence, they never leave calling after one another, till they meet againe: and thus, a right Spirit calls after Gods presence, his presence, after his holy Spirit, his holy Spirit, after the joy of his salvation: and the joy of his salvation, calls after them all. O then, *Restore to me the joy of thy salvation*: that this covey of thy Graces may be kept together: and that the mournfull voice of calling after one another, may no more bee heard, to disquiet my soule.

But how can God restore that, which hee tooke not away? For, can I charge God with the taking away the joy of his salvation from mee? O gracious God, I charge not thee with taking it, but my selfe, with losing it: and such is the miserable condition, of us poore wretches: that if thou shouldst restore no more to us, than what thou takest from us, we should quickly be at a fault in our Estates: and our ruine would be as sudden, as inevitable.



2°

But why am I so earnest for restoring? for what good will restoring doe mee, if I cannot keepe it, when I have it? and how shall I more keepe it, being restored, than I kept it before, being enjoyed? and if I so enjoy it, as still feare to lose it; what joy can there be in such enjoying? O therefore, Not restore it onely, but *establisth me with thy free Spirit*: that as by thy restoring, I may enjoy it entirely; so by thy establishing, I may enjoy it securely. Indeed, if thou shouldst only restore it, and then leave it for me to keepe; I should presently runne a hazard of losing it again: but when thou restorest it, and then confirmest it; and that with the seale of thy free Spirit, this gives me an indefeasible estate, and absolutely frees me from feare of losing it any more forever. **Alas my soule!** what qualmes have these been? what floatings betwene feare and hope? all the comfort is that as Hope sets out first, and gets the start of Feare, so it keepes the field last, and gets the goale from Feare: For, Hope setting out by Gods renewing a right Spirit; and then disturbed by feare, lest he should take away his holy Spirit, gets the victory at last, by being established with Gods free Spirit: for this establishing fixeth our floating, and frees us from having these qualmes of Feare and Hope any more: Not, that we can ever bee free where they are, but that they shall not bee, where wee are; not feare, because in a Haven: not hope, because in possession.

But

But what mystery is it, that *David* intends here by his triplicity of Spirits? A right Spirit, a holy Spirit, a free and principall Spirit? Are they not all one holy Ghost, but divers operations? called therefore, the right Spirit, because it directeth us: the holy Spirit, because it sanctifieth us: the free and principall Spirit, because it governes us? And thus understood, wee may see, from whence the Collect in our Liturgie was gathered, which saith: *Direct, Sanctifie, and govern us in the waies of thy Lawes, and in the works of thy Commandements.* Or is it that hee makes three sutes for three spirits: as intending to every person, in the Deity, one, intimating the second person, by the right spirit, as being the way and the truth: the third person, by the holy Spirit, as being the Author of sanctification: the first person, by the free and principall Spirit: it being Hee, that must say, *Fiat*, to all that is done? And thus understood, we may see from whence is framed that Versicle in our Letanie, which saith: *O Holy, Blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons, and one God: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.*

And now is *David Montepetitus*: gotten up, I may say, to the top of Mount *Gerizim*: after many wearisome and painefull steps. He was indeed so oppressed with the burden, and so fettered with the chain of his sinnes: that hee seemed as a man distracted, not knowing in the world what course to take: yet not willing to be wanting to himself, he tries all the waies,



and useth all the meanes he can possibly devise or thinke of. First, he prayes God, to wash him from his sins: and least washing should not be sufficient: hee praies next, to be purged from his finnes: but not trusting to these outward meanes, hee thinkes upon a new course: and praies to have his finnes blotted out, as much as to have Gods Debt-booke cross'd: yet not satisfied with this neither, he then flies to inward meanes: and praies, not onely to have a cleane heart created, but a right Spirit renewed in him: that so he may be *Purus corpore & spiritu*: and now one would think, he were certainly past all danger: yet even here hee falls into the most dismall frights, that ever seized upon a perplexed soul: for he fears, least God should cast him off from his Presence, and least he should take his holy Spirit from him: most dismall frights indeed: yet recovering his spirits, he bethinks himselfe at last, of a way, that either will serve to make him a free-man, or he must never looke to be: and that is, to be established with Gods free Spirit: and this indeed strikes the stroke: and therefore this hee makes his *Murus Aeneus*: for being now established with Gods free Spirit: he findes himselfe so free, that hee thinkes himselfe, able to set up a Free-schoole: and is confident to say, *Then will I teach thy waies to the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.* Then if thou say unto me: *Et tu conversus, converte fratres:* I shall do it, both boldly and effectually. Boldly,

Verse 13.

ly, for I shall teach thy waies to the wicked, who are but unruly schollers: and effectually, for sinners shall be converted unto thee, which is the end of all schooling. And, then if the Angels give a *Plaudite* to their conversion: I doubt not, O God, but thou also wilt graciously accept the humble service of the convertour: and even thy selfe shalt receive a benefit in thy glory, by the benefit which I receive by thy pardon: for, as there have beene many scandalled by my sin, so there shall be many reclaimed by my repentance: and they, who loved thee not for thy justice, shall feare thee for thy mercy: and they, who feared thee not for thy mercie, shall love thee for thy justice: and thy Name shall be great, amongst all Nations. O happy conversion, that is not barren, and ends in it selfe, which was a curse in *Israel*: but as a fruitfull mother, continues a race of conversions: and shall therefore make the Convertour shine in Heaven, as a Starre of the greater Magnitude.

But am I a fit man, to teach thy waies to the wicked: who have walked all my life long, in the waies of wickednesse? Am I likely to be a meanes for converting of sinners, who have hitherto been occasion of perverting the godly? Thou, O God, that tookest *Amos* from among the Heard men of *Tekoa*, to make him a Prophet: thou also canst take me from among the wicked of the world, to make me a converter of sinners. I take not upon me, to teach the  
godly,



godly, who may better teach me: I teach onely the wicked: None but finners, are for my schoole: I am not a Shepheard to tend the fold, but to fetch in strayers: The title of my profession is, *Dux conversorum*, A guide of converts: all my Doctrine, is only repentance: and if any such bee, that need no repenting; they neede not my teaching, nor belong to my schoole. But if any man thinke Repentance a lesson so easie, that he can take it out, and learne it, without a teacher: let him but heare the lesson read, which I have learned, and hee must, if he will be a convert. Let him see my eies swoln with the floods of my tears, and so must his be: Let him see mee lie groveling under sackcloth and ashes, and so must he do: Let him see my knees brawned with kneeling at Prayer, and so must his bee: Let him see mee goe fasting with bread and water, and so must hee do: Let him see my backe goared with stripes of contrition, and so must his bee: Let him see my breast torne, with sighings and groanings; and so must hee doe: and if all this bee not enough, to make a hard lesson, Let him see my heart broken, and shivered with sorrow, and so must his bee. And now let flesh and bloud tell mee, if this bee a lesson to be learned without a teacher?

But if Repentance bee so hard a lesson to learne, how can *David* be so confident of his teaching, to say, that sinners shall be converted by it? Indeed, when Kings become Schoole-masters

masters, no marvel, if sinners become converts: For, who knowes not the force of *Regis ad exemplum*? But is *David* then the only Phoenix in this kind? Have we not amongst us at this day: and long may we have a King like *David*: who, though hee teach not the same lesson that *David* did: (for his lesson was only Repentance) yet his whole life is a Lecture of Piety and uprightness: a lesson so much better than *David's*: as to bee in the first Forme of Vertue, is farre more worthy, than to be but in the second?

But, Oh the unquiet state of a guilty conscience! *David* was much troubled at first about procuring his cleannes: and now he seems as much troubled about expressing his foulenesse: Is it, the *Malus genius* of sinne, that is never without feare: and therefore creeps into all corners? Or is it, the *Bonus genius* of repentance, that is never without care: and therefore searcheth all corners? *David* had asked God forgiveness for his iniquitie, his sin, his offences, his transgressions, corners enow to meet with any sin, of what kinde soever: but is it enough to confesse our sins, and to ask forgiveness, in generall termes: and never to make mention of any sinne in particular? Indeed where sins be infinite, it were an infinite labour to mention them all, and with all our labour, could never be done: but yet, where there are eminent finnes, finnes like *Saul*, higher than their fellowes, by head and shoulders: not to mention such finnes, were a kinde of concealing them



Verse 14

them; as if wee meant to hidethem, in the throng, that they might passe unperceived; and there must bee no concealing, if we looke for cancelling. Behold then, O God, an eminent sinne, a sinne indeed, like *Saul*, so high above his fellowes; that I dare not say what it is, without saying, *Deliver me first; Deliver me from blood guiltinesse, O God, thou God of my salvation*: and blame mee not, for doubling the Name of God here, seeing it is a deliverance, that requires a double proportion of Gods assistance: For though every sinne may be said a sin of blood; as whereof, the wages is death, yet this actuall shedding of blood, is a sin of the most scarlet die, and stands in need of the greatest measure, of Gods free Spirit to free it.

But what need *David* pray God, to deliver him from blood-guiltinesse? For what blood had he shed? much, no doubt, in warre; but, that was lawfull, and left no guiltinesse; and therefore needed no deliverance. But what blood did he shed unlawfully? No more did *Ahab*, No more did *Iezabel*; yet as guilty of blood, as if they had shed it. When Magistrates command a thing to be done; they doe it: When a malicious person, imprecates a mischief to be wrought, hee works it: When a man plots a villany to be acted, he acts it; and in all these waies, though *David* actuall shed no blood, yet he was as guilty of blood, as if he had shed it. *Per alium* here, is as much as *Per se*; and therefore *David* knew he had cause enough

to say; *Deliver me from bloud guiltinesse, O God.*

But is there any hope, that this sin of bloud, may ever be remitted? seeing God hath spoken it peremptorily; he that *sheddeth mans bloud, by man shall his bloud be shed*; and can I looke, that God will break his Word, to do me a pleasure? But is it not that Gods threatning; is ever with condition? For; was it not so in *Ninive*? *Forty daies, and Ninive shall be destroyed*: Yet forty daies came, and *Ninive* was not destroyed. Was it not so to *Hezekiah*? *Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die of this sicknes*: yet *Hezekiah* died not of that sicknesse, but lived fifteene yeeres after. I know indeed, that the condition of Gods will there, though not expressed, was yet intended: *Unlesse they repented*; but what may be the condition of his will be here? No doubt, repentance too; but with this Codicill annexed: *His bloud shall be shed, unlesse hee can finde some other, that will shed his bloud for him.* And alas! if this be the condition, What am I the neerer? For, where can I find out any, that will shed his bloud for me? and if I could finde one willing, where can I finde one able? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; and yet a man may live; but bloud for bloud, and who can live, unles he be a God? An Angel cannot doe it; for hee hath no bloud to shed. A man cannot doe it, for he cannot lay downe his life, and take it up again; Thou onely canst doe it, who art both God and man; Thou God of my salvation, for thou art the Lamb that was slain,



and is alive; and I know, that my Redeemer liveth. And wilt thou shed thy blood for mee, and not deliver me from blood? Wilt thou pay a Ransome for me, and let me be a captiue still? Wilt thou pay so dearly for a thing, and not take it when thou hast done? *Oh, Deliver mee from blood-guiltinesse, O God; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.*

But why should *David* pray to be delivered from bloods, as the words indeed are? For seeing he shed but the blood of *Uriah* only; the singular number might well enough have served? Is it, that the plotting of *Uriahs* death, drew with it the deaths of many others? and so just cause of praying to bee delivered from bloods? Or is it, that the severall respects of relation in *Uriah*, made his blood, as so many severall bloods, in Gods account? One blood, as of the husband of *Bathsheba*; Another, as of *David*s owne subject: Another, as of an Innocent person: Another, as of a faithfull servant: Another, as of a silly Lambe, that carried letters of his own death; and which is most of all, Another, as of one that was venturing his life for *David*. But if these severall respects, make so many severall bloods; and every blood must have a deliverance? where shall we find a deliverer of so many respects, to make so many bloods, to serve for deliverance? Indeed, wee may look all the world over, and find none such to be found, but onely thou, O God, who art the God of my salvation: For, in thee alone,

may

may all the like respects be found: To answer the blood, of the Husband of *Bathsheba*; here is the blood of the Husband of the Church: To answer the blood, of King *David's* subject; here is the blood, of the King of Heavens subject: To answer the blood of an Innocent person; here is the blood of him, who onely could say, *Which of you could reprove me for sin?* To answer the blood of a faithfull servant: here is the blood of him, who was in the House of God, more faithfull, than his most faithfull servant *Moses*: To answer the blood of a silly Lambe, that carried letters of his owne death; here is the blood of him, who carried our flesh of purpose to suffer death: and that which is most of all; to answer the blood of him, that was then venturing his life for *David*: here is the blood of him, that was then shedding his blood for them, that shed his blood. But seeing, by this account, wee finde sixe severall bloods, in *Vriahs*, shed by *David*: where finde wee sixe severall bloods in Christ, shed by him? Indeed, just sixe, and no more, nor lesse: One blood, which he sweat in the Garden; another, which he shed with the stripes of the whips: another, drawne from him with the prickles of the thornes: another which hee shed on the Crosse, with the nailes in his feete: another, with the nailes in his hands: and the sixth, which hee shed out of his side, with the point of the Speare. And now, that wee have bloods enough, to



serve for deliverance; how shall wee bee able to apply them? Is it not, that they are all recollected, and put into that cup, of which hee said; *Drinke yee all of this?* For the bloud of this cup, is that which washeth away our sinnes; that which purgeth us with Hyfop; that which renews a right Spirit within us; that which restores to us the joy of his salvation; that which establiseth us with his free Spirit; and lastly, that which delivers us from blouds; that, *David* had great cause to say, and wee no lesse than he; *Deliver me from blouds and bloud-guiltines, O God, Thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy Righteousnesse.*

And now wee may conceive a match, as it were, to bee tryed here, betweene Bloud and Repentance, which of them shall cry loudest, and be soonest heard of God; Bloud cries for vengeance, and God is the God of vengeance. Repentance cries for mercy, and God is the God of mercy; and so they seeme both, upon equall termes yet: but if wee marke the order of Gods Titles; wee shall finde his Mercy to take place of his Iustice: *Misericordia super exaltat iudicium*; and therefore Repentance which cries for Mercy, shall bee heard before Bloud, which cries for justice. But if Repentance cannot get it with crying, shee will at least with singing, for shee never sung till now; and now shee sings; *My tongue shall sing aloud of thy Righteousnesse*; where bloud onely cries, but cannot sing: and seeing singing makes bet-

better musicke in Godseares than crying; Repentance shall bee heard, when bloud shall bee put to silence. But how loud will the singing be, when not onely Repentance sings; but Ioy also, which is aloud singer, shall joyne in consort, and sing with her? and if ever Ioy sung, it will sing now: For what greater joy, than for a bond-man to be set at liberty? For a man condemned for bloud, to bee delivered from bloud? and if no joy can be greater than this; then certainly no singing can bee louder than that, But what this song is that Repentance and Ioy joyne in consort to sing; seeing the *sweet singer of Israel*, hath not vouchsafed to deliver himselfe: It is not for any man now living, to deliver it: onely wee may conceive, that Repentances part, is *De profundis*, and that Ioyes part, is *In excelsis*; Repentance sings the *Hosanna*; and Ioy, the *Allelujah*.

But may we not wonder at *David*, how he dares speake thus to God: *Deliver mee from bloud, and my tongue shall sing of thy Righteousnesse*? as though he thought, hee might commit a wilfull murther; and then have his pardon of God, for a song? and what should his song be of? of Gods Righteousnesse. But what Righteousnesse is in this; to suffer a righteous person to bee murdered, and then to set the murtherer free? As much righteousness as this, wee may finde in a Iew; who cried, *Crucifie Christ, and Deliver Barabas*. But, O my soule, forbear such thoughts; or rather tremble at  
such



such blasphemies: Remember first, that this song is not for getting of pardon, but for giving of thanks, and what thanks so acceptable, as that which is cheerfully spoken, and what spoken so cheerfully, as that which is sung? And then consider, what Gods Righteousnesse is: Hee saith himselte; *His waies are not as our waies*: and may not we as well say, his Righteousnesse is not as our righteousness? Our righteousness is bloud for bloud; but Gods Righteousnesse, may be a song for a murther. But then consider withall; what this song is, and how hard a thing it is, to sing of Gods Righteousnes; the Angels have enough to doe to sing it; it is their *Allelujah*: and seeing the singing this *Allelujah*, is the chiefest service of an Angell; what deserves he lesse than an Angels place, that can sing of Gods Righteousnesse? And that wee may see, how transcendent a matter it is, to doe it; Behold *David* here, a man farre abler than any of us, yet finds himselte not able, so much as to open his lips towards it; but is faine to call to God for help: *O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise*: open them indeed, to bid *Ioab* number the people, and to entice *Bathsheba* to folly, I can; but to open them to sing of thy Righteousnesse, and to shew forth thy praise; I am utterly unable, unlesse thou vouchsafe to open them for me: Oh then, open thou my lips, O God; for else I shall be forced, to breake off abruptly; and after so many great favours received,

Verse 16

ceived, bee faine to go my waies without so much as saying, I thank you. But it shall never be said of *David*, that hee is so unmannerly, so ungratefull: If thou but please, to open my lips, for then, as I have sung this Penitentiall Psalm for my selfe, so I will sing an Encomiasticall Hymne for thee; and this\* fiftieth Psalm, as well as the fiftieth yeare, shall have its Iubile. If thou open not my lips, neither Repentance will cry, nor Ioy will sing; but both will bee as dumbe, as the Divell in the Gospel: but if thou open my lips, my mouth will turne Organist, and I shall strive with the Angels, in singing their *Allelujah*. If I onely open my lips, they will quickly shut againe, and there will not bee a praise, that is worthy of thee; but if thou open them, Thou openest and no man shutteth, and then I shall shew forth thy praise to all generations. Thy praise, but for what? for thy washing and purging mee: for thy creating in mee a cleane heart, and renewing a right Spirit within mee: for thy restoring to mee the joy of thy Salvation; and for establishing mee with thy free Spirit: that wee may know, it is no ordinary opening of lips that will serve: seeing it is not, a single praise, but a whole troope of praises, that must come forth at once: I must praise thee for thy humility, that disdainest not to make mee cleane: I must praise thee for thy bounty, that deniest not to make mee new: I must praise thee for thy patience, that attendest my

\* So reckoned by many of the Ancients.



repentance; I must praise thee for thy graciousnesse, that acceptest my repentance; and before all these, I must praise thee for thy mercy, that art willing; I must praise thee for thy Power, that art able; I must praise thee for thy Iustice, that knowest why; I must praise thee for thy wisdom, that knowest how, to forgive mee my finnes, and to deliver mee from blood; but above all these, I must praise thee for thy glory; that having made the sands of the sea, the starres of Heaven so innumerable; yet all of them put together, are not counters enow to summe up thy praises.

*Verse 16.*

And now I was thinking, what were fit, to offer to God, for all his loving kindnessees hee hath shewed me; and I thought upon sacrifices; for they have sometimes beene pleasing to him, and hee hath oftentimes smelt a sweete odour from them: but I considered, that sacrifices were but shadowes of things to come; and are not now, in that grace they have beene; for *old things are past, and new are now come*; the shadowes are gone, the substances are come in place; the Bullockes that are to bee sacrificed now, are our hearts; it were easier for mee, to give him Bullockes for sacrifice, than to give him my heart: but why should I offer him that hee cares not for? my heart, I know, hee cares for; and if it bee broken and offered up by Penitence and Contrition; it is the only sacrifice, that now he delights in.

But can wee thinke God to bee so indifferent,

rent, that hee will accept of a broken heart? Is a thing that is broken, good for any thing? Can we drink in a broken Glasse? Or, can we leane upon a broken staffe? But though other things may bee the worse for breaking; yet a heart is never at the best, till it be broken: For, till it be broken, we cannot see what is in it; till it be broken, it cannot send forth its sweetest odour: and therefore, though God love a whole heart in affection, yet hee loves a broken heart in sacrifice. And no marvell, indeed; seeing it is even hee himselfe that breakes it: for, as nothing but Goats bloud can break the Adamant; so nothing, but the bloud of our scape-goate Christ Iesus, is able to break our Adamantine hearts. Accept therefore, O God, my broken heart, which I offer thee, with a whole heart; seeing, thou canst neither except against it, for being whole, which is broken in sacrifice: nor except against it, for being broken, which is whole in affection.

But is not this to make God a cruell God, to make him delight in broken hearts; as though hee tooke no joy, but in our sorrowing? No pleasure, but in our tormenting? It is true indeed, God delights to bee mercifull; but yet hee delights not to bee mercifull unjustly: and justly hee cannot bee mercifull, but where hee findes Repentance: and seeing Repentance can never be without sorrowing; and such sorrow, as even breakes the heart with sorrow; this makes the broken heart a pleasing sacrifice



to God; because, as a just mans prayer ties up his hand, as it were, from doing of justice: so a sinners repentance, sets him at liberty, for shewing of mercie.

Verse 18.

And now, that I have prayed, and offered sacrifice for my selfe, shall I forget my Mother *Sion*? For, is not *Sion*, the common Mother of us all? Shall I forget the glorious City *Hierusalem*, whereof I am a member, and a Citizen? Can I prosper, if my *Sion* suffer? Can I be safe, if *Hierusalem* be in danger? O then, Doe good, O God, in thy good pleasure to *Sion*, Build thou the walls of *Hierusalem*. But shall I put God to some mean a worke, to be a builder of walls? O glorious God! what fitter worke for thy Almighty Power? For what is it, to build the walls of *Hierusalem*; but to defend *Hierusalem* from her enemies? And what arme of defence, hath *Hierusalem* to trust to, against the Host of her enemies; but thine onely, O Lord, who art the Lord of Hosts? Thou hast indeed, laid a sure foundation in *Hierusalem*; but what is a foundation, if there bee no walls reared? A foundation is to build upon; and to what purpose, if it be not built upon? and who is able to build upon it, but thou, O God, the great Builder of the World; who, with thy onely Word didst build the World? What is a Vineyard, if it have no hedges to fence it? No more is *Hierusalem*, if it have no wals to defend it. For, is it not subject to all sudden surprises? Lies it not open to all Hostile Invasions? and so,

so, we should loose the end of *Sion*, in the midst of *Sion*? For, what is *Sion*, but a Sanctuary for sacrifices? and how can we offer thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving for our safety, if we cannot offer our sacrifices in safety? and what safety, if there be no walls to defend us? Oh therefore, *Build thou the walls of Hierusalem*; and then, as in thy good pleasure, thou hast done a pleasure to *Sion*; so thou shalt smell a sweet odour, and take pleasure in *Sion*: for we shall offer thee the sacrifices of righteousness; *With burnt offering*, the offering of a true, though imperfect righteousness, in the *Hierusalem* here below; and *with whole burnt offering*; the offering of a perfect righteousness, in the *Hierusalem* that is above, and we shall offer Bullockes upon thine Altar; sing our *Allelujabs* upon that Altar, under which the Saints lie now, and sing their Dirgies; their Dirge, of *How long, O Lord, Holy and True*; shall be changed into songs of eternall Iubilee; Angels & men; Christ himself, and his Members, shall all cast downe their Crowns before thee; that thou onely maist bee *All in All*; and that thine may be the Kingdome, the power, & the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.

And now, that wee have heard the penitent *David* make his confession, and say his Orisons: seen him make his Oblations, and offer his Sacrifices to God: It may not be unfit, to draw an observation or two, from the manner of his Litturgie: and first, that this whole Psalm hath in it thorowout, *Bimembres sententias*, ver-



ses, consisting of two parts: whereof the latter is ever an augmentation of the former, as when he saith; *Wash me from mine iniquitie*: It followes, *and cleanse me from my finnes*; which is more than washing; and so an augmentation. When he saith, *I know mine iniquity*; it follows, *and my sin is ever before me*; which is more than knowing his sinne; and so, an augmentation. When he saith; *Against thee onely have I sinned*; it followes; *I have done this evill in thy sight*; which is more than sinning against him; and so an augmentation. When he saith, *I was borne in iniquitie*; it followes; *and in sin hath my mother conceived mee*; which is more than to be borne in sinne; and so still an augmentation: as likewise in all the rest; if we run them over, which shewes the great hast that *David* makes in his journey of repentance; and therefore takes two paces at one stride; and climbs as it were, two staires at one step.

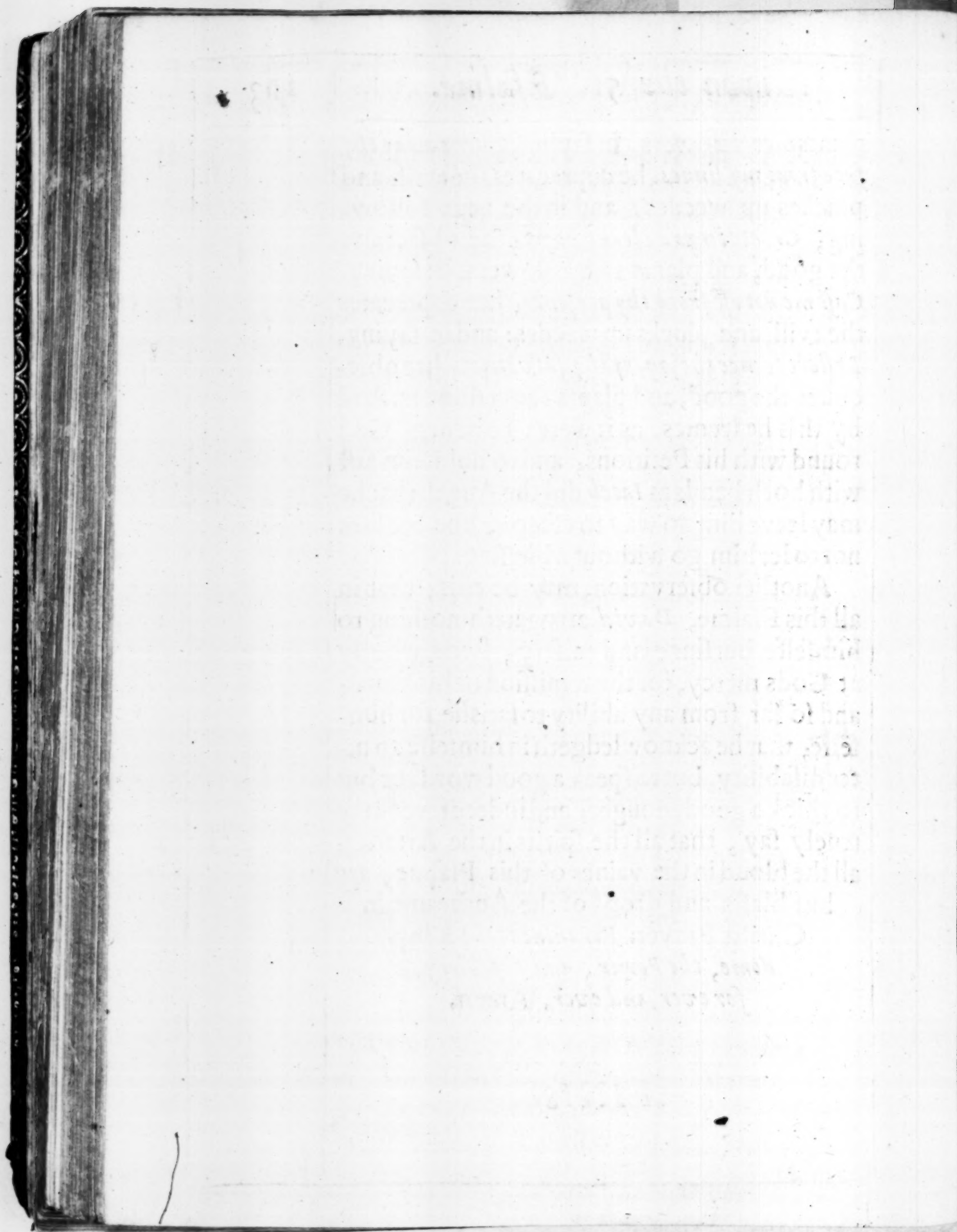
A second observation may be; that almost all the Psalmethorow, but most apparently in the middle verses. One deprecates the evill; and the next following obsecrates the good: One expresseth a detestation of his sins; and the next following, an application of Gods mercies, like a Gardiner, that with one hand, pluckes up weeds; and with the other, plants sweet flowers. For, in saying, *Purge mee from my sins*; he deprecates the evill, and plucks up weeds: and in the next following; *Make mee to heare of joy and gladnesse*; hee obsecrates the good, and plants

plants sweet flowers. In saying, *Turne away thy face from my sinnes*, he deprecates the evill; and pluckes up weedes: and in the next following; *Create in me a cleane heart*; he obsecrates the good, and plants sweet flowers. In saying, *Cast me not off from thy presence*; hee deprecates the evill, and plucks up weedes: and in saying, *Restore to mee the joy of thy salvation*; hee obsecrates the good, and plants sweet flowers. And by this he seemes, as it were; to besiege God round with his Petitions; and to hold him fast with both hands as *Iacob* did the Angel: that he may leave him no way to escape, and bee sure not to let him go without a blessing.

Another Observation, may be this; that in all this Psalm, *David* arrogateh nothing to himselfe, but sinne and misery; lying wholly at Gods mercy, for the remission of his finnes; and so far from any ability to satisfie for himselfe; that he acknowledgeth in himselfe an utter disability, but to speak a good word, or but to think a good thought; and indeedr wee may truely say, that all the spirits in the Arteries; all the bloud in the vaines of this Psalm, are but blasts and drops of the Anthemic in Christs Prayer: *For thine is the Kingdome, the Power, and the Glory, for ever, and ever, Amen.*

FINIS.





MEDITATIONS  
AND  
DISQVISITIONS  
UPON  
The Three last Psalmes of  
D A V I D.

By S<sup>r</sup>. RICHARD BAKER, *Knight.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Dawson*, for *Francis Eglesfield*, and  
are to bee sold at the Marigold, in *Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1639.



MEDITATION

AND

DISQVISSION

UPON

The Third of Psalms

David

By S. Richardson



LONDON

Printed by John Davies, for James Esdaile, and  
are to be sold at the Strand, in Great  
Church-yard. 1632



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOVABLE  
*Henry Earle of Manchester,*  
Lord Privie Seale, &c.

**M**Y honoured Lord:  
the meditating upon  
*Dauids* Psalmes, is  
not unlike the artifice  
about a Diamond: when  
all is done that can be by polish-  
ing; yet there will be addition of  
lustre by a foyle. But as for Po-  
lishing, my poore Meditations  
pretend not to it: It will bee  
cunning enough in me; and ho-  
nour enough for them: if I can  
but make them to serve for foyle  
to



to *Dauids* Dyamonds. What-  
soever they bee, they cannot  
choose but make choyce of your  
Lord-shippe for their Patron ;  
whose excellent Meditations, in  
an Argument of like nature ,  
have been their Patterne : and  
though they may not prove suf-  
ficient to set forth the lustre of  
*Dauids* Devotion: yet they will  
serve sufficiently, to Illustrate  
the truth of my Affection: which  
is to bee

Your Lordships humble  
and devoted servant

RICHARD BAKER.

THE  
HVNDERED  
AND SECOND  
PSALME.

**H**ear my Prayer, O Lord, and let my cry  
come unto thee.

2 Hide not thy face from me, when  
I am in trouble; incline thine eare unto mee when  
I call, and answer mee speedily.

3 For my daies are consumed like smoake, and  
my bones are burnt as an hearth.

4 My heart is blasted and withered like grasse,  
so that I forget to eat my bread.

5 By reason of the voice of my groaning, my  
bones cleave to my skinne.

6 I am as a Pelican of the Wildernesse; and  
as an Owle of the Desert.

7 I watch, and am as a Sparrow alone upon  
the house top.



8 Mine enemies reproach mee all the day : and they that are mad at mee, are sworne against mee.

9 I haue eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drinke with teares.

10 Because of thine indignation and thy wrath; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast cast me downe.

11 My dayes are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grasse.

12 But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for euer; and thy remembrance to all generations.

13 Thou shalt arise and haue mercy upon Sion, for the time to fauour her, yea the set time is come.

14 For thy seruants take pleasure in her stones, and fauour the dust thereof.

15 So the Heathen shall feare the Name of the Lord; and all the Kings of the earth thy glory.

16 When the Lord shall build up Sion, hee shall appeare in his glory.

17 Hee will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

18 This shall be written for the generations to come : and the people which shall hee created shall praise the Lord.

19 For he hath looked downe from the heigh of his Sanctuary ; from Heaven did the Lord behold the earth.

20 To heare the groaning of the Prisoner, to  
lose those that are appointed to death.

21 To declare the Name of the Lord in Sion;  
and his praise in Hierusalem.

22 When the People were gathered together,  
and the Kingdomes to serve the Lord.

23 Hee weakened my strength in the way, hee  
shortened my dayes.

24 I sayd, O my God, take me not away in the  
midst of my daies; thy yeares are throughout all  
generations.

25 Of old, hast thou laid the foundations of the  
earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

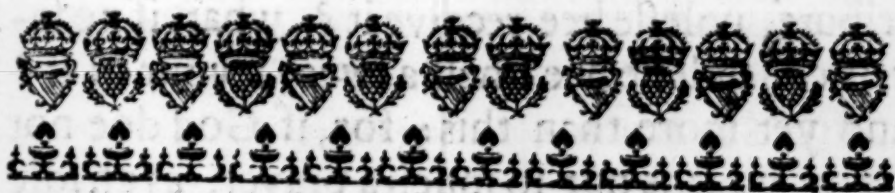
26 They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:  
yea, all of them shall waxe old as a garment, as a  
vesture shalt thou change them, and they shal bee  
changed.

27 But thou art the same, and thy years shal  
have no end.

28 The children of thy servants shal continue,  
and their seed shal be established before thee.



20 To have the governing of the Kingdom, to  
lose those that are appointed to the work.  
21 To deliver the Name of the Lord in Zion,  
and his praise in Jerusalem.  
22 When the people were gathered together,  
and the Kingdome is for the Lord.  
23 The breaking up of the way, the  
downing of the way.  
24 When O my God, take me not away in the  
midst of my days: thy years are throughout all  
generations.  
25 O Lord, then laid the foundation of the  
earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.  
26 Thy strength is like the mountains, but thou shalt  
not all of them shall wax old as a garment, as a  
velvet shall thou change them, and they shall be  
changed.  
27 But thou art the same, and thy years shall  
not wax old.  
28 The earth shall be changed, but thou shalt continue  
and their habitation shall be destroyed.



# MEDITATIONS

upon the 102. *Psalme.*

**V**Ho so able to heare, as hee that made the eare? and to whom should I appeale to heare, but to him that is most able to heare? If I should goe to the Eare to heare; it would but send mee back to him that made it: for what can any eare heare, if it bee not animated, O God, by thee? And therefore, Thou, O God, that hast made the eare, and art onely able to heare; *O heare my prayer, and let my cry come unto thee.*

But is Praying no more pleasing a thing to God, but that wee must bee faine to pray him to heare our Prayer? Is not prayer, a tribute due to God: and must the Subject pray the Prince to receiue his tribute? Is not Prayer, a sacrifice onely proper unto God; and will hee not suffer the smoake of it, to ascend unto him, unlesse we make it a suite unto him? Alas, my soule; how thou troublest thy selfe with vaine thoughts? For what if it bee no

Cc

prayer,



prayer, unlesse God heare it? what if it bee no tribute, unlesse hee receive it? what, if no sacrifice, unlesse hee smell a sweet savour in it? and yet more than this; for, if God doe not heare it, it is not so much a prayer, as an idle speech; if God doe not receive it, it is not so truely a tribute, as a vaine expence: if God doe not smell a sweet savour in it, it is not so properly a sacrifice, as an *Ignis Fatuus*, which gives a blaze perhaps, but makes no smoake, that can ascend up to Heaven. And is there not just cause then; or rather is it not a case of necessity to say, *O Lord, heare my prayer, and let my cry come unto thee?* O therefore, my soule, consider rather; Is it a meane thing for God to heare thy prayer, that thou shouldst thinke much to pray him to heare it? Is it a meane thing, for him that dwelleth in the highest Heavens, to heare the prayer of thee, that art but a worme crawling upon the earth? Is not God the great Ruler and Governour of all things: and is it a meane thing for him, in the midst of his infinite imployments, as it were to leave them all, and to stand hearing of thee? *What is man, that God should be mindful of him; or the sonne of man, that God should regard him?* Hath hee not made him lower then the Angells, with whom hee converseth, and whom hee heareth continually? Lower indeed in all other things; but in this of prayer, even as high as the Angells; at least no more difference betweene them in this, then is be-  
tweene

tweene *Hosanna*, and *Allelujah*: Both, excellent songs: and if the Angells perhaps be tyed to sing but one of them; is it not an honour to men, that they bee at liberty, and may sing them both? and both of them indeed are allowed men to sing in that excellent Prayer taught us by Christ; but the *Allelujah* first, as being all for God: and then the *Hosanna*, as being all for our selves; and the *Hosanna*, wee are all of us ready enough to sing, to ask God for benefits: God grant wee may sing the *Allelujah* as well, and offer him the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

But can I make any prayer to God, which God doth not heare? and what need I then pray him to heare that, which I am sure hee heares without my praying him to heare it? I know, O God, thou hearest the least sound that is; I know thou hearest where no sound is: but such hearing, although from thy power, hath yet in it no operation. I know thou hearest the young Ravens that call upon thee: but such hearing is from thy generall Providence, and falls but as the Raine upon the just and unjust: I know thou hearest the bloud of *Abell*; but such hearing is in thy justice, and is not for my turne: the hearing that must doe mee good, is in thy Mercy; and therefore in thy Mercy, I humbly intreat thee to heare my Prayer, and to let my cry come unto thee.

I require thee not to heare mee excusing my selfe, as *Adam* did, *The Woman which thou ga-*



*vest to bee with mee, shee gave mee of the Tree, and I did eate. I require thee not to heare mee justifying my selfe as Saul did: I saved indeed the fat of the Sheepe; but it was for sacrifice: I require thee not to heare mee boasting my selfe, as the Pharisee did: Lord I thank thee, I am not as other men, Extortioners, Vnjust, Adulterers; I require thee onely to heare mee humbly praying, as the Publican did; Lord, bee mercifull to mee a sinner: and this prayer I hope, thou wilt vouchsafe to heare, and to let my cry come unto thee. I know thou hearest not as men use to heare; heare a supplication, and not regard it; or heare it perhaps, and not able to helpe it: but thy hearing is alwaies with a will to grant, with a power to effect; and with this kinde of hearing with this kind hearing, I humbly intreat thee to heare my prayer, and to let my cry come unto thee.*

But least my praying should not prevaile: Behold, O God, I rayse it to a cry; and crying I may say, is the greatest Bell in all the Ring of Praying; for lowder then crying, I cannot Pray: O then if not my Prayer, at least let my cry come unto thee. But what cry? an extension of the voice by loud speaking? Indeed, *David* in another place commends loudnesse, as an excellent circumstance in praying; where hee saith, *Sing yee loud unto the Lord:* but what loudnesse? a setting out the voyce in the highest straine? Alas my soule, let mee leave this loudnesse, to the Priests

of *Baal*, who cry to their gods, that have eares and heare not: my God heares the loudnesse of the heart, and can heare a cry in *Hannabs* Prayer, when *Ely* can perceive nothing, but the moving of her lips: can heare a cry in *Moses* Prayer, when none that stand by, can perceive him to speake a word.

If I be not heard when I cry, I shall cry for not being heard; and if heard when I cry, I shall cry to be heard: and so whether heard or not heard, I shall cry still, and God grant I may cry still; so thou be pleased, O God, to heare my prayer, and to let my cry come unto thee.

But it is not so much the loudnesse of my crying, that Thou, O God,regardest, as the humblenes and the strength: for though prayer may be with reservation, yet crying is ever with submission: though prayer may be faint and weake, yet crying is alwaies vigorous and strong; yet as humble as it is, it must not come to thee, without leave; and as strong as it is, it cannot come to thee without assistance: Oh then let my cry come to thee, O God; Let it come both permissively, and effectively; that having thy leave, and thy assistance, it may come to thee, not only with boldnesse, but with assurance, with boldnesse, as having thy leave, and with assurance, as having thy assistance. For alas, O Lord, without thy assistance, it cannot come to thee; it will either stay groveling about the earth, with worldly desires; or hang hovering in the Ayre, with ambitious thoughts,



thoughts, and never bee able to ascend unto thee but if by thy grace thou bee ayding to my cry, will then breake through the clouds, and will pierce the Heavens; and nothing shall bee able to hinder it from comming to thee.

Verse 2

But say, O my soule; what is this Prayer thou art so earnest with God, to heare? what alas, but this; *Hide not thy face from mee when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me, when I call, and answer mee speedily.* For if God hide not his face from mee, when I am in trouble, my troubles will hide their face, and bee ashamed to appeare: that either I shall be freed from them; or at least, have patience given mee to endure them. But if hee hide his face from mee; alas, then I shall fall from one trouble to another; from anguish of mind, to murmuring of spirit: from murmuring, to repining; and whither at last, but even to despaire? Some other perhaps, that were in trouble, would make it no great matter, whether God shewed him his face, or hid it from him: but I that know the blessed influence of Gods face; I that know the sweet comfort that comes from the light of his countenance; I desire no greater happinesse in all my troubles, then this; that hee will vouchsafe mee the favour, *Not to hide his face from mee.*

To hide his face from mee at any time, must needs make a great dampe in my soule; but to hide it from mee, when I am in trouble, would make

make no lesse then a very Hell within mee: For if to the *Pana sensus*, of my being in trouble; should bee added the *Pana damni*, of hiding away his face; what greater Hel could possibly be imagined? for seeing thy beautiful vision is the maine object of my hope; the hope upon which all my happinesse depends: how should I bee but miserable in extremitie, if thou, O God, shouldst turne away thy face, and hide it from mee? But, O mercifull, God, though I cannot bee truely blessed, till I come truely to see thee; yet let mee at least enjoy the blessednesse of hope, till I come to enjoy the blessednesse of fruition.

When I was in prosperitie, I thought it sufficient to see thy backe-parts; but now that I am in trouble, what can give mee comfort, but to see thy face? and wilt thou hide it in a time, when it may doe most good to bee seene? wilt thou hide it from mee in a time, when it may doe mee most good to see it?

But is it not a dangerous thing to pray God, not to hide his face from mee? Doe I not run the hazard of suddaine death, seeing no man shall see his face, and live? O my soule; Gods not hiding his face, brings with it an influence of Grace: for from whom hee hides it not, to them hee shewes it; and to whom hee shewes it, to them hee gives power, to bee able to see it: Not indeed while wee live here, as it is in it selfe, but in its effects; then onely wee shall bee able to see it, and live, when wee shall  
come



come to live, by onely the seeing it.

But is it not a vain request, to pray God, not to hide his face from me, when I am in trouble; seeing it is the very hiding his face, that brings all my troubles upon mee? for is there any evill in the City, and God hath not done it? and how hath hee done it, but by hiding his face? I know indeed, that Gods turning away his face from mee, is cause of my trouble; but to hide his face from mee, is a greater degree of Aversion: for when hee onely turnes away his face from me, I have meanes left to recover his sight, by my turning to him: but when hee hides his face from me, how can I finde it? for who can finde that, which hee is bent to hide? and untill I finde it, how can I see it? O therefore, bee pleased, O God, though thou turnethy face from mee, that it cannot bee seene, yet not to hide it from mee; that it cannot bee found: for that may bee but for the present, but this is likely to continue, that may bee but for a tryall, but this is alwaies for a judgement; that leaves me at least, in the hands of hope; but this turnes mee over into the hands of despaire.

But how can I hope, that God will not hide his face from mee when I am in trouble, seeing hee hid it from his dearest Sonne in his greatest troubles? for, what made Christ on the Crosse to cry, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee?* but onely this, *subtraxit visionem*, the hiding of Gods face from him? O my soule, that

that which Christ at that time cried, hee cried for thee, at this time; that thou maist have the more confidence in crying, having Christ to cry it with thee: *Hide not thy face from mee, O God, when I am in trouble.*

But, O gracious God, not onely hide not thy face from mee, but *Incline thine eare unto mee, and answer mee speedily*: For thou art not as the gods of the Heathen, that have faces to bee seene; but no eares to heare: but Thou, consisting of no parts, art perfect in all parts; and art as well active in hearing, as passive in being seene. If thou shouldst shew me thy face, and not encline thine eare unto mee; it would seeme as if thou tookest a dislike at mee, as soone as thou sawest me: and if thou shouldst encline thine eare and not answer me; it would shew thee rather to be displeased with the suite, then pleased with the Suitour: and if thou shouldst answer mee, and not answer mee speedily; it would seeme as if thou didst not well understand my case, or didst not regard it. Anpalas, O Lord, my case requires a present remedy; a Dylatorie answer may bee to mee as prejudiciall, as none at all; and therefore bee pleased, O God, *to encline thine eare unto mee, and to answer mee speedily*; for this is my case: *My dayes are consumed like smoake, and my bones are burnt as an hearth*: Oh that I could as well speake it of my sinnes, as of my daies, that they are consumed like smoake: but alas, my sinnes are as smoake that cannot

Verse 3



be consumed, but will at last breake out into a flame, to consume mee; if thou shouldst not O God, in thy great mercy bee pleased to extinguish it.

As the smoake is a vapour proceeding from the fire, yet hath no heate in it: so my dayes are come from the Torrid Zone of youth, into the Region of cold and age: and as the smoake seemes a thicke substance for the present, but presently vanisheth into Ayre: so my daies, made as great shew at first, as if they would never have beene spent: but now alas are wasted, and leave mee scarce a being. As the smoake is fuliginous and darke, and affords no pleasure to looke upon it, so my daies are all blacke, and in mourning; no joy nor pleasure to bee taken in them. And as the smoake ascends indeed, but by ascending waists it selfe and comes to nothing; so my daies are wasted in growing, are diminished in encreasing; their plenty hath made a scarfity, and the more they have beene, the fewer they are.

And how indeed can my daies chuse but be consumed as smoak, when my bones are burnt as an hearth? for as when the hearth is burnt, there can bee made no more fire upon it; so when my bones, which are as the hearth upon which my fire of life is made, come once to bee burnt; how can any more fire of life bee made upon them! and when no fire can bee made, what will remaine but onely smoake?

But yet my heart is the first that lives, and  
the

the last that dyes: and upon this string, I may hope yet my life will hold a while: but alas, *my heart is blasted and withered like grasse, so that I forget to eat my bread:* and what life can there bee, when there is no nourishment? and how indeed can my heart chuse but bee blasted, when my bones that are the next neighbours to it, are all on fire? And yet a blasting perhaps might have some recovery: but a withering like grasse, puts it past all hope: for as the grasse once withered, can by no dewes nor showers of raine, bee ever brought to recover freshnesse: so the heart once withered, can by no Cordials of nature or Art, bee ever made capable of comfort againe. Other things are of themselves capable of Reduction: the water ebbes and flowes againe, the Sunne setteth and riseth againe, but the grasse and the heart are none of this number; the grasse once withered never flourisheth againe, and the heart once withered, never truly joyes againe.

The grasse is blasted by the stroake of an adverse winde; and my heart is blasted by the breath of Gods anger, in this they are like: The grasse is withered for want of moisture, and my heart is withered for want of Gods moistening Grace; and in this they are like: so in blasting and withering, the grasse and my heart are like, but in this they are very unlike, that the Grasse hath no sense, and is senselesse of either, where my heart is sensible; Alas

Verse 4



too sensible of them both.

But how can it be thought any strange matter, that my heart should bee withered like Grasse, when my heart is flesh, and all flesh is Grasse? Alas, it is not strange at all, for therefore indeed is my heart withered, because it was fleshly; for if it had beene spirituall, there had beene no danger of withering at all. Oh then take from mee, O God, my fleshly heart, and give mee a spirituall heart; that though my old heart being withered, cannot recover: yet my new heart being fresh, may retaine its freshnesse and never wither.

But though it bee not strange that his heart should bee withered; yet this certainly is strange, that he should forget to eat his bread. I have heard of some, that have forgotten their owne names, but I never heard of any that forgot to eat his meate: for there is a certain Prompter called hunger, that will make a man to remember his meate, in spite of his teeth. And yet it is true, when the heart is blasted and withered like Grasse, such a forgetfulness of necessity will follow. Is it that the withering of the heart, is the prime cause of sorrow, at least cause of the prime sorrow; and immoderate sorrow is the mother of stupidity, stupifying and benumbing the animall faculties, that neither the understanding, nor the memorie can execute their functions? Or is it, that sorrow is so intentive to that it sorrowes for, that it cannot intend to thinke any thing else?

Or

Or is it, that Nature makes account, that to feede in sorrow, were to feede sorrow; and therefore thinkes best to forbear all eating? Or is it, that as sorrow drawes moisture from the braine, and fills the eyes with water; so it drawes a like iuyce from other parts, which fills the stomacke instead of meate? However it bee, it shewes a wonderfull operation that is in sorrow: to make not onely the stomacke to refuse its meate, but to make the braine to forget the stomacke, betweene whom there is so naturall a sympathie, and so neere a correspondence. But as the vigour of the heart breeds plenty of spirits, which convayed to all the parts, gives every one a naturall appetite; so when the heart is blasted and withered like Grasse, and that there is no more any vigour in it: the spirits are presently at a stand, and then no mervaile if the stomack loose its appetite, and forget to eate bread.

But how shoud this happen, that *David* a man after Gods owne heart, should have his owne heart so grievously handled, as to be withered? Withered indeed to carnall appetites, but yet fresh still to heavenly desires: or rather the more fresh in these, because withered in those; and therefore, though hee forgot to eate his bread, the sustenance of his naturall life; yet we may be sure, he forgot not to eate his bread, the sustenance of his spirituall life. And was it not even so with our Saviour Christ? which made him tell his Disciples;



hee had other meate which they knew not of? O my soule, there is in all the Saints of God, a hunger after righteousness; which farre exceeds all hunger after corporall food: and what mervaille then, if the greater suppress the lesser; and if longing after righteousness and forgiveness of finnes, they forget sometimes to eat their bread?

Alas, O Lord, what time can I have to thinke of eating of bread, when my thoughts have enough to doe; or rather all they can doe, is not enough to meditate of thy Law, much more of thy Love? to meditate of my sinne, much more of thy anger? Oh this takes away, not onely all stomacke from meat, but all remembrance of eating: to thinke of thy Love, and what it hath done for mee; to thinke of thy Law, and what it requires of me; to thinke of my sinne, and what it deserves; to thinke of thine anger, and what it threatens: Oh these thoughts lye heavie upon mee, and make mee to groane with griefe; that *with the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skinne*: I am become a Carcasse rather than a Bodie, and might serve for an Anatomie without dissecting. If I did but onely fast, the cheerefulness of my heart, might yet make mee to keepe my flesh; and bee instead of meate unto mee: but now that to my fasting, is added groaning, this leaves mee nothing but skinne and bone; skinne, to make me sensible of paine; and bone, to make mee durable in paine:

*Verse 5*

paine: my flesh that should supply them, and mediate betweene them, is cleane wasted and gone, that I seeme a creature of a strange composition, made up of extreames, without any meane betweene them. *I am like a Pellican of the Wildernesse, and like an Owle of the Desert:* If I offer to go abroad, all the Birds of the ayre, and all the Fowles of the field, come flocking about mee; they wonder at mee, as at a Monster, and seeme as if they had never scene such a thing before: and though I have more feathers upon my backe then any of them; yet they will not acknowledge me for any of their kinde. They disagree all amongst themselves, yet all agree in opposing of mee: there is not so small a Bird in the company, but insults over mee: they suffer mee not to make apology for my selfe, but condemne me, without hearing mee speake: they cannot say, I either prey upon any of them, as the Hawke doth, or that I threaten any of them as the Kyte doth; yet they cannot abide I should come amongst them, or bee of their company. I therefore shift my selfe from them as fast as I can: but alas, what get I by my shifting? a change indeed, but no abatement of my misery: for where I was before as an Owle of the Desert, *I am now become as a Sparrow alone upon the housetop:* Oppressed before with multitude, and now with solitude; famished before with fasting, and now made a Ghost with watching: a wonder before to others, and now a wonder,

Verse 6

Verse 7



wonder to my selfe; and can any misery bee greater then this; that where fasting, and groaning, and watching, are each of them enough to breed a consumption, and to make a man miserable: I alas am the unhappy center where they all meete, and are joyned together.

I am indeed upon the house top; the title of my Kingdome is not taken from mee, but I am but as a Sparrow upon the house top; the force and dignity of it is, for I am left alone, all desolate and disconsolate; and not onely forsaken of my friends, but exposed to the scandall and violence of my enemies: I am kept watching, not more by privation of sleep, then by addition of care, as being alwaies in feare, because alwaies in danger of their malicious practises, and machinations. *For they reprobach mee all the day long: and they that are mad at me, are sworne against mee.* If I be where they are, they rayle at mee to my face; and if I be not amongst them, they revile mee behinde my backe: and they doe it not by starts and fits, that might give mee some breathing time; but they are spitting their poyson all the day long; and not single and one by one, that might leave hope of resisting: but they make combinations, and enter leagues against mee; and to make their leagues the stronger, and lesse subject to dissolving, they bind themselves by oath, and take the sacrament upon it. And now summe up all these miseries, and afflictions, begin with my fasting, then take my

my groaning, then adde my watching, then the shame of being wondred at in company, then the discomfort of sitting disconsolate alone; and lastly adde to these, the spight and malice of my enemies: and what mervaile then, if these miseries joyned all together, make mee altogether miserable: what mervaile, if I be nothing but skinne and bone, when no flesh that were wise, would ever stay upon a body, to endure such misery.

But though not a greater, yet I may truely say, a stranger misery then any of these is still behinde: *For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drinke with teares.* Strange indeed in any, but most of all in *David*, for was not *David* a King? and are ashes fit bread for a King to eate? yet so it is; if Kings will bee sinners, they must looke sometimes to fare no better. For if sinne bring not such a dearth upon them, yet Repentance will: and if it bee not enforced, it will at least be voluntary; or rather, the more it is voluntary, the more it is enforced: seeing there is no such violence, as that of the Will, which perhaps made Christ to say; *The Kingdome of Heaven is taken by violence.*

But though the bread indeed bee strange, yet not so strange as this; that having complained before of forgetting to eate his bread, hee should now on a suddaine fall to eating of ashes like bread. For had he not been better to have forgottē it stil, unles it had been more worth re-

Ee

membring?

Verse 9



membring? For there is not in Nature, so unfit a thing to eate as ashes: it is worse than *Nabuchodonozors* grasse, it is the last of all excrements; and cannot be resolved into worse, or lesse, than it is already: that one would wonder, how *David* was ever brought to eate so unnaturall a thing. It is true, many in hard sieges, have been constrained to eat very unnaturall and loathsome things: and can any siege be harder, than that with which *Sathan* cōpasseth us? But this act in *David* here, seemes not so much constrained, as to bee voluntary: and what then could make the eating of ashes bee voluntary in him? Is it, that having sinned through too much pampering his flesh, hee would now eate something most improper for nourishment; least nourishing his sinfull bodie, he should withall nourish his sinfulness: and therefore would mortifie his flesh, as a meanes thereby to mortifie sinne? Or is it, that hee therefore sayes, *He eat ashes like bread*; because through extreimity of sorrowing for his sin, his mouth was brought so out of taste, that hee found no more relish in bread, than hee should doe in ashes? Or is it, that where ashes are used as an externall signe of humiliation: hee thought it not enough for him, unlesse hee tooke them inwardly too? and so his eating of ashes, is but feeding upon repentance: but rather indeed as *Christ* sayd, it was meate to him, to doe his Fathers will: so it was bread to *David*, to repent in sackcloth and ashes.

And

And now if you thinke his bread to be bad, you will finde his drinke to be worse: *For he mingles his drinke with teares*: and what are teares, but brinish and salt humours? and is brine a fit liquour to quench ones thirst? may we not say here, the remedy is worse than the disease? for were it not better to endure any thirst, then to seek to quench it with such drinke? Is it not a pittifull thing, to have no drinke to put in the stomacke, but that which is drawne out of the eyes? and yet whose case is any better? No man certainly commits sinne, but with a designe of pleasure, but sinne will not be so committed: for whosoever commit sinne, let them be sure at some time or other, to finde a thousand times more trouble about it, then ever they found pleasure in it. For all sin is a kinde of surfet, and no way to keepe it from being mortall, but by this strict diet of eating ashes like bread, and mingling his drinke with teares. O my soule, if these be workes of repentance in *David*, where shall we finde a penitent in the world, besides himselfe: to talke of repentance is obvious in every ones mouth; but where is any that eates ashes like bread, and mingles his drinke with teares? Is it, that wee may repent as well in silke, as in sackcloth; and may be as good Penitents with the diet of *Dives*, as with that of *Lazarus*? Or is it, that *David* was more strict in his repentance, than he needed? O my soule, be not deceived, for who better knew the Penitents dyet than St.



*Paul*: yet he used himselfe in the like case; no other bread then *Dauids* ashes; no other drink then mingled with his teares: and indeed without observing this diet, there will be found no great good in Repentance; because to say the truth, no good repentance.

But if eating of ashes were voluntarie in *David*, why should he complaine, and reckon it amongst his miseries? for who would be willing to bee miserable, if hee might avoid it? Indeed Penitence is a pennance, and Penitence is voluntary, Pennance a misery: and so he endures a misery by choice, to avoid the enduring of miseries by constraint. O the hard estate of wretched man, that where nothing is miserable but that which crosses the Will, hee should bee brought to crosse his will, to avoid being miserable; and have no remedy for his misery, but misery: yet so it is, and so wee must doe; for if it be true in the body, *Dolor est medicina doloris*; it is no lesse true in the soule, the paine of Pennance, cures the paine of sinne; but this is the comfort, that the misery wee endure, is tolerable, where the misery wee avoid, is most intollerable.

Verse 10

These are miserable effects indeed: and yet the cause worse, the *quo* is grievous, but the *unde*, more: for I suffer these things, *because of thine indignation, O God, and by reason of thy wrath*. Alas, O Lord, if I could suffer these miseries, if a thousand times more than these, and with them retaine thy love, and enjoy thy favour:

favour: Not onely I would suffer them with patience, but I should suffer them with comfort; but to suffer them, and with them to suffer the wrath of thy displeasure: This puts me into extasie of impatience, and makes mee capable of no ease, of no hope of ease, of no meanes of hope, of no possibility of meanes, of not so much as the least degree of possibilitie.

*For thou hast lifted me up, and cast me downe:* If thou hadst never lifted mee up, I should never have beene sensible of casting downe: If I had never tasted of happinesse, I should not now finde in misery a grievance; but to have beene lifted up, and now to bee cast downe, to have enjoyed thy favour, and now to feelee thy displeasure; to have beene happy, and now to bee miserable: *Fuisse felicem, Miserimum est.* We that never were in Paradise, thinke this world a pleasant living; but *Adam* that was in it, though but a while, found quickly the difference between a Pallace and a Prison. If the Angels that fell, had never beene in Heaven, they would not be so sensible of their being in Hell: but now the very sense of their falling from thence, is it selfe a greater Hell unto them, then that which is locall.

And yet the *unde* neither, makes mee not so miserable, as the *Per quem*: Not so grievous to mee, from whence, as by whom. No aggravation of unkindnesse could better bee exprest, then was done by him that sayd, *Etenim*



*mi Fili?* and is it not as great an aggravation for mee to say, *Et tu mi Pater?* Thou to cast mee downe, that hadst lifted mee up? Thou to bring mee to hide my selfe in a hole, who hadst raised mee up to sit on a Throne? Thou to bee the sword to strike mee, that hadst alwaies beene my buckler to defend mee?

But why, O my soule shouldst thou take this so unkindly at Gods hands? Is his lifting up a signe alwaies of his favour? Is his casting downe, a token alwaies of his anger? No my soule, hee casts downe as often in his Mercy, as in his Anger: He lifts up as often in his anger, as in his Mercy; both of them in his intention, of equall goodnesse, though not to our sense of equall relish: He lifteth up often to try our humility; and he casteth downe often to try our patience: and are not Patience and Humilitie good exercises both? and in both of them hee intends our good: and therefore in both of them, good cause to praise him. O mercifull God, though lifting up bee most pleasing, casting downe most offensive to Nature; yet I had infinitely rather thou shouldst cast mee downe in kindnesse, then lift mee up in displeasure; cast mee downe, and give mee Patience, then lift mee up, and not give mee Humility.

Yet see the force of unkindnesse, but rather indeed of guiltinesse: for I cannot thinke thee to do that in anger, which my finnes have provoked thine anger to doe; I cannot but thinke thy casting me downe, to bee a worke of thy  
wrath,

wrath; who knowes that the lifting mee up, was a fruit of thy favour: this feare of thine anger, this guiltinesse of my sinne; O these are the things, that have turned even Nature from her byace, and have made my soule besides it selfe: These are the things that have made mee to eate ashes like bread, and to mingle my drinke with teares; through these it is, *That my dayes are as a shadow that declineth, and that I am withered like to grasse.*

Verse II

A shadow in its best estate, is a thing in appearance rather then in being; but when it declines, it is an appearance that scarce appears: and such alas are my dayes; they rather seeme to bee, then are when they are at the best; but now are so fretted with the canker of sinne, and with the blast of thine anger, that they seeme to have lost that very seeming. For thou, O God, art the *Antiquus Dierum*, the Antient of dayes; by whose onely aspect, my daies have their being: and how then can they chuse but decline as a shadow, when thou turnest away thy face, that art their substance? Alas, O Lord, my dayes are but as a shadow to the sunne, and the sunne it selfe, but a shadow to thee; and how then can my daies chuse but decline as a shadow, when they are in truth but the shadow of a shadow? Thou, O God, art the *Antiquus Dierum*, the Antient of daies, more antient then dayes; for dayes were never till the sunne was made; and the sunne was never, till the Light was made. But thou, O  
God



Verse 12

God, art a Sunne to thy selfe, and wert in full brightnesse, before *Fiat Lux*, any light was ever talkt of. And as thou art more Antient then dayes, before dayes were; so thou art more lasting then dayes, when dayes shall be no more: for, dayes can bee no longer, then there is Sunne; and the Sunne can be no longer than there are Heavens: and the Heavens wax old as doth a garment; and that which waxeth old, must needs at last come to an end, so there will at last bee an end of the Heavens; and with them, of the Sunne, and with that of the dayes of man: *But thou, O Lord, endurest for ever, and thy remembrance to all generations.* But what? no longer then to all generations? how then can it bee Eternall? seeing generations continue no longer then the World continues; and who knowes not, that the World shall have an end; and so by this reckoning, his remembrance should have an end too? But is there not an Eternall generation, of which it is sayd, *Hodie genui te?* This day have I begotten thee? and of whom it is sayd, that of his Kingdome there shall be no end? although what need wee goe so high; for if wee aske the Hebrewes the extent of this phrase, they will tell us; that to say to all generations, is as much as to say, to all Eternitie.

But what good is it to mee, that Gods daies have no shadow of declining, if my dayes decline as a shadow? What good to mee, that his remembrance bee to all generations; if my heart

heart wither, and be not durable one generation? O my soule, though my heart be withered as Grasse, yet God is a fountaine of Life, and can make a new spring in my heart at his pleasure. And as I am sure he can do it, so I am confident he will do it: for *Hee will arise, and have mercy upon Sion*; and in Sion upon mee as a member of Sion: for this is that precious oyntment upon the head, that ran downe to the beard, even to *Aarons* beard, that went downe to the skirts of his garments: and one of the skirts of *Aarons* garments am I, upon whom thou wilt bee pleased, O God, to poure downe this precious oyntment of thy Mercy, from the head, which is Christ.

Verse 13

But how is it, that God is sayd to arise? is it to rise from sleepe? but he that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers nor sleepes. Is it to rise from being downe? for hee hath placed his Tabernacle in the Sunne, and the Sun indeed, both riseth and goeth down: yet God is alwaies above the highest Heavens, and how then can hee bee sayd to rise? When God meant to shew his wrath upon *Sadome*: it is sayd, he descended; but we conceive he descended not in place, but he descended from his Mercy to his Iustice: and when he meanes to shew his Mercy, he may as well be sayd to rise; not at all in place, but from his Iustice, to his Mercy: or rather indeed, he must then bee sayd to rise, seeing his Mercy-seate is the highest part of all his Arke, and no comming



to it, without rising. And now he is meaning to shew mercy unto Sion, and therefore now he rises: *For, the time to favour Sion, is come, yea the set time is come.*

Sion hath beene long enough under the hand of justice, long enough in affliction; it is time now to favour Sion, and to let her taste of Mercy: for thou wilt not, O God, bee alwaies angry, thou wilt not make thee a Mercy-seate, and then not use it. No, my soule, but God that made Time, knowes best when to take his time; hee will shew Mercy, but not till the time bee fit to shew it; hee will take off his plaisters, but not till the sore bee healed; hee will remove his judgements, but not till repentance is perfected: and the time of these things, are all set down in Gods decree; farre more unalterable then any Law of the *Medes*, and *Persians*. And though there be some so foolish to thinke, that all things happen in this inferiour world by chance, or at least by the conduct of our owne reason; and that God hath no hand at all in the Oeconomy and disposing of humane affaires; yet it is a truth undoubted, that nothing comes to passe, or is done in the world (you would wonder I should say, not the lighting of a Sparrow upon the ground) without the Providence of the Almighty God.

God indeed is alwaies mercifull, yet doth not alwaies shew his Mercy; not alwaies to Sion her selfe: and what mervaille then, if not alwaies

waisto mee ; who can looke for no Mercy, but as a member of Sion. If Sion were pure Gold, and had no drosse in it, then indeed it should not neede the Furnace: Or if it were cleane Iron, and had no rust upon it, then it should not need the File: but seeing it is as Iron that gathers rust, and as Gold not thoroughly refined; no remedy now, but the File and the Furnace must sometimes be used: yet this File and this Furnace have their prefixed time, in which it may be sayd; *The time to favour Sion is come, yea, the set time is come.* Sion was once carried into Babylon, and there suffered the File and the Furnace many yeares, but was there not a period prefixed in which it was said, *The time to favour Sion is come, yea, the set time is come?* But the greatest affliction that ever Sion endured, was under Sathan, which continued many Ages: Yet this captivity had a period prefixed, in which it was sayd, *The time to favour Sion is come, yea, the set time is come.* And though these set times of favouring or afflicting Sion be *Inter Arcana Dei*, known onely to God; yet God hath never kept them so secret in his bosome, but that he hath afforded signes preceding, or accompanying, to make them visible, and in which it may be said, *The time to favour Sion is come, yea, the set time is come*, of which signes, this specially one, *That thy servants, O God, take a pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.* For was it not so in the affliction of Sion in Babilon? Did



not *Nehemias*, and other thy servants, take a pleasure in the stones of Sion, when so cheerfully they reedified the Temple of *Hierusalem*, that lay buried before in ruines and heapes of dust? Was it not so, in the captivity of Sion, under Sathan, when the Stone which the builders refused, became the Head stone of the corner? And may not wee our selves at this present time, hope for some favour to our Sion, seeing thy servants, O God, take a pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof? for what else doth the worke shew, which is now in hand, to reedefie the prime Temple of our Nation, and I may say the glory of our Sion, that wanted little of utter demolishing, and falling into dust and ruine; but that thou hast put it into the hearts of thy servants, to take a pleasure in her stones, and to favour her dust?

*Verse 15*

As long as Sion is afflicted, and her stones neglected, the Heathen will never believe there is any other God, besides their owne Idolls: and the Kings of the earth will magnifie themselves, and say, where is God, or what is the Lord, that wee should feare him? But if thou vouchsafe to have mercy upon Sion, and to make thy servants have a pleasure in her stones: *Then will the Heathen fall to scorne their Idolls, and will feare thy Name:* and then will the Kings of the earth leave magnifying themselves, to magnifie thee, and thy glorious Name.

Though Sion bee afflicted, and her stones  
neg-

neglected, yet *Israelites* no doubt, will feare thy Name still, for the workes thou hast done in the dayes of their fathers, and in the old time before them: and common people perhaps will feare thee, for the feare of thy thunder, and of the terrours that are scene in Heaven: but if thou have mercy upon Sion, and build up the walls thereof; then both Iew and Gentile, both Prince and People, will all joyn together, to magnifie thee, and thy glorious Name: and then it will bee verified to Sion; *Kings shall be thy nursing Fathers, and Queenes thy nursing Mothers:* and thy Name shall bee great, both with great and small.

Who knowes not, O God, that Sion is thy beloved, and that her stones are thy jewells; and therefore in suffering her disgrace, thou sufferest as it were, disgrace thy selfe: but if thou vouchsafe to have mercy upon Sion, that her stones may be counted precious stones, and her dust sweet powder; then her honour will bring honour to thee, and in her glory, thou wilt thy selfe appeare glorious. *For when the Lord shall build up Sion, hee shall appeare in his glory.*

But doth the building up of Sion adde any thing to Gods glory? was not his glory as great before the building up of Sion, as it hath beene since? and if as great, why not as apparent? No doubt, God is in his glory, alwaies equally, but appeares not alwaies equally. Our eyes are too dimme sighted to see his glory, as



it is; but to see it in his workes, he hath made us capable, and if in his workes, then most in his most glorious worke, which is Sion: and if in Sion, then most when Sion is builded up: for then in the perfection of the worke, wee shall see the perfection of the workman; and seeing it, admire him, and admiring him, glorifie him. When did God shew his glory to *Moses*, but then when hee had given him the Law, and had ordained *Aaron* and his sonnes, to bee his Priests; which was the first visible building up of Sion? And when did Christ appeare most in his glory, but at his transfiguration; when hee had ordained his Apostles, and given his Commandement, which was the second visible building up of Sion? But when God shall build up Sion to the fullest heighth, then indeed hee will appeare in his glory, such as we are not able to behold; but hee must bee faine to put us into the cleft of a Rocke, when it passeth by. Or is it that the building up of Sion adds nothing to Gods glory, nor perhaps to the appearance of his glory: but his great love to Sion appeares in this, that when hee builds up Sion, he will then bee pleased to appeare in his glory, the more to honour Sion?

How ever it bee, it seemes God shall gaine much by building up of Sion, for he shall then appeare in his glory, but what shall wee our selves get by it? O my soule, exceeding much:

*Verse 17*

*For he will then regard the prayer of the destitute,*  
and

and not despise their prayer: hee will then give care to the suites of the poore, and not reject their supplications. But who will believe this? Is it likely, that when God is in his glory, hee will intend such meane things as hearkening to the poore? Can it stand with the honour of his glory, to stand reading Petitions, and specially of men that come in *Forma pauperis*? scarce credible indeed with men, who raised in honour, keepe a distance from the poore; and count it a degree of falling to looke downwards: but credible enough with God, who counts it his glory to regard the inglorious, and being the most High, yet looks as low, as to the lowest, and favours them most, who are most despised. And this did Christ after his Transfiguration, when he had appeared in his glory; he then shewed acts of greatest humility, hee then washed the Disciples feet, and made *Peter* as much wonder to see his humbleness, as he had done before to see his glory. In truth, humbleness is a stately vertue, and cannot be but in Persons of state. A poore man may be proud, but he cannot in some sence be said to be humble; have the heart of humbleness hee may, but not the face, for this is to stoope below his fortune: and let a poore man stoope as low as hee can, hee seemes but leuell with his fortune still. And here wee may observe, that it is not the glory of God, that need make us afraid, or can make us unfit to present our suits unto him our selves, without a spoksmen



Verse 18

man to present them for us; seeing the baser we are that pray, the readier he is to heare our prayers, and the more inglorious wee are that appeare, the more his glory appeares in hearkening to us. *And this shall bee written for the generations to come; and the people that shall bee created, shall praise the Lord:* This shall bee written for a memoriall; Not left to the unfaithfull custody of words, which commonly vanish as soone as they are uttered; but bee written in a booke, and with the Pen of a Diamond; that all People both present and to come; all men, both created at first by thy power, and then created againe by thy grace, may take notice of this graciousnesse in thee, so farre differing from the wayes of the world, so farre excelling the courses of men; that for this, we have just cause to say; All glory, All glory and honour be unto thee, O God, who vouchsafest to heare, whom the proud world despiseth; who art pleased to regard the destitute, whom vaine man leaves destitute of all regard. *For, thou hast looked downe from the heighth of thy Sanctuary, from Heaven, O Lord, didst thou behold the earth; to heare the groaning of the Prisoner, and to loose those that are appointed to death.* One would thinke it should bee some great matter, that makes God to looke downe from the heighth of his Sanctuary, into this vale of misery; that makes him leave the glorious objects of Heaven, to looke upon wormes that are crawling on the earth: and yet

Verse 19

Verse 20

yet the worke not so great, but the motive is as small; for hee lookes not downe, as men looke downe into the bowels of the earth, to looke for Mynes of Gold and Silver: Alas, all that moves him to looke downe, is to heare the groaning of the Prisoner, and to loose those that are appointed to death. And is not this an incredible thing, that hee should leave the blessed objects of Heaven, for the wretched objects upon earth: the heighth of his Sanctuary, for this Vale of misery; the musicke of Angells, for the groaning of Prisoners? But such is the wonderfull love (a love never enough to be admired, never possible to be conceived) of God towards man; that it is motive enough to draw him from one end of the world to another. If he do but heare that man is in misery, or suffers affliction; for then hee neither regards the blessednesse of place, nor the gloriousnesse of persons; hee neither regards the pleasing objects of his eye, nor the sweete delights of his eare, but is content to forbear them all, onely to come and relieve this unworthy creature; so little deserving it, as not desiring it; so little thanking him for it, as scarce so much as once thinking of it. And now, O my soule, say, whether Gods love to man, or mans ungratefullnesse to God, bee greater?

But is mans Redemption no greater a worke but that it may bee done by Gods looking downe? Is there no more adoe about it, but

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that it may bee performed with a looke? with a looke indeed, as God lookes: for he so looked downe from Heaven, that hee bowed the Heavens and came downe himselfe: he broke open the Prison doore, hee pluckt off the Prisoners chaines, hee left the Iaylour himselfe bound, hee led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men, and all this he did for his love to man: If I may not rather say, all this hee did, for love to his Mercy. As a Merchant travells to the farthest parts of the world, onely for the love hee beares to his profit: so God seemes to travell from Heaven to earth, onely for the love he beares to his Mercy. For Heaven is not so fit a place; the Angells not so fit persons, in which, and on which he can shew his mercy at the full: it must bee some miserable place that can serve for a stage: they must bee some miserable Persons that can serve for the subjects of shewing his Mercy; and what place more miserable then a Prison? what Persons more miserable, then those that are appointed to death?

But is it so strange a matter, that a looke of God should effect Redemption? Did hee not make the World with a word; and might hee not as well Redeeme the World with a looke? Did not Christ Redeeme *Peter* with onely a look, when after his denying and forswearing; Christs onely looking backe upon him, made him presently to goe out, and to weepe bitterly? And why not as easily done by Gods looking

king on us, as by our looking on him? and was it not a present cure, but onely too looke upon the Brazen serpent? Was not this *Zacharies* Prophecie? Hee hath visited and Redeemed his People, but onely visited, did but looke, and Redemption presently.

But to what end is all this done? to what end hath God looked downe from Heaven, to set man at liberty? Is it to this end, that hee may Revell it againe, as he had done before? and that hee may commit new finnes, to deserve new chaines? God forbid; it is all done to this end, that being freed from our enemies, wee may serve him without feare; *That wee may declare his Name in Sion, and his praise in Hierusalem.* But are Sion and Hierusalemia circuit sufficient, for declaring of Gods name? Alas Sion is but a little Hill, and Hierusalem but one Citie; and can so small an extent bee capable of so great a worke, as praying of Gods Name? It is true, *Dauids* Sion is but a Hill, but Gods Sion is the whole World: *Dauids* Hierusalem is but one City, but Gods Hierusalem is Heaven and earth. There was a time indeed when the declaring of Gods Name was confined to Sion; but that was under the Law which was given in *Sinai*. There was a time when the praying of God was included within Hierusalem; but that was when all sacrifices to God were to bee offered onely in Hierusalem: but we have now a Law, the sound whereof is gone out into all Nations;

Verse 21



we have now a sacrifice that was slaine before the foundations of the World: and therefore now it shall no longer bee sayd, The Lord liveth that founded Sion, and built the walls of Hierusalem; but the Lord liveth that made the Heavens and the earth, the Sea and all that in them is; and now the whole earth is full of the Majesty of his Glory: that now wee may put Sathan from his walke of compassing the earth, and compass it our selves, in declaring of Gods Name, and in shewing forth his praise. And O let mee never, O God, live out halfe my dayes, if I fayle of this duty, and performe not this service.

*Verse 22*

*Verse 23*

*Verse 24*

But see what comes of hasty vowes? for while I sayd thus within my selfe, *And as the people were gathered together, and the Kingdomes of the earth to serve the Lord,* and I preparing my selfe to bee amongst them; as if God had heard mee, and tooke mee at my word; *Hee weakened my strength in the way,* and surprized me with so dangerous a sicknes, as if he meant to shorten my dayes; and made mee to turne my note, from praising him for my freedome, to pray him for my life: that I sayd, *O my God, take mee not away in the midst of my dayes,* spare mee to fulfill my course; that I may at least have time to performe my vowes unto thee: Would any Traveller that hath a dayes journey to goe, bee willing to make an end of his journey at Noon? and why then wilt thou make mee to end my journey of life, in the midst of my

my dayes, which is but the Noone of my life? Alas, O Lord, I have spent all the forenoone of my life so idely, or rather so illy; that I now desire to live, in hope to make a better afternoones worke. But why should *David* doe this? for who knowes not, that the latter part of life, is alwaies the worst? for then *Subeunt morbi tristisq; senectus*, Worst indeed for the body, but best for the soule. For in the cold of this Age, comes the fire of devotion to be made in the heart: all the forepart of life, is commonly spent in the fire of concupiscence, and all that time there is no roome in the heart for the fire of devotion: For the heart, God knowes, is too small a hearth to have two fires made upon it at once. And therefore, O God, take mee not away in the midst of my dayes; that the fire of concupiscence being first quenched in mee, I may live to have the fire of devotion kindled in my heart before I dye.

But how can one be taken away in the midst of his dayes, seeing when so ever he is taken away, it is the end of his dayes? Hath man any more dayes to reckon his, then God is pleased to allow him? But is it not that *David* speakes according to the naturall proportion of mens living of which in another place hee saith, *The yeares of man are threescore and ten*: and so many indeed did *David* live, and by that is sayd here, may seeme at this time to have beene about the midst of those yeares? Or was it, that he calls it the midst of his daies,



because as in the midst of the day, is the greatest heate, so hee was now perhaps in the greatest heate of his sinne? and in this sense indeed hee had just cause to pray to God, not to take him away in the midst of his dayes. For what were this, but as if God should take advantage of his sinnes against him, and take him away, when hee were most of all out of the way, and most unfit to be taken away? But is this good manners in *David*, to appoint God the time, when hee should take him away; as though God knew not the fittest time when to take him away himselfe? O my soule, it is not so meant; but *David* knowing his dayes to bee alwaies in the hands of God, but his Repentance not alwaies in his owne hands; he humbly prays God, not to take him away in the midst of his dayes; but in his great mercy, to afford him a longer time of Repentance: and yet this neither, not so much for his owne good, as for Gods glory: for what glory can a workman have, if hee leave his worke imperfect? and will hee not leave it imperfect, if he take him away in the midst of his dayes, which is the midst of his worke? If he take him away then; hee may perhaps take away *Saul* a Persecutour; where if he left him to finish out his dayes, he might take him away *Paul* a Martyr. O how happy are they who in the midst of their dayes, can make an end of their daies; and who make no distinction of their daies, by beginning or middle, but count every day  
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the ending: For if it bee one of the greatest follies in man, that *Semper incipit vivere*; certainly, it is one of the greatest wisdomes in man, that *Semper incipit mori*; for then, at what time of his dayes so ever it shall please God to take him away, it can never be said, he is taken away in the midst of his daies.

The shortest time to the longest time, hath some proportion; for the shortest time multiplied, will come at last to make the longest time: but the longest time to Eternity, hath no proportion; for, multiplied never so often, it can never come to bee Eternall: and that which hath no proportion to a thing, is to that thing as nothing: and thus my dayes, though they were as many as the dayes of *Methuselah*; yet to thee, O God, that art Eternall, would be as nothing. And alas then, O Lord, what is the living out my dayes to thee, who livest for ever? My life, is but a life of dayes, and of daies that decline as a shadow; but thy life, is a life of yeares, and of yeares that endure throughout all generations.

Nor is it, any immortality of this body of mine, in the state I am now in, that I desire; for then I should desire to have more, then the earth and the Heavens themselves have: for the earth is of an old date indeed, *And the foundation of it layd by thee*, who usest to lay no weake foundations: Yet it shall not alwaies continue; and the Heavens are the worke of thy hands, which are wont to make strong worke

Verse 25



Verse 27

worke indeed; yet it shall not alwaies endure: Nothing but thy selfe is so lasting, to bee everlasting. *They all shall perish*, though not absolutely, yet waxe old as a garment; and then as thy Wardrobe is not without change of garments, they shall at last bee changed: and according to the condition of changing garments, a better shall bee had for a worse: but whether the stuffe it selfe, or but the fashion onely shall bee changed, is a depth I dare not dive into: yet this perhaps wee may conceive, that seeing our bodies shall bee raised up spirituall Bodies; there shall no doubt, bee such Heavens, and such an earth, as is most proportionable, for receiving of such bodies: *Thou onely, O God, art alwaies the same*, and no change, nor shadow of change, in thee at all; Thou onely art perfect, and canst not bee bettered, Thou onely Eternall, and canst not bee impaired: Thou onely one alone, and canst not bee changed; and therefore of thee onely, and of thy glory, it can bee truely sayd, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

It is a decree from the Beginning, *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*, Doomesday reacheth to all; not onely all men, but all creatures under Heaven, Man and Beast; the earth and the Heavens themselves, all subject to this Doome of dying, at least of ending, which is a dying in their kinde. And now, O my soule, shall I bee so greedy of life, as that

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it should trouble me: *Mundo mecum pereunte mori?* to die, when the World it selfe dies? Alas, I desire not to live for the Worlds sake, which I know must die as well as my selfe: I desire to live for his sake, who lives for ever. If God were subject to ending, as the World is: I should no more desire to live for his sake, then now I doe for the Worlds sake: but seeing his Remembrance is to all generations, and of his Kingdome there shall bee no end? This makes mee I cannot chuse but say with *Peter*; *Bonum est esse hic*, it is good staying here with God, so good, as nothing good without it, nothing good besides it; all things else, not onely vanity, because they must end; but worse then vanity, because vexation of spirit.

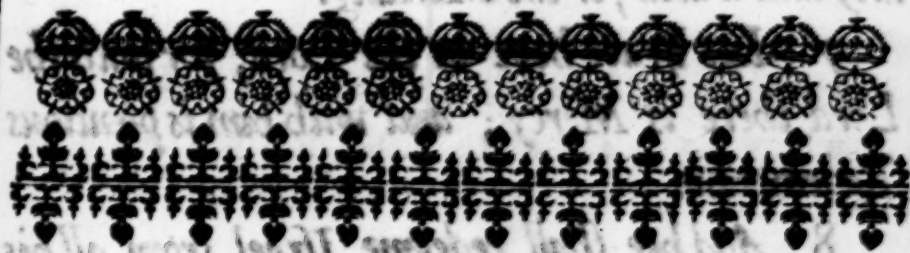
And I cannot thinke this desire of mine displeasing to God, seeing hee seemes to second mee, in desiring as much himselfe: For why else, would hee make *the Children of his servants to continue, and their seed to bee established before him?* Why would hee promise perpetuity to their seed: If it were not good that hee should, if hee thought it not good, that he would performe it?

But why to the Children of his servants? O my soule, was it sayd, *The Fathers did eat soure grapes, and the Childrens teeth were set on edge;* and shall it not as well bee sayd, *The Fathers did the service, and the Children receive the wages?* and what? the Fathers that did the service, to receive none? Yes my soul,



so bountifull a Master is God, that his wages are not onely personall, but continued to Posteritie. Did *Cham* see his Fathers nakednesse, and *Canaan* was cursed; and shall *Abram* sacrifice his sonne, and not his seed bee blessed? But then they must be Children, not so much by generation as by imitation; not so much from their loynes, as from their lines and lessons: and more then this perhaps, for though they can doe no worke, yet they shall have wages *In fide Parentum*. And this wages continued not to the Children of one generation, but God sheweth this Mercy to thousand generations of them that love him, and keepe his Commandements: and least a thousand generations should bee thought too little; here is an enlarging of their Patent: *Their seed shall bee established before God*; and what is this, but to bee for ever?

O the follie of the World, that seekes to make Perpetuities to their houses by devises in the Law, which may perhaps reach to continue their estates; but can it reach to continue their seed; It may entaile land to their Heires, but can it entaile Heires to their lands? No, God knowes: This is a Perpetuity of onely Gods making, a priviledge of onely Gods servants: *For the Children of his servants shall continue, and their seed shall bee established before him*; but that any others shall continue, is no part of *Dauids* warrant.



THE  
HVNDERED  
THIRTIE  
PSALME.



*O* of the depths have I cried to thee,  
O Lord.

2 Lord heare my voice ; let  
thine ears be attentive to the voice  
of my supplication.

3 If thou, Lord, shouldst marke iniquities ; O  
Lord who should stand ?

4 But there is Mercie with thee that thou  
maist bee feared.

5 I waite for the Lord, my soule doth waite ;  
and in his word doe I hope.

6 My soule waiteth for the Lord, more then  
they that watch for the Morning ; I say, more then



they that watch for the Morning.

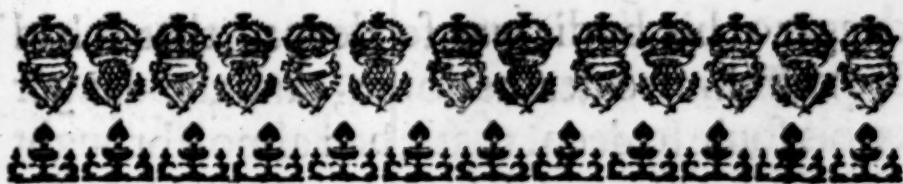
7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is Mercy; and with him is plentious Redemption.

8 And hee shall redeeme Israel from all his iniquities.



Medita-





# MEDITATIONS

and Disquisitions upon  
the 130. *Psalme.*

**V**Ho would thinke, but it were *Io-*  
*nas* that is speaking here? for  
 hee indeed was in one depth in  
 the Whales belly, and in ano-  
 ther depth, in the bottome of  
 the Sea, and might therefore justly have sayd,  
*Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O God:*  
 But what is this my soul, to *David*, or to thee?  
 for neither hee was, nor thou, God be thanked  
 art in either of these depths; and what depths  
 then for either him or thee, out of which to  
 cry to God? But is there not a depth of sin?  
 and a depth of misery by reason of sinne? and  
 a depth of sorrow by reason of misery? In all  
 which, both *David* was, and I, God helpe  
 mee, am deeply plunged; and are not these  
 depths enough, out of which to cry? And  
 yet perhaps none of these depths that *David*  
 means: but there are depths of danger, a dan-  
 ger of bodie, and a danger of soule: and out

*Verse 1*



of these, it seemes that *David* cried: for the danger of his bodie was so deepe, that it had brought him to deaths doore; and the danger of his soule so deep, that it had almost brought him to the gates of despaire: and had hee not just cause then to say, *Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O God?* And yet there is a depth besides these, that must helpe to lift us out of these; a depth of devotion, without which depth, our crying out of other depths, will never bee heard. For devotion is a fire that puts a heate into our crying, and carries it up into *Cælum Empyream*, the Heaven of fire, where God himselfe is. And now joyne all these depths together; The depth of sinne, of Misery, of Sorrow; the depth of Danger, and the depth of Devotion: and then tell me, if *David* had not; If I have not, as just cause as ever *Jonas* had, to say; *Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O God.*

Indeed, to cry out of the depths, hath many considerable circumstances to move God to heare: It acknowledgeth his infinite power, when no distance can hinder his assistance; It presents our owne faith, when no extremitie can weaken our hope; It magnifies Gods goodnesse, when hee, the most High, regards the most low; It expresseth our owne earnestnesse; seeing crying out of depths, must needs bee a deepe cry: and if each of these single be motive sufficient to move God to heare; how strong must the motive needs bee, when they are

are all united? and united they are all in crying out of the depths: and therefore now that I cry to thee out of the depths, bee moved, O God; in thy great Mercy be moved, to heare my voice.

It is cause enough for God, not to heare some, because they doe not cry; cause enough not to heare some that cry, because not out of the depths: but when crying, and out of the depths are joyned together; it was never knowne that ever God refused to heare; and therefore now that I cry to thee, out of the depths; bee pleased, O God, in thy great mercie bee pleased, to heare my voice.

But could *David* being in such depths, find no fitter bodie to cry to, then to cry to God, who is in such a heighth? might hee not better for the danger of his bodie, have cried to his physician; and for the danger of his soule, to his ghostly father, who were neere about him; hence cry to God, who was so farre off? O my soule, if God bee farre off, who can bee neere that is able to helpe? what strength is in the arme of man, if Gods hand bee not joyned to it? God may bee pleased, and oftentimes is, to use these for his instruments: but if Gods hand bee not the first mover, and set them a working: Alas, of themselves they are altogether unactive, and of no operation. And therefore out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord, to thee, and to no other: *Lord, heare my voice*. I doubt not of thy power to heare my



my voice, who I know art able to heare my silence; I onely doubt of thy will: *Seeing thou doest whatsoever thou wilt, in heaven & in earth:* And I doubt not of thy will neither, to heare Prayer; seeing prayer is the most acceptable sacrifice that can bee offered to thee; I doubt onely of thy will to heare my prayer, seeing I am one of polluted lippes, and thou endurest nothing that is unclean. Yet I have some hope in my heart, seeing thou lovest the heart; and my prayer comming from thence, I may hope at least, that for my hearts sake, thou wilt bee gracious to mee, and heare my prayer. But alas, my heart is not cleaner then my lips; or rather, it is the uncleannesse of my heart, that makes my lips polluted: and what hopethen of thy hearing my prayer, when my lips that deliver it, and my heart that sends it, are both of them unclean? And art thou not now, O my soule in a greater depth, then ever *Ionas* was? a depth out of which thou canst never bee heard cry, unlesse thou call to Heaven for another depth to helpe thee: that *Abyssus* may *Abyssum vocare*, one depth may call upon another: for Heaven hath its depth too: as it is sayd, *Cælumq; profundum*, the depth of Gods mercy: and this is the depth that onely can make our cry to bee heard out of all other depths: And therefore out of this depth of thy mercie, be pleased, O God, to encline thine eare, *and to heare my voice.* But when thou hearest my voice, O heare it not, as thou didst

didst see *Cains* sacrifice; see it, and not regard it; heare it, and not attend it: *But let thy eares bee attentive to the voice of my supplication?* for then I know thou canst not but commiserate my estate; for the voice of my supplication, is an humble voice, and thou givest grace to the humble: it is a complaining voice, and thou art pittifull to men in misery: it is a groaning voice, and thou delightest in a contrite heart: O therefore, *Let thine eares bee attentive to the voice of my supplication*, but let not thine eyes bee intentive to the stainses of my sinne: For, *If thou, Lord shouldst marke iniquities; O Lord, who should stand, or who should bee able to abide it?* Did not the Angells fall, when thou markedst their follies? Can flesh which is but dust, be cleane before thee; when the Starres, which are of a farre purer substance, are not? Can any thing bee cleane in thy sight, which is not as cleane as thy sight? and can any cleanness bee equall to thine? Alas, O Lord, wee are neither Angells nor Starres, and how then can wee stand, when those fell? how can wee bee cleane, when these bee impure? If thou shouldst mark what is done amisse, there would bee marking worke enough for thee, as long as the World lasts: for almost what action of man is free, if from staine of sinne; at least, from defect of Righteousnesse? O therefore, marke not any thing in me, O God, that I have done; but marke that onely in mee, which thou hast done thy selfe: marke in mee thine

Verse 3.



Own Image: and then thou maist looke upon mee, and yet say still, as once thou saydst, *Erant omnia valde bona.*

But how vaine is this thought? as though God, who sees all things, should not see sins? or as though sins were such slight things with him, that hee could passe them over, and not marke them? Is there inadvertency, or connivence in God, that either hee should not see iniquities, or seeing them, should not observe them; or observing them, should winke at them? Alas, my soule, I desire not that his eye which seeth all things, should not see them: I desire not that his Wisedome which observeth all things, should not observe them; I onely desire, that his Iustice which censures all things, should not censure them: for his censuring, is the marking that I am afraid of: and if of this marking, O God, thou wilt bee pleased to excuse mee; neither thy seeing my iniquities, with thy All-seeing eye, nor thy observing them with thy All-knowing wisdom, shall ever hurt mee.

It seemes we do not stand, but because God doth not marke: *for if hee should marke what is done amisse, who were able to stand?* and therefore our standing is not by any affirmative in our selves, but onely by a Negative in God. Hee markes not our falls; and not marking them, imputes them not; and our falls not imputed, wee are reputed to stand. Oh then deny me not this Negative, O God, not to mark what

what I doe amisse; or if needs it must bee an affirmative, let it bee in him, of whom thou hast affirmed, that in him thou art well pleased.

But if God should not marke what wee doe amisse, wee indeed should stand, but then his feare would fall: for who would feare him that markes not what wee doe? O my soule, his mercy will supply that feare; for his not marking, is out of his mercy: *And there is Mercy with him, that hee may bee feared.* O blessed Mercy, that preserves the feare that is due to Gods Iustice; and yet keepes iniquities from being marked by his Iustice: O happy feare, that stands more in awe of Gods Mercy, then of his Iustice; and is more exercised in not committing of sinnes, then in considering the punishment that is due to our sinnes.

But is not this a mistaking in *David*, to say, *there is Mercy with God, that hee may be feared:* all one, as to say, there is severity with him, that hee may bee loved? for if wee cannot love one for being severe; how should wee feare him for being mercifull? Should it not therefore have beene rather sayd, There is Iustice with thee that thou maist bee feared? seeing it is iustice that strikes a terrour, and keepes in awe; Mercy breeds a boldnesse, and boldnesse cannot stand with feare, and therefore not feare with mercy. But is there not I may say, an Active feare, not to offend God, as well as a Passive feare, for having offended



him? and with Gods mercy may well stand the Active feare, though not so well perhaps the Passive feare, which is incident properly to his Iustice.

There is a common errour in the world, to think wee may be the bolder to sinne, because God is mercifull: but O my soule take heed of this Errour, for Gods mercy is to no such purpose: it is not to make us bold but to make us feare: the greater his mercy is, the greater ought our feare to be: *for there is mercy with him that he may bee feared*: that unlesse we feare hee may chuse whither hee will be mercifull or no: or rather wee may be sure hee will not be merciful; seeing hee hath mercy for none, but for them that feare him; and great reason; for to whome should mercy shew it selfe, but to them that need it; and if wee thinke wee need it: wee will certainly feare. O therefore most Gracious God, make mee to feare thee, that thou mayest be mercifull to mee; but rather, be mercifull to mee that I may feare thee: for as thou wilt not be mercifull to mee, unlesse I feare thee: so I cannot feare thee, unlesse thou first be mercifull to me.

Indeed Mercy I may say keepes state: and hath Feare attendant upon her, to say truly, more then Iustice: for feare would never wayt upon Iustice if it were not for punishment; where it wayts upon mercy for very love. The feare that attends Iustice, is a servile Feare; and wayts not but constrained & as it were in chains:

The

The free and Noble feare is never seen waiting but upon mercy. For Mercy breeds Reverence, where the rigour of justice breeds but stubbornnesse; and if justice perhaps have the Knee of Feare; yet none but mercy hath hir heart. Neither yet is mercy so at a beck, and so easily won as some perhaps imagine: Hee had need goe warily to worke, that gets hir favour. For if hee presume shee never looks towards him; and if hee despayre, shee turnes hir face from him; and must there not needs be feare, when there is such caution? Did Mercy ever shew it selfe but to the Penitent? and can there be Repentance, wherethere is no feare? And Indeed, what should I feare; but that which can forgive: which justice cannot doe, onely mercy can: and therefore most justly is it sayd of *David* here, *There is Mercy with thee that thou mayst be feared* because there is forgivenesse with thee, that thou mayst shew mercy. And yet O Gracious God: I cannot so well say I feare thy Mercy, as I feare thee for thy Mercy, because I love thee for thy mercy: For Love is never without feare: *Res est solliciti plenatimoris Amor.*

This wayting of Feare upon Mercy, makes me O God, to wayte upon thee: and therefore, *I wayte for the Lord, my soule doth wait, and in his word, doe I hope*: if there were not Mercy with God, to what end should I wayte upon him? for after all the Service I could do, to the uttermost of my power: a small error at last, might for want of Mercy overthrow it all.



But God is no such Master ; for there is mercy with him, and specially towards his Servants, that wait upon him ; Hee will winke at faults in a servant that hee would never beare at a strangers hands ; it is cause enough for him to pardon my faults that I am his servant and wait upon him. And yet I cannot more say I wait upon him, then I wayt for him : Nothing but himselfe, can bee Object sufficient to satisfie my soule : my base body perhaps would waite upon him, for the pleasures of the Flesh ; or for the glory of the world ; but my soule is too Noble : to have such meane designs, It waites for himselfe, and for nothing but himselfe : and how should it but wait for him, that came at first from him ; how wait for any thing besides him, when all things else are nothing without him.

And ic waits not for him, without hope, nor without good ground of hope : *for his word do I hope* : his word more certaine ground then the ground I goe upon ; and have I not his word for the ground of my hope ? for the hope of my wayting ? Did hee not give his word to *Abraham* ; that *in his seede all the Nations of the earth should be blessed* ? and what doe I waite for, but *this seed* ; Did hee not give his word to *Moses*, that hee would raise up a Prophet like to him ; who as hee delivered the *Israelites* from the bondage of *Egypt*, should deliver all true *Israelites* from the bondage of *Sathan* ? and whom doe I wayt for, but this Prophet

Oh

Oh then, my soule, seeing thy hope is so certaine, let thy hope bee certaine; Possesse thy selfe in patience and let no troubles of the world Disquiet thee; let no feares of the flesh dismay thee: for thou hast the word of God a sure Anchor to hold by: and hee that shall come, will come, and will not tarry, that thou mayest be sure, thy wayting cannot bee long: but how long soever, never bee frustrate.

And now O my soule, what doe I live for but onely to wait upon God, and to wait for God? To waite upon him, to doe him service: and to wayt for him, to be enabled to doe him better service: To wayt upon him, as beeing Lord of all: and to wayt for him, as beeing the Rewarder of all; To wayt upon him, whose service is better then any other command: and to wayt for him, whose expectation is better, then any other Possession. Let others therefore wayt upon the world, for the world: I O God, will wayt upon thee for thee; seeing I find more true contentment in this wayting, then all the world can give mee in enjoying: for how can I doubt of receiving reward, by my wayting for thee, when my waying for thee is it selfe the Reward, of my wayting upon thee? And therefore *my soule wayteth*; for if my Soule did not wayte what were my wayting worth? no more then I were worth my self, if I had not a soule: but my soul puts a life into my wayting, and makes it become a living sacrifice. Alas, my fraile body is very unwayted



Verse 6.

fit to make a wayter : It rather needes to bee wayted upon it selfe : It must have so much resting : so often leave to bee excused from wayting : that if God should have no other wayters then Bodyes ; hee would be left oftentimes to wayt upon himselfe : but my soul is *Divina particula astra* : indued with all qualittes fit for a wayter : and hath it not receaved its abilityes O God from thee ? and to whom then should It addresse its wayting, but onely to thee ? And therefore my soule wayteth : and is so intentive in the service, that *It wayts more, then they that watch for the Morning.*

It may seeme scarce credible, that any wayting should be more intentive, then theirs that watch for the morning : who not onely suffer not their eyes to sleep, but not their Eyelids to slumber : whose eares are listening to every voice of the Cock, and of the clocke : whose Eyes keepe continuall sentinell about the East : to marke if but any Dawning of day may be perceaved : and most of all seeing they then watch when it is the heaviest time of all to sleepe yet as Intentive as their watching is, It seemes *David* is much troubled there should be any comparison made, betweene his watching and theirs : and therefore he doubles his assertion : I say more then they that watch for the morning . for must there not be a proportion between the cause and the Effect ? if my cause of watching be more then theirs : Shall not my watching be more then theirs ?  
They

They that watch for the morning, have good cause, no doubt to watch for it, that it may bring them the light of day: but have not I more cause to watch, who wayt for the light, that lighteth every one, that comes into world? They that watch for the morning, wayte but for the Ryſing of the Sunne, to free them from darkeneſſe, that hinders their ſight: but I wayte for the riſing of the Sunne of righteouſneſſe to diſpell the horrors of darkeneſſe, that affright my ſoule, They watch for the morning, that they may have light to walke by, but I wayt for the Day-ſpring from on high, to give light to them that ſit in darkeneſſe, and in the ſhadow of death, and to guid our feet into the way of peace. But though there may bee queſtion made, of the Intenſivenesse of our watching: yet of the Extenſivenesse there can be none: for they that watch for the Morning, watch at moſt but a piece of a night, but I have watched whole dayes and whole nights and may I not then juſtly ſay: I wayte more, then they that watch for the morning.

But what means *David* to ſtand magnifying his owae watching ſo much; as if there were none that watched but hee: and to talke ſo much of his hope in God: and not to tell any cauſe of his hope? Is it, that with Overwatching himſelfe, he forgets what he is ſaying? No my ſoule for hee is now about to tell the cauſe of his watching; and whome this hope



Verse 7.

concerns as wel as himself: *Let Israel hope in the Lord for with the Lord there is Mercy: & with him is plenteous Redemption.* But, what cause of hoping in the Lord can this be to Israel, that with God there is mercy? seeing the mercy that is with God is that he may be feared? can *Israel* hope when *Israel* must feare? O my soule, if *Israell* had not feared: *Israell* could not hope: but now that *Israell* hath feared; now *Israell* may hope: For as the Feare of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: so hope in the Lord is the progresse: but no progresse in wisdom, but from this beginning: and as mercy in God was just cause before to Feare: so the same mercy in God, is just Encouragement now to hope: and he is no true *Israelite*, that confesses not with mee, that the meditation of Gods mercy and of his plenteous Redemption: is the sole Anchor of his Hope: the whole Cordiall of his comfort, in all Tempests of Temptations, in all afflictions of his troubled soule. When I thinke upon my sinnes, how Numerous, how Ponderous they are: that with their multitude Overwhelme mee, with their weight, presse mee downe to the gates of despayre: Oh then what an Anchor of hope it is to remember, that with God there is mercy, and plenteous redemption. When I thinke upon the agonyes of Death, which I know I must suffer: when upon the horrors of Hell, which I have deserved to suffer: O then what a Cordiall of comfort it is to consider: that with God there is mercy and plenti-

plenteous Redemption. When I thinke upon the losse of *Paradyse*: and how happy we might have been, if wee had not sinned: how wretched we are now, by having sinned: O what a joy I take in meditation of this: that in mercy hee sent his Sonne, to restore that was lost; and that with him there is plenteous Redemption. But what? so plenteous as though God kept open house of Redemption: that every one, though continuing in his sinnes, may come and take it at his pleasure? No my soule: but this Redemption is solemnized at the marriage of the Lambe and none comes there without a wedding Garment: and this wedding Garment is a firme hope in God: a steadfast Faith in Christ: that whosoever comes in this garment, is very like or rather hee may bee sure, to bee admitted and be made partaker of it, but without this wedding garment; No admittance.

But when it is sayd; it shall bee easier for *Sodome* and *Gomorrha* in the day of judgement, then for some other: is not this a mercy, to *Sodome* and *Gomorrha*? and if Gods mercy be no more then so; It seemes wee may doe ill enough, for al his mercy? But is it not, that this is a qualifying indeed of the rigour of Gods justice; but not properly a mercy: or if a mercy: (because Gods mercy is over all his works) yet not a mercy that hath fellowship with Redemption and then farthest of all from a plenteous Redemption. For this plenteous Redemption leaves behind it no more rellickes



of sinne; then *Moses* left hooves of Beasts, behind him in *Egypt*. It redeemes not onely from the fault, but from the punishment and in the punishment, not onely a *Tanto*, but a *Toto*: Not onely from the sense but from the feare of paine: and in the fault; not onely from the guilt, but from the staine: Not onely from being censured, but from being questioned. Or is it meant by a plenteous Redemption that not onely, hee leades captivitie captive, but gives guifts unto men? For what good is it, to a Prysoner to have his Pardon, if hee bee kept in prison still, for not paying his fees? but if the Prince, together with the Pardon, send also a Largeffe, that may maintaine him when hee is set at liberty: this indeed is a plenteous Redemption, and such is the Redemption, that Gods mercy procures unto us: It not onely, delivers us from a Dungeon; but puts us in possession of a Palace: It not only frees us, from eating bread in the sweat of our brows, but it restores us to Paradise, where all fruits are growing of their owne accord: It not onely cleeres us from being Captives; but endeares us to be Children: and not only Children, but Heyres; and not only Heyres, but Coheyres with Christ, and who can deny this to be a plenteous Redemption? Or is it sayd a plenteous Redemption in regard of the Pryce that was paid to redeeme us? For we are redeemed with a Pryce, not of Gold or precious stones; but with the precious blood of the Lambe slain before

before the foundation of the world. For God so loved the world; that hee gave his onely Sonne, to bee a Ransome for us: and this I am sure is a plenteous Redemption.

But how may this Redemption be obtained? How, my soul; but by being a true Israelite; by putting thy trust; and hoping in *God*, for if thou canst be plenteous in this hope; thou mayst be sure of this plenteous Redemption and *God* will never marke thy iniquities: nor impute thy sinnes unto thee.

But is hoping in *God* so scarce a commodity; that I may not have of it as much as I list; and be as plentiful in hoping, as *God* is in redeeming? O my soul, take heed of presuming, I doubt least I may find thee another *Peter*: talk what wonders thou wilt do, while there is no danger: but when it comes to the tryall bee frightened with a Question: and blowne away from thy hope, with lesse breath then a Feather. For say *God* should deale with thee as hee did with *Iob*; take away all thy Children at a blow; all thy goods at once: wouldst thou continue to hope in *God* still? But say, hee should visite thee with byles and botches al thy body over, and make thee a laughing stock to thine Enemies; a loathing to thy friends: wouldst thou continue to hope in *God* still? But say, hee should give leave, to have thy Bodie be burnt, thy flesh torne in pieces and thy bones to be racked; wouldst thou yet continue to hope in *God*



still? Let mee then try thee another way; say thou shouldst see Christ apprehended by the Souldyers, beaten and buffeted by the people; judged and condemned by the High Priests; wouldst thou continue to hope in Christ still? But say thou shouldst see him hanging on the Crosse; ctying out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee?* and in that agonie, giving up the Ghost, wouldest thou yet continue to hope in Christ still? O my soul, if thou canst do this; I shall then say thou att a true *Israelite* indeed but rather thou shalt heare Christ say; as he sayd to the Centurion; *I have found such faith no not in Israell.* O blessed hope; the Anchour of Fayth; the Arke of Noah, the Dove that bringeth the *Olive* branch of peace: the Porter of the keyes of Paradice: and the ladder of *Iakeb* by which we climb up into heavē.

But what good is it to *Israel*: that with *God* there is redemption: if *Israell* bee not able to pay the Ransome? what good to mee that there is Redemption to be had if I have not wherewithall to have it, nor meanes to come by it? O my soule let *Israell* hope in the Lord; and the Lord shall redeeme *Israel* from all his Iniquities: *Israell* shall need but to hope: and as for the Ransome; Hee that provided a Ramme for *Abraham* to offer, in stead of his Sonne *Isaacke* he will looke to that himselfe, He will bee our Purveyour for the Ransome: O my soule the Ransome himselfe.

No cause can bee more forcible to produce  
an

an effect; then Mercy is a motive forcible to breed hope: and seeing there is in God not only mercy, but plenteous Redemption; O let not Israel be so unworthy to hinder hope from wayting upon mercy: and to keep them asunder whom God would have to be joyned together. For though Gods mercy bee a forcible motive to move hope; yet it moves it not, but *Mediante Israele*: It lyes much in the hand of Israell, whateer he wil hope or no: O then, let not Israell be either so wilfull to Crosse Gods Motive; or so fearefull to distrust it; Let Israell hope in the Lord: for with him there is mercy and plenteous Redemption.

Bnt though there be mercy with God; and hope in Israell must it necessarily follow, that God will redeeme Israell? O my soule as necessarily as any Effect doth follow the cause: for though hope in Israell be not a cause, but onely a Motive, for God to Redeeme; yet it is a Motive, that seemes in operation to have the place of a cause: but a cause onely *Mediante misericordia Dei*: for as mercy in God, moves not Israell to hope, but *Mediante Israele*; so hope in Israell, moves not God to redeeme, but *Mediante Misericordia Dei*; of the meere Mercy and goodnesse of God, but when mercy in God: and hope in Israell meet together; then mercy which was at first but a motive to the hope: becomes a promoter of the hope; to the causing of Redemption. Did *Iakob* wrestle with an Angell



Angell and prevaile, when hee was but *Jacob* and shall he not prevaile with God, by hoping in God, when hee is *Israell*? and if prevayling with an Angel, he got a blessing, though joyned with halting; shall hee not, prevayling with God get Redemption, and that joyned with plenty? O let *Israell* hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption and he shall redeeme *Israell* from all his iniquities.

But though Gods redemption be plenteous, yet it seemes not to be generall: Generall indeed of all: for of all iniquities: but not Generall to all; for to none but to *Israell*: and not to all *Israell* neither, but onely to those of *Israell* that hope in the Lord: for if they bee Israelites and doe not hope: or if they hope and be not Israelites; It will not serve: they must be Both, or as good bee neither: at least there will follow no certainty of redemption. And alas then what good will this be to mee? for were not Israelites, all Iewes? and must I bee a Iew; or can I looke for no redemption? O my soule; that which *Israell* was in *Dauids* time; Christians are in our time: *Jewes* were then; Christians are now, the people and Church of God: and as to have been an Israelite then; so to be a Christian now, is a great degree of capacity, for obtaining of redemption: Let hope in the Lord be added: and then the capacity will be perfected *Let Israel hope in the Lord: and the Lord will redeeme Israel from all his Iniquities.*

But

But is not Israell the Spouse of Christ, without spot or wrinkle and? if no spots, then what iniquities? and if no iniquities, what need of Redeeming. It is so indeed, in intentions and in Endeavours; in Intentions so resolute; in Endeavours so absolute, that it may well be said, it is so but yet while Israel is in the flesh: it is not it cannot be without iniquities; without many iniquities: yet such as from which if there bee hope in Israel; there shall bee Redemption in God. No fayling of this hope, if there bee not a fayling in hope: but what hope? not a hope in man; Not a hope in our selves: Not a hope in our owne merits; No my soule; onely a hope in the merits of Christ; for this onely is to hope in the Lord, yet thinke not that it is thy hope that redeemes thee; hope indeed, makes thee capable of redeeming: but it is the Lord himself, that is thy redeemer: *Let Israell hope in Lord and the Lord shall redeeme Israell from all his sinnes:* whither sins of Omission, or of commission, whither sins of Infirmitie or of Ignorance: whither sins of wilfulnesse, or of Presumption: they shal al be comprysed within the Charter of this Redemption: and then consider how plentiful this redemption is besides: for to be redeemed from all Iniquities, drawes after it an Exemption from al the miseries, that Iniquities draw after them; from the unquietnesse of the flesh: from the Frights of the world: from the terrours of Hell, from the Tyranny of Sathan;

L1

which



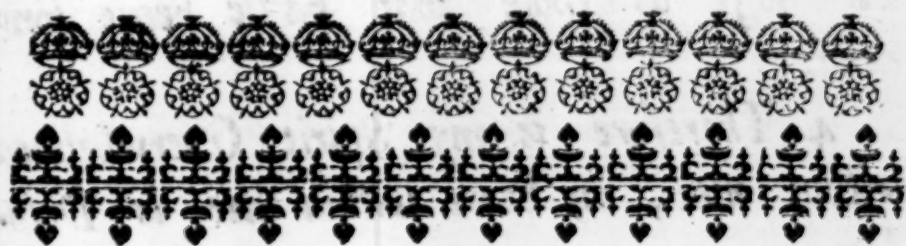
*Meditations and Disquisitions*

which Exemption, or rather which Redempti-  
on God grant us, as I hope he wil, see-  
ing with him is mercy, for his mer-  
cies sake.



**FINIS.**





THE  
HVNDERED  
FORTIE  
THIRD  
PSALME.

**H**Eare my prayer O Lord, give eare  
to my supplication: In thy faith-  
fulnesse Answer me, and in thy  
Righteousnesse.

2 And enter not into Iudgement with thy  
servant: for in thy sight shall no man living  
be Iustified.

3 For the Enemie hath Persecuted my  
soule, hee hath smytten my life downe to the  
ground: hee hath made mee to dwell in



darkenesse as those that haue beene long dead.

4 Therefore is my Spirit Overwhelmed within mee; my heart within mee, is Desolate.

5 I remember the dayes of old; I meditate on all thy workes; I muse on the worke of thy hands.

6 I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soule thirsteth after thee, as a drye Land.

7 Heare mee speedily O LORD, my Spirit sayeth: hide not thy Face from mee, least I bee like them that goe downe into the Pytt.

8 Cause mee to heare thy loving kyndenesse in the Morning; for in thee doe I trust; cause mee to know the way wherein I should walke; for I lift up my soule unto thee.

9 Deliver mee O Lord from mine Enemies: I flye unto thee to hide me.

10 Teach mee to doe thy will, for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good: Lead mee into the Land of Vprightnesse.

11 Quicken mee O Lord for thy Names sake

sake : for thy righteousness sake, bring my soule  
out of trouble.

12 And of thy mercy cut off mine Enemies  
and destroy all them that afflict my soule : for I  
am thy servant.



L13

MEDI-



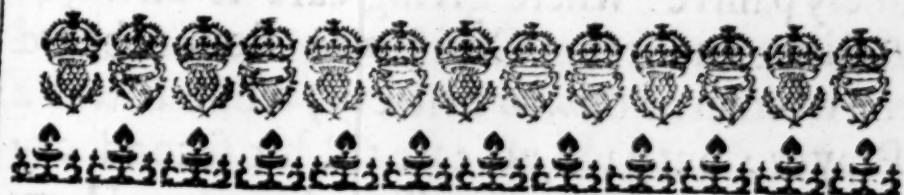


for thy righteousness sake, bring my soul  
out of trouble.  
and destroy all them that afflict my soul: for  
and thy power.

Psalm 143

143

Psalm 143



# MEDITATIONS

and Disquisitions upon  
the 143. *Psalme.*



As O Lord, if thou heare not  
my Prayer : I were as good  
not pray at al; and if thou heare  
it, and give not eare unto it: It  
were as good, thou didst not  
heare it at all : O therefore  
*heare my prayer O God, and give eare to my  
supplication* : that neither my praying may be  
lost, for want of thy hearing it ; Nor thy  
hearing it bee lost; for want of thy attending  
it. When I onely make a prayer to God it  
seemes enough, that hee heare it : but when I  
make a supplication; It requires, that he give  
eare unto it; for seeing a Supplication, hath a  
greater intention, in the setting out, it cannot  
without a greater Attention bee entertayned.  
But what nicenesse of words is this? as though  
it were not al one, to heare and to give eare? Or  
as though there were any difference between a  
Prayer & a Supplication? And is it not perhaps  
fo

*Verses.*



so indeed? Seeing hearing sometimes may be onely passive: where giving eare is allwayes Active: and seeing Christ wee doubt, heard the woman of *Canans* first cry, while it was a Prayer: but gave no eare till hir second cry when it was growne to a Supplication. However it be: as thy hearing O *God* without giving Eare, would be to no purpose, So thy giving eare without giveing Answer would doe mee no good: O therefore Answer mee O *God*: for if thou Answer not my Prayer; how canst thou Answer my Expectation? my Prayer, is but the seed: It is thy Answer, that makes the Harvest- If thou shouldst not Answer mee at all; I could not hope for any harvest at all; and if thou shouldst Answer mee, and not in thy Righteousnesse: there would bee a Harvest indeed, but nothing but of blasted Corne: O therefore answer mee O *God*, but in thy righteousness, for thy Righteousnesse never made unpleasing Answer: It was an Answer in thy righteousness, which thou madest to *Noah*: *My Spirit shall not alwayes strive with man; for the imagination of Mans heart is evill from his Infancy*: It was an Answer in thy Righteousnesse, which thou madest to *Abraham*: *Feare not; I will be thy shield: and thy exceeding great reward*. It was an Answer in thy righteousness which thou madest to the Thiefe on the Crosse *This day thou shalt bee with mee in Paradyse*: Oh then, Answer mee also in thy Righteousnesse O *God*; and then the Harvest of my hope will bee as plentifull  
as

as the Seaven yeeres of plenty foretold by  
*Ioseph.*

But what need I pray to God, to Answer mee in his Righteousnesse seeing hee is himselfe nothing but Righteousnesse? must not his Answers needs be like himselfe? can hee Answer mee otherwise then hee is? O my soule, is it not sayd that with the froward, God will shew himselfe froward: and have I not then just cause to feare hee should Answer mee frowardly; who have carried my selfe so frowardly towards him? am not I one of that stock, which God charged with beeing a froward generation? and can I be free from feare of the censure; who I know am not, from guylt of the fault? Is it not with God, as it is with nature, that as we sow: so wee shall reape: if we make an untoward sowing, must wee not looke for an untoward harvest? no my soule: God who is the Lord of nature is not tyed to the Rules of nature: he can make it harvest without sowing: as hee made it light without a Sunne; for how else came Paradyse by all its fruits? how else came the three first dayes by al their light? and thus O God thou must vouchsafe to doe with mee: for alas what sowing can I make but onely inteares; and then if there be reaping in joy must it not be the work of thine onely hand? O therefore *Enter not into Iudgement with thy servant; for in thy sight, shall no man living be justified.* Not onely I, but no man



living. What should I speake of men, that are begotten in sinne, and borne in iniquitie; when the first man *Adam*, that was neither begotten, nor borne at all: much lesse in iniquitie: yet could not hold weight, in the balance of thy justice? What are all the generation of men but the Multiplication of *Adam*, and seeing multiplication of sinners can, never produce subtraction of sinne; how can any man liveing bee found innocent, when *Adam* was found guilty? Hee indeed was Arraigned: and had his judgement openly; and wee all know what his offence was: none of us yet are brought to the Barre: when it shall come to that, is there any man liveing, that will not be found guilty, of more then eating a forbidden Apple? and may wee not then in *Adams* judgement plainly foresee our owne, If thou O God, shouldst enter into judgement with thy servants?

But is this sufficient reason, why God should not enter into judgement with mee: because I can say: My Fellowes are all guilty, as well as my selfe? Is the alledging of others faults, an Apologie for mine? No Apologie in justice, O God: but yet in mercy, some Excuse: seeing my sinne is not, as the Angells sinne was, who were disobedyent when others obeyed; but my finnes are the generall frailties of the whole kind: not one, not any one (the second *Adam* excepted) ever was, ever will bee, that is not an offender: and wilt thou O God, give cause to have it sayd: wherefore hast thou made

made all men, for nought? Thou wilt not O God be so severe, but that some men shall be justified in thy sight: and if no man living, then some men Dying: and if this bee so then welcome Death: the most beneficiall guest that can come unto mee: But what Death? Indeed the Death to sinne which none can Dye, but they that bee living in him, who is the life it selfe. But if the thus Dying shall bee justified in his sight: and they that thus Dye, be men living: how then is it true, that no man living shall bee justified? Indeed no man living, the life onely naturall, yet some men living the life truly Spirituall: but rather no man liveing shall be justified in his sight, by any right of his own righteousness; yet some men living, shall bee justified, by the right of his Righteousnesse who is made to us, both our righteousness and justification. O then, let mee live O God, to thee that I may Dye to sinne: but let mee Dye to sinne, that I may live to thee: that when I tremble at this saying, No man living, shall in thy sight be justified; I may comfort my self with this, that I am dead to sinne; and being thus dead, am made capable, without crossing this saying, to bee justified in thy sight.

It is not any thing in my selfe I confesse; that gives me hope, thou wilt heare my Prayer; Alas I see nothing in my selfe, but cause of despaire: but it is thy owne promise O God: who hast promised to heare and helpe all them that



call upon thee when they are in trouble: and seeing I cannot doubt of thy Faithfulness, I therefore do not doubt of thy promise, but have through thy mercy a hope, through thy Power a confidence: that thou wilt Answer mee in thy Righteousness and in thy Faithfulness.

It was thy Righteousness that thou didst make the promise, but it is thy faithfulness, that thou wilt keep thy promise: and seeing I am certaine of thy making it: how can I be doubtfull of thy keeping it? If thou shouldst not answer mee in thy Righteousness yet thou shouldst be righteous still: but if thou shouldst not answer me in thy faithfulness thou shouldst not be faithful still: & therefore thy righteousness to heare my prayer, must be a suit: as being of grace and done onely at thy pleasure: but thy faithfulness to Answer my prayer, may be a claime as being of due: and no longer in thy choice. O how much am I bound to thee O God; who of thy free grace, hast bound thy selfe to mee, that thou canst no more now reject my Prayer, then thou canst reject thine owne truth and Faithfulness. Indeed, if I should call upon thee, for obtayning of some worldly ends, or for the satifying of some vaine desire: thou mightst justly then reject my Prayer: and no disparagement to thy Faithfulness at all; but now that I call upon thee for being in trouble; the cause allowed by thy selfe for calling upon thee, Now I hope thou wilt give mee

mee leave to challenge thy promise: and that I may presume without any presumption, that thou wilt Answer me in thy Righteousnesse, and in thy faithfullnesse.

And if ever trouble be just cause for calling upon thee how can mine but be most just *when the Enemy hath persecuted my soul; hath smitten my life downe to the ground, and hath made me to dwell in darkenesse, as those that have beene long dead.* All this the Enemy hath done unto mee: but what Enemy? is it not the Enemy of all mankind: who hath singled me out, as it were to a Duel? and can I resist him myself alone: whom the whole army of mankind cannot. But is it not the enemy of thyself O God, who is but my enemy, because I am thy servant? and wilt thou see thy servants persecuted: in thy cause persecuted, and not Protect them? shall I suffer; grievously suffer for thy sake; and wilt thou forsake mee? Alas O Lord; if they were but some light evils that are inflicted upon me: I would beare them without complaining, and never make my mone to thee about them; but they are the three greatest miseries that can be thought of; The greatest Persecution: The greatest overthrow, and the greatest captivitie. For what Persecution so grievous as to be persecuted in my soule, for hee playes no lesse game then for soules: he casts indeed at the Body sometimes, and sometimes at goods: but these are but the Bye; the mayne of his ayme, is at the soule; for if he can otherwise winne

Verse 3.



the soule, he cares not much for either body or goods: but rather makes use of them, to keepe men in securitie: for whatsoever he doth, whatsoever hee leaves undone: it is all done but in persecution of the soule, and he can persecute as well with prosperity as with Adversitie: and knowes how to fit their severall application. And it seemes he takes mee for another *Iob*, he sees hee can doe no good upon mee with fawning and clawing; and therefore falls now to quarrelling and stryking; and hee strikes no light blowes: *for hee hath stricken my life downe to the ground*; and lower would have stricken it, If thou O God, hadst not broken his blow. Hee strikes all downward: to keep from Heaven, as much as hee can: and now that he sees me downe: hee lets me not rest so neither: but seazeth upon mee, and being himselfe the Prince of darkenesse, hath kept mee in darkenesse: Not for a night or two, as men stay at their Inne: but for a much longer time, as at their dwelling: and it is no ordinary darkenesse that he hath made mee to dwell in, but even the darkenesse of dead men: and that in the highest degree, as those that have been long dead. They that have beene dead but a while: are yet remembred sometimes: and sometimes talkt of; but they that have beene long dead are as quite forgotten, as if they never had been, and such *Alas am I*: so long have I been made to dwell in darkenesse, as if I had been dead many yeares agoe

ago, that he that would seek to find me out, must be faine to looke mee amongst the Tombes and Monuments. Indeed to dwell in darknesse is no better then the house of death : for as long as wee are in life : if wee want sometimes the light of the Sunne ; yet the light of a Candle will serve to supply it : but I alas am kept in such darknesse, that neither the Sunn-shine of thy Gospell : nor the Lanthorne of thy Law gives any light unto mee : I cannot with confidence say, as once I did: *Thou O God shalt light my candle for mee* : and as a Body long dead, growes cold and stiffe, and is not to be bowed: so my soule with continuance in sinning, is growne hardened, and as it were stiffe in sinne: that it is as hard a matter to make mee flexible to any goodnesse : as to bring a body long dead, to life againe.

And yet, it is not this great Enemy himselfe onely, that thus afflicts mee, but his limbes also are as eager against mee : By their persecuting my soule, may bee seen their violence by their smiting my life to the ground, their cruelty: by their making me dwell in darknesse, as those that have been long dead, their malice and spight against mee: who could find in their hearts to bury me alive, and to put as it were the Sunne out of heaven, rather then it should shine or give any light to mee. And how then is it possible, but with such an overthrow, with such a captivitie, my spirits must needs be Overwhelmed within mee, and my heart within me

Verse. 4



mee be made Desolate ? for alas, when my soule is persecuted, what can my spirits doe ? and when my life is smittendown to the ground what comfort can my heart receive ?

But is it not strange, that my spirits should be Overwhelmed, and my heart be made desolate, both at once, all one as to say that the streames should be Overflowing, when the spring is drye ? for what is my heart but as the spring of my spirits ? what are my spirits but as streames from my heart ? It must indeed bee some strange thing, that can expresse the strange condition of my misery: who am made as it were a patterne of the misery of Hell it selfe ; for as in Hell there are conceived to bee contrary Torments, burning with heat and burning with cold as it is sayd, *Et frigus adurit*, Both together: so upon mee are inflicted contrary miseries; the misery of desolatenesse: and the miserie of Overwhelming, both at once. A pittypfull case and yet not to be pittied: seeing I am therefore Overwhelmed with sorrow, because desolate of grace: and therefore desolate of comfort, because Overwhelmed with sin. But though I looke for no pittie from others; Yet I looke, O God, for some pity from thee; and all the pity I desire is but this: Not to take away my desolatenesse, not to take away my Overwhelming from mee, but only to change their Objects; Let my heart bee desolate still: but let it bee of sinne and sorrow: let my spirits be Overwhelmed still, but let it be, with grace and comfort.

Alas

Alas O Lord, the state I am now in, is beyond all bounds of patience: if I were but onely persecuted; I might hope at least to save my selfe by flight: or if onely my life were smitten downe: I might hope in time to recover and rise againe; but now that my spirits are Overwhelmed; and my heart is Desolate within me; Now I seeme brought to the extremitie of evill; Misery is able to carry mee no further: and I am onely left to wonder how I do to live, when I have no life: and how to breath when I have no spirits? All that keepes life and soule together in me is my Meditation: *For I remember the dayes of old: I meditate on all thy workes: and muse on the worke of thy hands.* This Meditation gives an ease, to the Overwhelming of my spirits; a comfort to the desolatenesse of my heart: for I am thinking sometimes upon *Ionas* how he was Overwhelmed with waters and swallowed up of a Whale, and yet at last delivered: sometimes I am thinking of *Ioseph* how hee was bound and left desolate in a ditch, and yet at last releev'd: and then I meditate thus with my selfe: Is Gods power confined to persons? could hee deliver them in their extremities: and can hee not mee in mine? Is his power restrayned to times? could hee do wonders in those dayes; and can hee do none in these? Are all his great workes of old: and hath hee not other New, that are as great? but not satisfiying my selfe with the consideration of things, in this inferi-

Verse. 5.



our world; I raise my meditation up to Heaven, the worke of his hands: and then I consider, how glorious his hands must needs be, that have been the framers of so glorious a work. But especially I muse, to what end this glorious frame was made: whyther with any relation, to us wretched creatures, that live on the Earth? and then, mee thinkes he would never have made us so plainly to see it: if hee did not meane wee should at last come to it. But then I am doubting, though my soule perhaps may ascend up to it: yet how my heavy body should get thither: and most of all, how bee kept to stay there still? And then I think, why may not God, as well give power to the soule, to keep the body there, which else would fall downe: as hee gives power to the Body, to keepe the soule here, which else would fly up? But this at least, seemes a satisfactorie reason; because our bodies in the Resurrection, shall be raised up spirituall Bodyes, and being spirituall, no feare of falling downe. But then I am troubled as much, to thinke how this is possible: that Bodyes should be spirituall? for is it not to say, that our Bodyes shall bee raysted up, not Bodyes but Spirits? But to satisfie this: I conceive first, that a body and a spirit are not termes perhaps absolutely contradictory: at least; that there is great difference between being a Spirit; and being spirituall: for as our bodyes now are earthy and yet are not Earth; so they may then bee spirituall, and yet not be spirits.

rits: Bodyes, in the true nature and substance of bodyes: and spirituall, in the qualities and endowments of Spirits. And here I grow as much Overwhelmed with Admiration; as I was before with Persecution: for I cannot but be in Extaſie to think what wonderful joyes, these glorious heavens must needs yeeld to the Children of God: when this low Earth, as meane as it is: affoords so great pleasures to the Children of men. For who can doubt, but that the heavens are as much superiour to the earth, in pleasantnesse as in place: and transcend it as much in goodnesse, as they doe in greatnesse.

With such kind of thoughts, I find my self so revived: that I am ready, to correct my self; and say, why should I complaine that my heart is desolate within mee; when it is, or may be accompanied with such meditations? why should I complaine, that my spirits are Overwhelmed within mee: when they have or may have the allay of such hopes?

And while thus O God, I stretch out my thoughts upon the workes of thy hands: I am drawn by a certain simparchie of grace, to stretch out my hands to thee: as if I were in hope, thou wouldst take me by the hand and draw mee to thee; but alas, with all my stretching them out, they are too short to reach thee: Oh that they were as long as my desire: I would then take hold of thee O God: and not let thee goe:



untill, as the Angell to *Iakob* thou didst give me a blessing: I know my hands are but dumbe suitors: yet in the best language they have which is their stretching out: they humbly intreat thee to refresh my soule: which thyresth after thee as a dry land.

But is there not some further misterie, in *Dauids* stretching out his hands? hath it not a relation to Christ stretching out his hands on the Crosse? seeing Christ, upon his stretching out his hands there, presently thyrsted, as *David* doth here? Oh then vouchsafe O God, not to deale so hardly with mee, as the Iewes did with Christ: when I say I thirst; offer me vinegar to drinke, as they did him. Alas the blind Iewes were as ignorant of Christs thirst, as of his person: and therefore offered him vinegar, where they should have offered themselves; for themselves it was hee thyrsted after; and them hee would have received, though to him as sharpe as vinegar, if they had come unto him as appeares by his Prayer, *Father forgive them for they know not what they doe.* Christ indeed might well bee a thirst, who had been so long in a fit of burning; ever since he sayd I have a cup to drinke; and O how I burne, untill I drinke it: and now drinking it hee was: and drunke it more greedily then any dry land ever drunke in water: for as he stretched out his hands to receive all mens suites: so hee drunke of this cup to quench all mens thirst; and yet with all his drinking could not  
quench

quench his owne ; but stands complaining hee thirsteth still. O most grievous alteration .but more then most grievous indignitie : He whose hands stretched out the Heavens : Now to have his hands stretched out on a Crosse : Hee who is a fountaine of living water : of which hee that drinketh shal never thirst more : Now to thirst himself, and have nothing to quench it? O my soul. canst thou think much to stretch out thy hands to him: who had his hands stretched out on a crosse for thee? canst thou think much to thirst after him as a dry land, who more then any dry land stil thirsteth after thee? For whatsoever he hath done: whatsoever he hath suffered for he hath done it, and suffered it, even for thee. Alas O Lord I think it not much: I so much adore the stretching out thy hands on the Crosse, that I am tempted to adore the Crosse it selfe on which they were stretched: at least, as *Moses* did the ground where the Bush was burning and not consumed : and if I had of the water of the clearest fountain; if the juyce of the purest grape, yet my soule in them would find no rellish at all : they might serve to quench my bodily thirst : but nothing but thy selfe, the thirst of my soule. When the Israelites thirsted in the wildernesse; thou gavest them water out of a rock, and the rocke was Christ : O how my soule rejoyceth at this word : for it is the water of this Rock, that my soule thirsteth after : that if thou giue mee of this water, the thirst of my soule will soone be quenched. But then bee

N n 3                      pleased



*Meditations and Disquisitions*

pleased O God: not to give it in drops or spoonefulls, that would rather enflame my appetite, then quench my thirst: *for my soule thirsteth after thee as a dry land*: It is not Dewes or mistling showres will serue: thou must open the Cataracts of heaven: and poure downe plentifull showres of Graces upon mee; or the Thirst of my soule will never bee quenched.

A land without water is barren and beares nothing: and is not this it, which Christ saith *without mee yee can do nothing*? but moystned with water, it growes fruitfull, and beares all things: and is not this it which Saint Paul saith *I can doe all things in him that comforteth mee*. And have I not cause then: Iust cause O God to thirst after thee as a dry land? A land moystened with water, brings forth flowers for the delight of man; Corne and grasse for the use of man and beast: Grapes and wine for the cheering of God and man and doth not the moystning of thy grace, bring forth the Flowre of hope, farre more delightfome to my soule, then Rose or Gillyflowre is to the eye? the fruits of charitie, of farre more use to man and beast, then either Corn or grasse? the sweet grape of faith; that cheeres the heart of God, as a sacrifice, of man as a Cordyal? and have I not cause then, just cause O God, to thirst after thee as a dry Land? Alas, farre more then any Dry land. A Land though never so dry, may yet of water have soone

too much : but can my soule of thee have ever enough ? Is it not rather in a kind of spirituall Dropſie : *Quo plus bibuntur, plus ſitiuntur aqua* ? The more I taſte thee, the more I thiſt after thee : the more I enjoy thee, the more I long to enjoy thee more ; and long ſhall ever, untill I come to enjoy thee for ever : and then ſhall long for thee more then ever. To ſay therefore that my ſoule thiſteth after thee as a dry land, is not ſo much to expreſſe, for how much it thiſteth : as how much it thiſteth : Not ſo much how extenſive my thiſt is, as how intenſive it is : for is it not a pittiful ſight, to ſee the earth ſtand gaping as it were to take in water : & for want of moiſture to part aſunder, as ready to crumble into duſt & powder ? and in this pittiful caſe am I : for with want of thy moiſtning grace to Cement them together, my ſoule is ready to part from my body : and my body to turn into the duſt of which it was made. Otherfore vouchſeſe O God : to poure downe ſhowres of thy grace upon mee : as in regard of my great thiſt, plentifully : ſo in regard of my great Danger, ſpeedily : for alas O Lord, my ſoule with long thiſting growes faint : that if thou ſupply mee not with the moiſture of thy grace the ſooner, I ſhall be forced to leave calling upon thee with very faintneſſe. And how canſt thou ſupply me with grace, if thou affoord me not the grace to heare me ? O therefore heare mee ſpeedily O LORD ; my Spirit fayleth : Hide not thy Face from mee leaſt I bee like  
to

Verſe 7.



*to them that goe downe into the Pit.* and if my spirit fayle, for want of thy hearing mee; how would it fayle if thou shouldst hide thy face from mee? the refreshing of my soule requites as well my seeing of thee, as thy hearing of mee: for though the hearing of me afford I may say the moisture: yet it is my seeing of thee that must minister the warmth: and seeing I am like to Earth, not onely in Drynesse, but as well in coldnesse: I stand no lesse in need of warmth for my coldnesse, then of moysture for my drynesse: For what good is it to the Earth, to have the rayne to moisten it: if it have not withall the Sonne to warme it? and what can be a Sonne to warme my soule; but onely thy Face, and the light of thy countenance? O therefore *hide not thy face from me O God, least I bee like to them that go down into the Pyt.* For to want either moysture or warmth, are killing things both: as want of moisture causeth death, by defect of the Passive part; so want of warmth by defect of the Active: and therefore as the Greeks call dead men *Alibantas*, as wanting (*αλβας*) moisture; the fuell of life; so the Latines doe as justly call them *Exstinctos*, as wanting heat the fire of life. Hide not therefore thy face from mee O God; the true Sun to warm my soul least I be like to them that go downe into the Pit: least though I bee not quite dead, yet I be at least like to them that are: and so should be in danger, I to loose a soule, and Thou a servant.

But

But consider O my soule how all this trouble comes upon thee; Look into the cause, and so thou maist the better wind thy self out. And is not all thy trouble long of Gods displeasure? if then his anger, be a cause of thy danger: what can bee a cause of thy safety, but his loving kindnesse? O therefore, *Cause mee O God, to heare thy loving kindnesse in the Morning: for in thee doe I trust*, There are other causes, that promise me faire, to free me from trouble: but alas they are causes that are caused: and are not free themselves: and how then should they free mee? Thou O God, art the Fountaine cause: and nothing can resist thy will: O therefore be thou pleased O God; to cause mee to heare thy loving kindnesse: and I will never seeke further: never looke after any other cause for my deliverance.

Verse. 8.

But though perhaps I cannot finde the full operation of it instantly; yet cause me at least to heare of it; for if once I heare it will bee, I shall never doubt, it shall bee. And although the pleasure seeme to consist in onely the feeling it; yet I shall feele a pleasure in onely the hearing it: the pleasure of a *Preludium*, which is oftentimes as pleasing as the song it selfe. Who is not glad to heare good newes? and what Newes so good, as to heare of Gods loving kindnesse? O my soule it is so good, that it makes all other Newes good, though seeming never so bad: It is like the Meale, which *Elisha* cast into the pot: and made the broth

O o

whole.



wholesome which was before, deadly. It is like the Rodde : with which *Moses* stricke the Rocke, and made it gush out with water in abundance.

But is not good Newes welcome at any time? and what need then such hast of hearing it in the Morning? would it not serve as well to heare it, at any other time of the day? Alas O Lord, my nights are very unquiet: either I sleep - not at all: but am kept waking through anguish of my mind: or if I sleep I am frightened with fearefull Dreames, through terrour of thine anger: O therefore cause mee to heare thy loving kindnesse in the Morning: that I may at least awake in comfort: and may have the whole day before me to recollect my spirits. To heare thy loving kindnesse in the morning, makes my waking be saluted as it were with Musick; makes my troubles seem as they were but Dreams: makes me find it true that though weeping may endure for a Night, yet joy cometh in the Morning.

But what may this loving kindnesse be, which *David* here so earnestly prayes to heare of? Is it perhaps such a loving kindnesse, as *Hezekiah* heard of, when God sent him word, hee would adde fifteene yeares to his life? but Alas, what is the addition of Fifteene yeeres: or is it to heare of the Remission of his sins: as hee did indeed by the Prophet *Nathan*? Or is it to heare his sicke Child should be restored to health: which hee so much desired? All these

these may bee: but yet no more reason for hearing them in the Morning: then at any other time of the day. And may wee not then have leave to reflect our thoughts, upon that loving kindnesse which was indeed heard of in the Morning; betimes in the Morning: when the Sunnewas yet but rising; the loving kindnesse of God in CHRIST: and CHRIST to us? The loving kindnesse of CHRISTs Resurrection? For what could hee pray to heare of, so comfortable as this? If the forgivenesse of his sinnes? This Crownes it. If the recovery of his sicke Child: this makes amends for it; If the addition of yeeres to his life: this Eternizeth it. For as by the power of Christs resurrection, wee all shal rise; so by the vertue of his Ascension, we shall all ascend: and ascend thither where sins shall be no more remembered: nor sicknesse any more bee feared: and where death it selfe shall bee swallowed up in victory. Indeed if *David* had lived at this day hee would have made it an *Allelujah*, which here he makes an *Hosanna*; have made it a song of praise, which heere he makes a prayer: and therefore O my soule doe thou as *David* would have done, and say: *Blessed be the Lord God of Israell for he hath visited and redeemed his people and hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of his servant David.* It may well bee sayd wee heare this loving kindnesse in the Morning seeing it makes it morning



ning to us, when soever wee heare it : for as the rising of the Sunne makes the Morning of the day ; so hee beeing the Sunne of Righteousnesse, makes it Day-spring in our soules when wee first receive him. But what should make God, to cause mee that am so unworthy, to heare his loving kindnesse ? what, my soule but his loving kindnesse ? For his loving kindnesse is it selfe both the cause, and the Effect : It is his loving kindnesse that causeth mee to heare it ; as it is his loving kindnesse, that I desire to heare of. But is there no cause in our selves, that causeth God to make us to heare it ? There is indeed a cause : but it is but *Causa sine qua non* : and this it is, because I trust in God : a cause that worketh not, but is wrought upon and by beeing wrought upon worketh : for as I could not trust in God, without his loving kindnesse : so by trusting in him, I obtaine to heare his loving kindnesse. O how blessed a thing is this trusting in God ? I know not whither I should call it a better Tree : or a better fruit : seeing as it is the Tree that beares this fruit, to make us heare Gods loving kindnesse : so it is the Fruit that growes upon the Tree of his loving kindnesse.

But it is not enough, that God bee a cause of our hearing ; if he bee not as well a cause of our knowing : for seeing we are going a journey to God : what knowledge so necessary as to know the way ? O therefore cause mee

me O God, to know the way wherein I should walke: For I lift up my soule unto thee. One would thinke it might have been sufficient to say; Shew mee the way wherein I should walke; For who is so simple, but hee can walke in the way, if the way bee once shewed him? and yet this would not have served: for were not our first parents shewed the way, when they were told: Of the Tree of Good and evill yee shall not eat? and yet how quickly did they goe astray, for all this Shewing? Did not *Iohn Baptist* shew the way plainly enough, when hee sayd *Ecce Agnus Dei*: behold the Lambe of God? yet how many were ere the better for his *Ecce*? how many went ere the righter, for his directing? but most of all, did not Christ himself shew the way plainly enough, when he sayd in plain termes *Ego sum via*: I am the way? yet how much was the way the more frequented for his plain shewing it? It seemes *David* knew this: and therefore would not say, shew mee the way: but cause mee to know the way: for though Gods shewing the way may bee mistaken or neglected: yet his causing to know the way can never be frustrate: but as Christ said: whom the Spirit freeth, they are free indeed: so whom God causeth to know, they know indeed.

All knowing by other causes, is subject to Errour: oftentimes by negligence, alwaies by infirmity: perhaps by wilfulnesse, certainly



*Meditations and Disquisitions*

by ignorance; only the knowing that is caused by God; is certaine and Effectually, for he is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of causes: as nothing goes before to move it; so nothing comes after that can hinder it: other causes are themselves but Effects: and therefore can never be certain, to produce effects that can be certaine. O then cause mee O God, to know the way wherein I should walk: for I lift up my soule unto thee; And heere now comes in, another *causa sine qua non*; for as I could not lift up my soule to thee: if thou didst not cause mee to know the way, so thou couldst not cause me to know the way, if I did not lift up my soule to thee. O my soule, what ayles thee to be so affected to the Earth, and to things here below, that thou dost not voluntary of thy selfe ascend up to heaven: nor indeed art able, unlesse thou bee lifted up? Dost thou not know, that thou art come from thence: and that there, is thy *Natale solum*; the place where thy true inheritance lies? Dost thou not know, that thou comest hither, but to fetch thee a body, to carry up thither: and shall this body keep thee a captive heere: and so farre a captive, as not to leave thee so much as *Animum Revertendi*? so much as a thought of returning home? How art thou degenerated, my soul; that beeing sent to lift up another: thou art fain now, to be lifted up thy selfe, and that with so much striving and reluctance? Indeed one would think it an easie matter to lift up a soule to God, being so light

a substance as it is; and it would bee so indeed if it were not for the heavy body that weighs it down, for *Corpus aggravat multa cogitantem*: but now that it hath this heavy weight: this weighty Clogge hanging upon it: Now it is so hard a matter to lift it up: that nothing but the strong arme of faith, the arme of a strong Faith, is able to doe it. I know there is a better place for my soule to bee in, then where it now is: and I know it is not here below; and therefore I lift up my soule O God; in hope, to find it with thee above.

But what indeed should cause *David* here, to lift up his soule to God? Is it, to be the neerer to God; the better to learne the way he should walke in? Or is it that the lifting up his soule is it selfe the way, in which hee should walke? Or is it, but an expressing of the vehement desire hee had to learne the way? Or is it, perhaps to be out of the reach of those enemies, that had persecuted his soule? and therefore it presently followes: *Deliver mee from my enemies O God: I flee to thee to hide me*: and if it be so; have we not then just cause to love our enemies: just cause to embrace our persecutors: seeing it is they, that oftentimes make us lift up our soules; and to flee to God; who otherwise of our selves are very unapt; certainly very unready to flee unto him? But is *David*s lifting up his soule to God; onely a flying from his Enemies; as though it were feare of his Foes: and not love of God, that made

Verse 9.



made him, lift it up? no my soule: but so long as it be lifted up, there can be no danger to the soule: then onely is the soule, in danger, when it enclines downward too much: and by partaking of the body, is made unapt to be lifted up.

It is something to be able to lift up my soule: but were it not better, if my soule could lift up my body: that so both joyned together, might bee ready to doe God service? but alas, my bodie is so affected to the Earth: so addicted to stay here below: that it were in vain, to attempt the lifting it up as yet: but let my soule be lifted up, and goe from it for a time; that my body may see, what will become of it, when the soul is gone: and then, after it hath tryed a while what it is to be left behind, and to bee without a soule: then, if my soule returne and come againe to fetch it; it will finde my body in another humour; not onely willing, but longing to be lifted up; and to leave this Earth, which now, it so much affects; alas to scorne it: which now, it so much admires.

Though I prayed God before, to cause mee to know the way, where in I should walke: yet I pray him not here, to cause mee to know the way, how I should fight: I know I am *Impar Congressus*: never able to stand, in my Enemies hands; the way I must walke here, is directly to fly: and I acknowledge it for a great favour of God, that hee leaves me this way to escape from my enemies.

[But

But is *Dauids* valour come to this that hee is, come now to bee glad to flye Had hee not done better to have dyed valiantly then to flye basely? O my soule, to flye, is not alwaies a signe of basenesse, not alwayes a point of Valour to stand to it: but then to flye, when wee find our own weaknesse; and to him to fly, in whom is our strength: this is, if not valour, at least wisedome; but it is, to say true, both wisedome, and true valour. And now O God, seeing I finde my owne weakenesse, and know thy strength: what should I do but flye: and whither flye but only to thee? To thee a strong fortresse to all that build upon thee: to thee a safe Sanctuary, to al that fly unto thee.

But if God be hee, to whome I must fly; who is it then, from whom I must fly? who, O my soule, but from the world; and from my selfe? for hee that will make God his *Terminus ad quem*, to whom to flye: must make the world his *Terminus a quo*, from which to flye: no coming to this ending, but from this beginning: No arriving at this Haven, but by avoiding the shelves within our selves: for hee that loves the world, the love of God is not in him: and hee that denyes not himselfe, is not worthy that God should owne him.

But why should I thinke, that God will assiste mee flying, that would not assiste me fighting? how can I hope hee will be my sanctuary that would not be my Fortresse? O my soule, who can tell, whither God have not left



mee in distresse, of purpose to try what succour I will seeke: who can tell, whither he have not therefore beene my Fortresse, to the end hee might be my Sanctuary? Did hee ever fayle to deliver any that put their trust in him; and shall I thinke he will begin with me? Did hee ever refuse to protect any that fled to him for succour: and shall I feare to fare worse then ever any did? Hee had reason, I confesse, to leave me to my selfe; when I fell a numbring the people, and trusted in my owne strength: but now that I have renounced all confidence in my selfe; all helpe from the arme of flesh; Now all the world shall not perswade mee, but that hee will receive mee, now that I fly unto him. And the rather for that I fly not to him, as the world useth to do, for preferment in the world: but *I flye to him, onely but to hide me*: and hee will doe little for mee, if hee will not doe so much as hide me: for to hide mee is no more to him then to receive mee; seeing hee dwels in light Inaccessible, whither my enemies that are Children of darkenesse, can never come to find me out. I fly not to hide mee, in thickets and bushes, that may be felled with axes, and burnt with fire: but I fly to the Bush burning and not consuming: where I know my selfe safe against fire and sword. For if a flaming sword be able to keepe out of Paradise; the flaming Bush, at least hee that appeared in the Bush; I am sure is able to keepe out of danger.

But

But why should *David* flie to God to hide him; seeing hiding is best done by darkenesse; and God is all light? O my soule, God hides with light, as he is hidden with light; and takes not away Visibilty, but by adition of lustre: his *Tegere* is *Protegere*, a hiding that makes not obscure, but more conspicuous: and *David*, for all his other glories, had never shined so much to Posteritie, if hee had not fled to God; and been hidden by him.

But though it may stand with Valour to fly: yet can it stand with Valour to fly to hide himselfe? flying may be by way of retreat; or it may bee to recover new force: but flying to hide oneself, must needs argue Pusillanimitie, as though hee durst not; as though hee never meant to dare, to shew himselfe in Armes again. But O my soul when I flie to God to hide mee; my meaning is to hide my sinne, for my sinne and I are all one; or rather my sinne is more I, then I am my selfe; and were it not happy for mee, if sinne could be made so cowardly in mee: that it never should dare, to shew it selfe againe in Armes.

And yet what good will Gods hiding my sinnes do mee, if as often as God hides them, I lay them open again by committing of new? O therefore Teach mee to doe thy will O God: thy spirit is good: and lead mee into the land of vp-rightnes. For if thou teach me to doe thy will; I shall never lay open, that which thou hidest;

Verse 10.



but rather I shall never commit so many new finnes: to put thee to the trouble, of such continuall hyding.

Wee may call this sentence a Description of *Dauids* Schoole: and it is a very compleat one; at least it hath in it, the three best things that belong to a Schoole: the best Teacher, the best Scholler, and the best lesson: for who so good a Teacher as God? who so good a Scholler as *David*? what so good a lesson as to do Gods will? I have oftentimes desired to do Gods will, but never could: never could as I desired: and now I see the reason: God had not taught mee to do it, and without his teaching it can never be done. Vnlesse we be *Docti a Deo* taught of God to doe his will: we may profit perhaps in the contemplative part: but wee shall never be good proficient in the Active part. We have many Teachers to know Gods will but none to doe it: for alas, the best learned are in this, but learners themselves: and to teach to know Gods will, and not teach to doe it, can never make good Scholler: It may puffed up with knowledge, but can never make Schollers, but worthy of more stripes. It is said of *CHRIST*, that hee taught with power; and not as the Scribes and Pharisees: and he might well be sayd, to teach with power; seeing we may say indeed, that he taught power, For it is a great power, to be able to do Godswill a power exceeding all strength of nature and therefore not to bee done by Scribes

*Scribes and Pharisees* : Thou onely O God maist truely bee sayd, to teach with power : because thou onely indeed, art the Teacher of power. And as I am well assured of thy power to doe it ; so I am as little doubtfull of thy will to doe it : seeing thy spirit is good : and goodnesse is apt to communicate it selfe. No infection is so apt to set a disease upon another, as Goodnesse is apt to make another good : and how can it make another, good ; but onely by teaching to doe thy will ; which onely is our goodnesse ? And when O God, thou hast trayned mee up in this School, and taught mee to doe thy will : O leave mee not so, but lead me on to the land of Uprightnesse : for this is the Accademie, to which they are sent out of this school. That, the Nurserie of this Colonie : and might I not then challenge thee O God of unkindnesse : if having trayned mee up in this School, thou shouldst not send mee to this Accademie ? if having bred me up in this Nurserie : thou shouldst not make mee a member of this Colonie ? O then lead me O God, into the land of Uprightnesse : that I may have a place, to put that in practice, which I learne heere in Theorie : a place at least, where I may doe thy will with quietnesse : which I cannot doe heere but with disturbance. O my soule, where I may do Gods will with exaltation : which I do not, alas, I cannot do here, but with reluctance.

And now O my soule why hast thou



## Meditations and Disquisitions

thou hast journeyed so long in *Mesek* : why hast thou dwelt so long in the *Tents* of *Kedar* ? It is more then time now to looke thee out, a better dwelling : and where is any better dwelling to bee had, but in the land of *Uprightnesse* ? I know indeed there is such a Land : but I know not the way to it ; and I know the way is so hard to finde, that it cannot be gone without a guide : and as there is no going to it, without a leader ; so there is no leader to it, but onely God : all other leaders but wil carry us out of the way ; that wee were better to make a stand, then to follow their steps. God onely is the true *Pharos*, the true land marke, to set them right, that would else goe astray ; For his law is a *lanthorne* to our Feet : and a guide to our pathes : It was hee, that set a star in the Heavens, to guide the *Wise-men* of the *East* to find this land out ; and it is hee, that will set the like or a better starre in my heart, to guide me to it. O therefore thou, that didst lead the *Israelites* by the hands of *Moses* and *Aaron* : Lead mee also by the hands of thy *Prophets* and *Apostles* ; that as the *Israelites* were ledde into a land flowing with milke and Honey : so I may be led into this land flowing with *Righteousnesse* and *Uprightnesse* : for as that land, was the journeys end, to which all their wanderings in the wilderness tended : so this Land is the place of *Repose* to which after all my *Pilgrimage* in this troublesome world, my soule aspires. Alas O LORD I live

live now as in a Sea of Confusion: tossed with the waves of miserie, and with the billowes of sinne; O set mee on land in the firme land of Vprightnesse, where there are no billowes nor waves, of cyther Miserie to follow sinne, or of sinne, to draw on miserie.

There are some Children of fortune, that think the *Insula fortunata* the fortunate Islands, to be the land of Vprightnesse; but this cannot be: for what hath Vprightnesse to doe with Fortune? But though I cannot say, the Fortunate Islands bee the land of Vprightnesse: yet I may truely say, the land of Vprightnesse is the fortunate Islands; seeing no man ever arived there, that was not presently made; I will not say fortunate, but certainly happy. The truth is: this Land to us yet is *Terra Incognita*, Discovered onely that such a land there is: but no man living hath ever yet sayled into it. God indeed is the onely Pylot to it; and it cannot be sayled into but by his compasse. O then vouchsafe O God, to sit at the sterne: and to direct my course: that being ledde into it by thee: I may bee naturalized and made a member of it: for there at least, wee shall bee all friends: No enemies there from whom to hide mee; and more then this, I shall need no Enemy there to make mee flye to thee: seeing once there, I shall bee alwayes with thee: and Once with thee, never more to bee parted from thee.

But alas, what good will Gods leading me  
into



Verse II.

into the land of Vprightnesse do mee: if I happen to bee dead before I come there? Is the land of Vprightnesse like the field of *Golgotha*: a land onely of dead mens bones? and am I not like to bee dead, when my enemies have smitten my life downe to the ground already? O therefore, *Quicken mee O God for thy Names sake*; for how can I doubt, but thou canst quicken mee being alive: who I know wilt quicken me, when I am dead? For didst thou not soto the widow of *Naim's* sonne? Didst thou not soto *Lazarus*? and can it bee thou shouldst bee partiall, to quicken some, and not to quicken others? No O Lord, it is happy for mee, that my enemies have smitten my life to the ground: seeing now beeing dead to this wicked world, I am ready for a new life, and want but quickning: and seeing thou art Lord and giver of life, and hast gotten thee a name for quickning: *O quicken me for thy names sake*: and let not thy Name bee blemished for want of quickening mee: that as by thy leading mee into the land of Vprightnesse: I shall have a place whereto lead a life, when I have it: so by thy quickning me, and renewing my spirits, I may have a life to lead, when I come there. And yet, why am I so earnest with God to quicken mee: that am in such a world of troubles? for what would his quickening do, but make mee the more sensible to feele my troubles? Alas as long as my troubles continue; It were better for mee

me, to be without his quickening; better indeed to be quite dead. O therefore, not onely quicken me for thy Names sake; but *for thy Righteousnesse sake, bring my soule out of trouble:* that as by quickening me, thou givest me life; so by bringing me out of trouble, thou maist give me a quiet life. This indeed will be some refreshing to my soule; it will give me, at least a breathing time of quietnesse, but it will not yet give me a perfect *quietus est*: for as long as my enemies continue, will they not alwayes be plotting new troubles against me? And am I not then in danger of falling into a relapse of troubles? And are not Relapses more grievous than the first accesses? O therefore, not onely bring my soule out of trouble, O God; but *of thy mercie cut off my enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soule:* that as by bringing mee out of trouble, I have quietnesse for the present, so by cutting off my enemies, the roote of my troubles, I may never be troubled more; but may serve thee without feare, in Holinesse and Righteousnesse, all the dayes of my life.

Verse 12.

2 But marke here my soule, with what three cords, *David* seekes to draw God, to grant him his suits: For his Names sake, for his Righteousnesse sake, and for his Mercies sake: three such motives, that it must bee a very hard suit that God will deny, if either of them bee used. But though all the three be strong motives, yet as *David* riseth in his suites, so he may seeme also to rise in his motives; and by this



account: for his Righteousnesse sake, will prove a motive of a higher degree, than for his Names sake: and for his Mercies sake, the highest of them all; as indeed his Mercie seat is the highest part of all his Arke: if it bee not rather that as the Attributes of God, so these motives that are drawne from the Attributes, are of equall preheminance.

But if the three motives bee all of them so strong, being each of them single: how strong would they bee, if they were all united; and twisted I may say into one cord? And united they are all indeed into a motive, which God hath more cleerely revealed to us, than he did to *David*: (although it be strange; seeing it was his Lord: and yet not strange; seeing it was his sonne) and this is the Motive, For thy sonne *Christ Iesus* his sake. For he is the *verbum abbreviatum*, in whom are included, all the motives; all the powerfull motives, that can bee vsed to God, for obtaining our suites. That as *David* making three suites, used three motives, so I may put the three suites into one, and use but this one motive; and say: Quicken me O God, and deliver me out of trouble; cut off mine enemies, for thy sonne *Christ Iesus* sake: and using but this one motive, I shall bee so much surer of prevailing, then *David* was: as a threefold cord is stronger; then when the three are each of them but single.

These three motives are all existent in God; but God lookes as well for a motive in us: and  
one

one indeed there is in us: there is in us by his acceptance: and this it is, which *David* useth here, when he sayth; *for I am thy servant*. For such is the wonderfull tenderesse of God towards his servants, that if this motive in us bee joyned to the motives in him, there cannot be so hard a suit, that will be denied: as it is indeed a speciall Article in the Indentures of covenant betweene God, and his servants, that whatsoever they shall aske in his Sonnes Name, shall be granted to them: that if a threefold cord bee hard to be broken, this foure-fold cord wil be impossible to be broken.

But is it not that *David* compliments here with God, when he saith; *I am thy servant*? Using a phraze of speech, which we use at parting with any of account, to say; I am your servant? and if it be so, it is like to be but a slender motiue to God, for granting his suit. O my soule, if *David* had used compliments with God, he could not have been the man he is said to be; *a man after Gods owne heart*: For, God is not as man to looke for compliments, much lesse to accept them: but as his *Dicere*, to us is *Facere*, his word, his deed; so he looks for the like from us to him: not indeed in ability of performance, which in man cannot be; but yet in sincerity of heart, which in servants alwayes ought to be. O therefore my soule be carefull, not in compliment to say thou art: but in spirit and truth to be indeed, the servant of God: for hee that shall use these motives



to God for thy names sake: for thy righteousness sake; For thy mercy sake; adde also the united motive, for Christs sake; and is not Gods servant: is like to speed no better then the Jewish conjurors did, who sought to cast out Devils in Christs name, when they were not Christs servants. For how can one hope to obtaine a suit, for which he is not a competent suitor? and who can be a competent suitor to obtain any thing at Gods hand, but hee onely that is his true servant? for though the motives in God, give our suites their Efficacie: yet It is this Motive in our selves, that gives the capacitie: but no capacitie with God who is all Spirit and truth: but by being his servant in Spirit and truth.

One scruple is remaining yet: how *David* can pray God, to cut off his enemies for his mercies sake? for is not his mercy over all his workes? and are not  *Davids* enemies in the number of Gods workes? and can there be mercy in destroying? Indeed Gods generall mercy is over all his workes: but his speciall mercy, over none but his servants, and of this speciall mercy it is, that *David* prays God to cut off his Enemies: for the mercy is to *David*, and not to  *Davids* enemies: and is it not a mercy in God, to *David* to cut off them, that would cut off him? and yet a degree further: for is not destroying then a mercy, when preserving would be a cruelty? & were it not a cruelty to preserve the wicked, when they are wilfully bent upon destroying the godly? But

But how should this happen to *David*: that a Prince so just, so merciful, so pious, so careful of all religious duties; should have Enemies? God knowes, it is easily answered: for it is cause enough for the wicked to bee Enemies of any man, whom they but see to be a servant of God: but this makes amends: that it is cause enough for God to cut off any, whom he but sees to be at enmity with his servants: which *David* intimates here when he saith: cut off my enemies O God: for I am thy servant.

And here an end of *Dauids* Repentance: yet we may stay a little, to consider what a blessed end it makes: and with what happy successe it concludes: Hee that had his life smitten downe to the ground, is now quickned again, and hath his spirits revived: he that was persecuted in his soule, is now delivered from all trouble: He that had a world of enemies insulting over him hath now all his enemies cut off and destroyed: that justly now, he may cry *Victoria*: and may turne his Penitentiall Psalmes, into songs of rejoycing: and we may turne for him the *Lamentations* of *Jeremie*, into the *Canticles* of *Solomon*; and all of us, if we but follow his example, may take downe our harpes from the willowes of *Babylon*: and may turne our Dyrges into Hymnes: aspyring to be Quiristers in the great *Quyre* of heaven, to sing with  
Angells the Eternall  
*Allelujah*.

FINIS.



*Annotationes hae Paraphrastice in Psalmum 143 typis mandentur.*

**Sa. BAKER.**

*Ex ædibus Fulham*

*Juniij die 27. 1638.*



Angels the Eternal  
Great Gate of Heaven, to sing with  
into Hymns: singing to be Quilts  
lowest of Rhythms: and may turn our Dances  
ple, may take down our naves from the will  
Jewon and all of us, we but follow his exam

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